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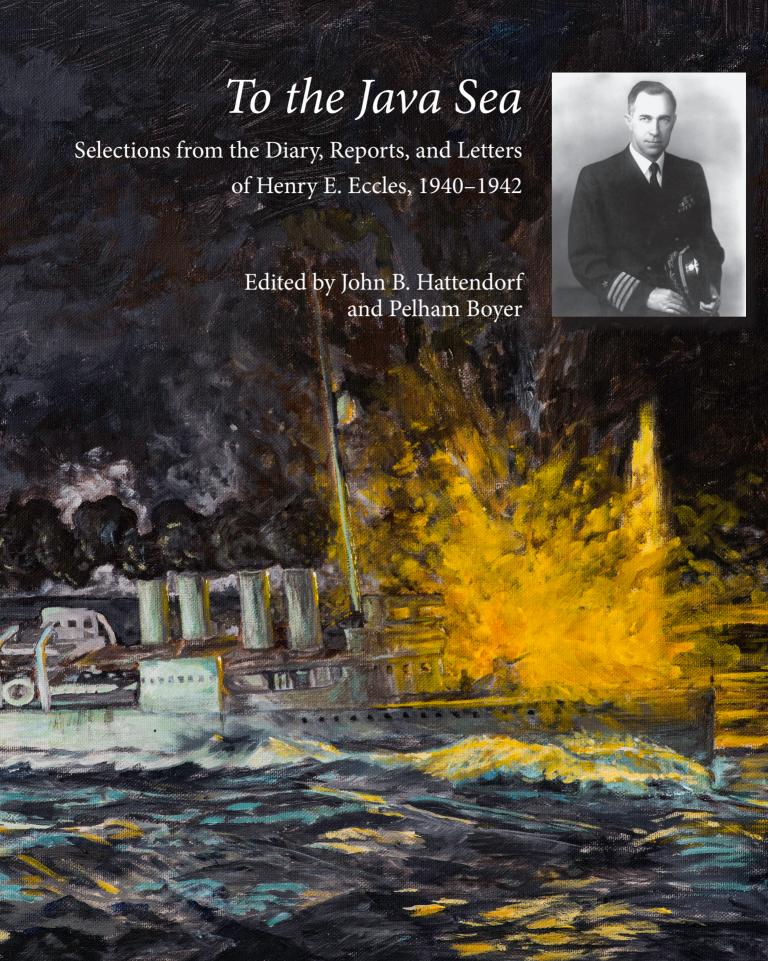
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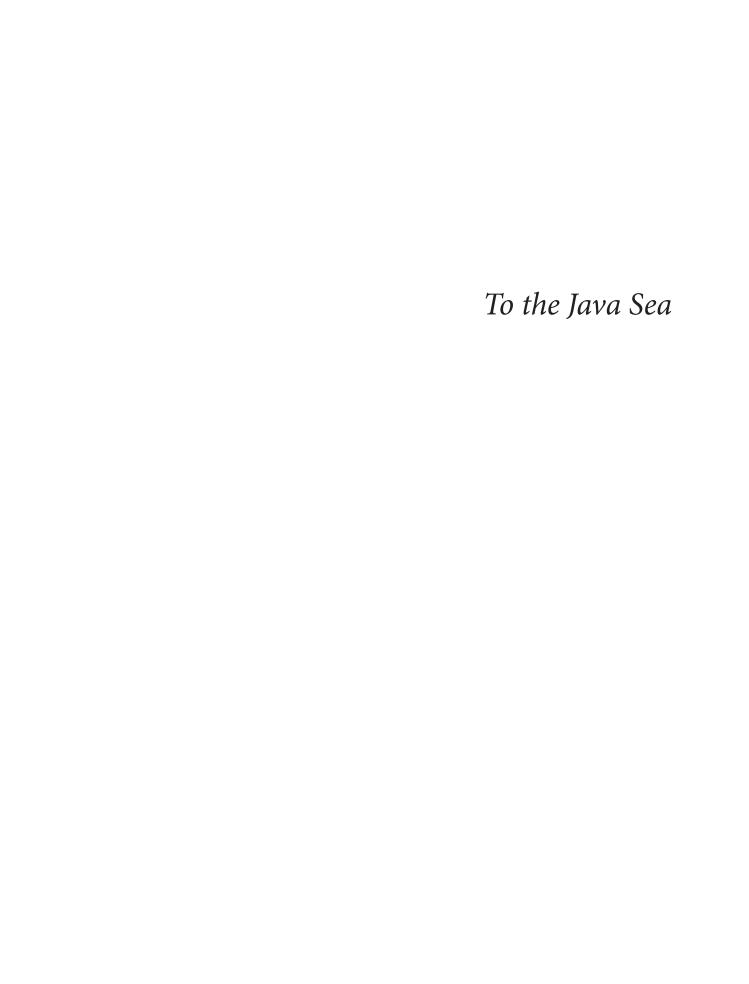


COVER

The destroyer USS John D. Edwards (DD 216). commanded by Henry E. Eccles, at the battle of Badoeng (or Badung) Strait on the night of 19/20 February 1942. The engagement was yet another futile attempt by the American-British-Dutch-Australian force, including what had been the U.S. Asiatic Fleet, to defend the Netherlands East Indies from the Japanese advance in the months after Pearl Harbor. Here Eccles's twenty-one-year-old ship, one of ten Allied destroyers and cruisers, resolutely attacks a Japanese landing force (as related in chapter 6), to be rebuffed by only four Japanese destroyers—more modern, better equipped, more effectively organized, and highly trained for night surface combat. Commander Eccles, who later was to make major contributions to the Navy and the Naval War College, had traveled halfway around the world to find himself caught up in a running Allied defeat, one that he and his crew, though brave and determined, were fortunate to survive.

An original painting by Ann G. Boyer, based on the diary entries, letters, and reports collected in this book. The artist's work—mostly depicting striking but little-noticed Aquidneck Island scenes and structures—has been exhibited in the Newport, Rhode Island, area. (She gratefully acknowledges the inspiration of Dennis Adams's stirring painting HMAS Perth in the Battle of Sunda Strait, which hangs in the Australian War Memorial.)

Inset and title page: Henry E. Eccles as a captain, 1944–45.



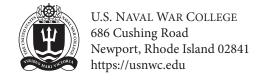
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To the Java Sea: Selections from the Diary, Reports, and Letters of Henry E. Eccles

Edited by John B. Hattendorf and Pelham Boyer



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TIME LINE OF EVENTS

[Major external events mentioned in the diaries and letters are listed in italics.]

1940

15 May	The Netherlands surrenders to Germany, the queen having escaped to England
22 May	France surrenders to Germany at Compiègne
30 June	HEE leaves New York City on board SS Henry S. Grove
July	German bombing of Channel ports begins
3 July	Royal Navy bombards French naval forces in Mers-el-Kébir
26 July	HEE arrives in Cape Town, moves ashore
28 July	HEE visits Stellenbosch, witnesses nationalist riot
30 July	HEE visits British naval base at Simon's Town
August	German bombing of airfields and radar sites begins
1 August	HEE and driver leave Cape Town for extended sightseeing tour
4 August	HEE and driver arrive in Durban, by way of overnight stops in
	Mossel Bay, Port Elizabeth, and East London
8 August	HEE and Henry Dreyer arrive at the Kruger National Park, after overnight stay in Gollel
10 August	HEE and Henry Dreyer leave Kruger, after overnight stays in the
	Lower Sabi (Lower Sabie) and Skukusa (Skukuza) campsites and
	reaching Pretorious Kop (Pretoriuskop)
12 August	HEE and Henry Dreyer arrive in Durban
16 August	HEE sails on board SS Swartenhondt
17 August	Swartenhondt calls at Lourenço Marques for coal, remains overnight
20 August	Swartenhondt calls at Beira (leaving 21 August)
26 August	Swartenhondt calls overnight at Zanzibar, after a brief call at
· ·	Lindi en route
27 August	Swartenhondt arrives at Mombasa, remaining overnight
1 September	Swartenhondt calls at Mahé
2 September	U.SBritish "destroyers for bases" agreement
10 September	Swartenhondt calls at Sabang for coal, remains overnight

12 September Swartenhondt calls at Belawan Deli, remains overnight

14 September HEE arrives in Singapore22 September HEE leaves Singapore by air

23 September HEE arrives in Calcutta, by way of Bangkok (overnight) and

Akyab (Sittwe), remains overnight

24 September HEE arrives in Karachi, by way of Gwalior and Rad Samand (Bal

Samand), remains overnight

25 September HEE arrives in Bahrein (Bahrain), after a brief stop in Dubai,

staying in Awali

29 September HEE leaves Bahrein by air

1 October
 2 October
 6 October
 HEE arrives in Bangkok, remains overnight
 HEE arrives in Singapore, via Calcutta
 HEE flies from Singapore to Palembang

7 October HEE drives to and tours the Pendopo oil fields, remains

overnight

9 October HEE flies to Batavia (Jakarta)

10 October HEE arrives in Manila, in the following days assumes command

of USS John D. Edwards

18 October Commendation letter from Adm. Thomas C. Hart, Commander

in Chief, Asiatic Fleet, on HEE's trip report

27 October HEE reports to Admiral Hart

1941

3 February *Edwards* begins tender overhaul

21 February
27 February
Tender overhaul complete, *Edwards* begins local operations, with brief operational visits to Mariveles, Olongapo, Nasugbu Bay,

Iloilo, Jolo, Zamboanga

19 May Edwards begins overhaul (scheduled through July) at Cavite Navy

Yard, HEE moves ashore

20 May-1 June German paratroops assault and seize Crete

25 May HEE shifts his quarters to Camp John Hay, Baguio

by 6 June HEE returns to Manila ca. 16 June Edwards's overhaul ends

17 June United States breaks diplomatic relations with Germany and Italy

22 June Germany invades the Soviet Union

by 25 June *Edwards* under way for classified operations 29 June *Edwards* arrives in Olongapo for dry-docking

5 July *Edwards* all-hands ship's party

14 July *Edwards* leaves dry dock, returns to Manila

14 August President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill issue the Atlantic

Charter

1 October HEE selected for promotion to commander

4 October *Edwards* begins tender overhaul

31 October USS Reuben James (DD 245) sunk by U-552 in the North Atlantic 15 November *Japanese envoy Saburo Kurusu arrives in Washington, DC* 25 November Edwards, in company with numerous Asiatic Fleet destroyers and cruisers, leaves Manila for what will prove the last time, Edwards's division proceeding to Balikpapan, Borneo 2 December Soviet troops retake (temporarily) Rostov-on-Don 7 December [9:30 AM local] 57th Destroyer Division, with Edwards, leaves Balikpapan for Singapore [10:49 PM Philippines time] Japanese attack Pearl Harbor, Hawaii 8 December [3:00 AM local time] 57th Destroyer Division receives official word that hostilities with Japan have commenced, directed to Singapore to escort HMS *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* (Force Z) Japanese begin invasion of the Philippines, bombing Manila and naval targets on Manila Bay 10 December Force Z sunk off Malay Peninsula by Japanese aircraft 14 December Edwards leaves Singapore for Soerabaja (Surabaya) Manila declared an open city 24 December 25 December Edwards proceeds to Warworada Bay (Teluk Waworada) to protect oiler *Trinity*, both ships proceeding to Koepang (Kupang) about 5 January 1942 Adm. Ernest J. King appointed Commander in Chief, U.S. Fleet 30 December 1942 6 January HEE promoted to commander ca. 20 January Edwards proceeds to Kebola Bay, joins USS Houston and Boise, departs in company to Torres Strait, thence to Soerabaja 23 January Battle of Balikpapan 4 February Edwards participates in abortive U.S. Makassar Strait operation 5 February Combined Striking Force, including *Edwards*, formed 6 February Combined Striking Force attacked by Japanese aircraft, *Edwards* escorts damaged cruiser Marblehead to Tjilatjap 14 February Japanese forces seize Singapore ca. 15 February Edwards rejoins Combined Striking Force (now Dutch/U.K./ U.S.), which retires Combined Striking Force sorties from Soerabaja 19 February 20 February Edwards participates in battle of Badoeng Strait, afterward retiring to Soerabaja 26 February Combined Striking Force sorties from Soerabaja 27 February Edwards participates in the battle of the Java Sea 28 February Edwards returns to Soerabaja, sortieing that evening for Fremantle, Australia Battle of Sunda Strait, aftermath of Java Sea, is fought ca. 18 March HEE relieved of command by Lt. Cdr. W. J. Giles, proceeds by air to Melbourne, Australia ca. 6 April HEE sails from Melbourne, arriving in San Francisco on the 24th

FOREWORD

The Naval War College has maintained extensive materials for historical research: archives, historical manuscripts, oral histories, rare books, and the collection of the College's museum. Students and scholars of naval history long have availed themselves of this unique resource. It is unique, in part, because it resides within an institution that is historic in itself, and in a location—Newport, Rhode Island, and Narragansett Bay—that has been the scene of many events and developments vital to the history of the U.S. Navy. On both subjects the materials of the College's Naval Historical Collection and museum, now within the John B. Hattendorf Center for Maritime Historical Research, are unmatched.

It was to make these resources known more widely and encourage their use that in 1975 the Naval War College formally established a program for the publication of book-length works on the history of naval warfare that make significant use of them—the Naval War College Historical Monographs. The first volume in this series, which now is managed by the Hattendorf Center in collaboration with the Naval War College Press, was *The Writings of Stephen B. Luce*, published in 1975. Over time the series has attracted authors from both outside and within the College, who have produced works in a variety of categories: standard historical studies (notably a widely cited analysis of the Navy's interwar exercise program), bibliographies, conference proceedings (some in support of the U.S. Naval Academy), and, especially, annotated journals, diaries, and papers.

The present Historical Monograph is the twenty-eighth in the series and the ninth from Professor Hattendorf. In *To the Java Sea* (working with Pelham Boyer, former managing editor of the Naval War College Press), the College's Ernest J. King Professor Emeritus of Maritime History has brought to light material on a remarkable naval officer with close connections to the Naval War College and to Newport. Henry E. Eccles—for whom the College's library, within its modern Learning Commons, is named—was, as a rear admiral, retired, the school's best-known faculty member in his time, from 1948 (when Admiral Raymond Spruance

brought him here to head the Logistics Department) until the mid-1980s. He was an adviser to numerous Presidents of the College in those years. His books and articles on logistics, strategy, and military-naval philosophy were read widely. His papers and correspondence, from which this volume is drawn, compose one of the College's most extensive and useful collections.

First, then, the volume honors a great teacher and scholar. Even more, it allows us to see, through the eyes of a highly observant and thoughtful participant, a most dramatic and important episode: the outbreak of the Pacific War in the Far East. A much younger Henry Eccles was there, in the thick of it. What he saw, whom he met, where he traveled (especially how he got there), the Navy and ships in which he served, how he reacted to combat, and the grim resolution with which these events (devastating for the United States) left him—all these are fascinating and available to us because of his many letters and journal entries. We are sure this book will leave those readers interested in any aspect of the time, place, and events it covers with a better understanding and fuller appreciation of what the ideals of naval professionalism—honor, courage, and commitment—mean in practice, in both peace and war.

MARGARET D. KLEIN Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy (Retired) Dean, College of Leadership and Ethics

INTRODUCTION: HENRY ECCLES AND THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE

From the late 1940s into the mid-1980s, Rear Adm. Henry E. Eccles, USN, was one of the most widely known and highly respected figures associated with the Naval War College, in Newport, Rhode Island. Above all, he was known around the world as a military intellectual and as an expert, and author of books, on naval logistics, strategy, and military theory, as well as broadly framed civil-military issues. For those who knew him at the Naval War College in his role as an adviser, as the confidant of many Naval War College presidents, and as a professional consultant and teacher of electives on principles of logistics, international relations, and military theory, he was an energetic source of stimulating thought. To the benefit of all, he always accompanied his constant reminders to think carefully and to write tersely and with precision with a demand for clear definitions of abstract terms and ideas.

As befits the admiration and appreciation with which he was held in Newport, he is one of the rare faculty members to have his portrait painted for the College's permanent art collection. Additionally, the *Naval War College Review* published a special issue in 1977 to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of his retirement from active duty, and in June 1985 the Naval War College Library was named in his honor, recognizing his immense contribution to naval thinking. As Adm. Arleigh Burke said of him, Few men have been so steadfastly influential and gained so much admiration and affection from their associates.

Typically, Henry Eccles's last public words to the War College community contained a challenge. Pointing out that the library that was being named for him constituted the heart and focus of a vision of greatness for future naval leaders, he said:

It is not sufficient merely to have this vision of greatness and these ideas contained in books and papers on shelves and in catalog indexes.

Two more forces which have been hitherto neglected by the staff of the Naval War College must be brought to bear to give life: One, the discipline of a coherent military theory, the other, an active institutional memory. Together these provide the generative power to develop and compare ideas and reformulate them in living terms to the ever changing situations brought about by political and scientific growth and facts!⁸

Immediately after returning to the United States from the events described in this volume, Eccles was assigned in the summer of 1942 to the Base Development Section of the Office of the Vice Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, DC. There he was given responsibility for the detailed coordination of all U.S. advanced bases; he developed the initial ideas that grew into what became known as the Functional "Component System of Advanced Base Planning." At the same time, he conceived and initiated the "Goldrush Program" to develop the use of the tank landing ship (LST) for general logistics support purposes.

Henry Eccles's first brief appearance at the Naval War College was as a student in July-December 1943, when, as a commander, he attended its abbreviated wartime Command Course. Promoted to captain shortly after his graduation, he was ordered to Hawaii, where he became Director, Advanced Base Section, Service Force, U.S. Pacific Fleet. In this post he led the effort that established advanced bases as U.S. forces leapfrogged across the Central Pacific islands, dealing with all the planning, construction, support, and training issues involved. For his achievements with advanced bases, Adm. Raymond Spruance presented him the Legion of Merit. With the end of the war, Eccles was assigned (in 1946) to the Joint Operations Review Board at the Army-Navy Staff College (later in 1946 to become the basis of the National War College) to evaluate joint operations during World War II and to revise joint doctrine. Eccles was, in hindsight, to see this nine-month assignment under Vice Adm. Harry W. Hill as what started his "second career" in the Navy—thinking about broad aspects of naval warfare and theory. In addition, it brought Eccles back to Newport to lecture at the Naval War College about logistics. Soon hereafter, he was ordered to take command of the North Carolina-class battleship USS Washington (BB 56) at New York, where it was preparing for decommissioning. Upon completion of his assignment in *Washington*, Eccles took up Admiral Spruance's invitation to return to Newport to join the faculty in April 1947 as chairman of the newly established Logistics Department, a position he held until 1951. During this period, he also lectured on logistics at the National War College, the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, the Command and General Staff College, and Air University.

Henry Eccles's connection with the College was briefly interrupted in 1951–52, when he was ordered as Assistant Chief of Staff for Logistics to the Commander in Chief, U.S. Naval Forces Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean in London, and, in a dual capacity under Adm. Robert B. Carney, at the recently established headquarters for Commander in Chief, Allied Forces, Southern Europe, at Naples, Italy. In September 1951, he was detached from his national duties and served thereafter only in the NATO role, creating and leading a staff division. Throughout these years, Eccles and his wife retained their Newport home, overlooking Battery Park and the harbor, which they had purchased in 1947. They were to live there, at 101 Washington Street, until their departure from Newport in June 1985.

With his retirement from active duty and promotion to rear admiral on the retired list on 30 June 1952, Eccles returned to his home in Newport, where he began an informal connection with the Naval War College. From 1952 until 1970, he was a consultant to the George Washington University Logistics Research Project and lectured frequently at the Naval War College and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces. In 1958, he undertook a series of lectures and special writing for the U.S. Air Force School of Logistics at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base under the sponsorship of the Ohio State University. At home in Newport, he developed close personal ties with many students, staff, and faculty members at Newport through shared interest in and devotion to the purpose and objectives of the Naval War College and through his regular participation in College activities. In 1954, Henry Eccles wrote, "If in my 30 years of service I accomplished anything worthwhile, it was my work in logistics and in education both at the War College and elsewhere. For years I fought an unpopular and unspectacular fight to bring home the basic facts of war to the Navy. Nothing else I did was of comparable significance." ¹⁰

In the thirty retirement years that followed, Henry Eccles did in fact achieve things of comparable significance, with his additional books, articles, and teaching. Constantly writing and reflecting on military theory and current events, he produced, almost on a daily basis, short reflective papers that he would deliver personally to people from whom he wanted constructive criticism. Professor Lyman B. Kirkpatrick Jr., a former senior official at the Central Intelligence Agency and later professor of political science at Brown University, would later recall that when he was the visiting Chester W. Nimitz Professor of National Security Affairs and International Relations at the Naval War College in the academic year 1971–72, "One of the real pleasures was the visits from Henry Eccles. I well remember the 'barroom' doors of Luce Hall being pushed in; Henry taking a quick look to see if we had visitors; coming in and dropping a paper on the desk with an almost standard opening question: 'What do you think of this?'"11

To the cognoscenti who received these missives on a regular basis, they became humorously known—out of the admiral's earshot—as "ecclesiana," but they required serious thought and cogent answers. For regular recipients, they were sometimes accompanied by lengthy notes scrawled on the pages of a yellow legal pad; many of these were found useful in their own right and were filed for future reference as thoughtful reflections on military theory and issues of the day. Today they form a large section of his papers, filed thematically, in the Naval War College's Naval Historical Collection.¹²

Earlier Life and Education

Henry Eccles's reputation as an influential military and naval intellectual had much to do with his earlier life, education, and upbringing.¹³ These formed the habits of mind that characterized his later thinking and are illustrated in the diary and letters presented here. Eccles was born in Bayside, New York, on 31 December 1898 to the Reverend George Warrington Eccles, an Episcopal priest and the rector of All Saints Church, Bayside, and his wife, Lydia Lawrence Eccles. The parents named the newborn second son for his maternal grandfather, Henry Effingham Lawrence of Bayside and Morgan City (formerly Brashear, a family name) in Louisiana. The young Henry was homeschooled until 1910. Some of his earliest education was obtained through the extensive time he spent with his deaf and dumb uncle, Townsend Lawrence, a widely read man with whom he communicated by sign language. During his early years, Henry's parents often traveled by passenger ship to Europe. Between 1904 and 1911, Henry made five trips to Europe with his parents, visiting England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, and Switzerland, leaving him with clear memories of European cultural life before the Great War and a lifelong interest in art and music. Throughout his life, Henry also retained vivid memories of those ten transatlantic passages and credited to them his passionate interest in becoming a sailor.¹⁴

In 1910, at the age of about eleven, he entered Trinity School in New York City. Associated originally with Trinity Church, Wall Street, the school had been founded in 1709 as an Anglican charity school. Surviving the American Revolution, it had eventually become a nondenominational school modeled on the finest schools in England, such as Eton, Harrow, Westminster, and Winchester. Located on West Ninety-First Street in the affluent Upper West Side, the school stood side by side with the town houses of many wealthy New Yorkers.

Following Henry's graduation from Trinity School in 1916, influential friends and family members worked hard to obtain an appointment for him to the U.S. Naval Academy, in Annapolis, Maryland, but this took a great deal of time to arrange. Friends of the family wrote to a variety of their political connections, including Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, in an attempt to get a presidential appointment. Presidential appointments were then limited to the sons of serving officers, however, and Roosevelt advised that he seek his congressman's appointment. Henry's own congressman, Thomas F. Smith of New York's Fifteenth Congressional District, appointed him as first alternate. At the same time, Congressman G. Murray Hulbert of the Twenty-First District, in western New York, who was just leaving his congressional seat to become commissioner of docks in New York City, appointed him as his primary candidate. Since the law required that appointees be residents of the congressmen's districts, Eccles was fortunate that Congressman Smith's original primary candidate did not pass the required

examination; Henry was chosen in his place. Because of the time all this took, it was to be August 1918 before he could arrive at the Naval Academy and join the class of 1922.

In the meantime, in the summer of 1916, Henry attended a junior military training camp at Fort Terry on Plum Island, off Orient Point at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound, 15 before entering Columbia College to study mechanical engineering during the academic year 1917-18. In May and July 1918, between the completion of his year at Columbia and his reporting to Annapolis, Henry signed on as a crew member in a United Fruit Company ship, SS Sixaola, for a voyage to the Caribbean.

Upon graduation from the Naval Academy in June 1922, Henry Eccles's first assignment was as signal officer in the recently commissioned Colorado-class battleship USS Maryland (BB 46), the flagship of Adm. Hilary P. Jones, Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. The flagship had been present in Annapolis for the graduation of the class of 1922. Between 18 August and 25 September 1922, Maryland carried Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes to Rio de Janeiro to attend the exposition marking the centenary of Brazil's independence in 1822. In February and March 1923 the ship participated in Fleet Battle Problem I, an exercise to test the defenses of the Panama Canal Zone, battleships playing the roles of aircraft carriers. In late June 1923 Maryland passed through the canal and joined the U.S. Battle Fleet, stationed in the Pacific. 16 In 1924, Ensign Eccles was assigned to the battleship USS New York (BB 34)¹⁷ as assistant first lieutenant; the ship crossed the Atlantic with the battle fleet and made port visits to Torbay, Brest, Flushing, Antwerp, Gibraltar, and Ponta Delgada in the Azores. Upon completion of the cruise and promotion to lieutenant (junior grade), he received orders to the school ship USS Chewink (AM 39) at New London, Connecticut, where he was to begin submarine training in January 1925. 18 Upon completion of submarine training he was assigned as navigator and communications officer to the submarine S-28, based in San Diego. ¹⁹ After nearly two years he was transferred to S-25, ²⁰ another San Diegobased submarine, as engineer officer.

Upon completion of his tour of duty in S-25 in 1928, with six years of service afloat, he had a six-month course in diesel engines at the Naval Postgraduate School at Annapolis, Maryland, and then returned to New York City and Columbia University, where in 1930 he received his master of science degree in mechanical engineering, with his specialty in diesel engines. He was also promoted to lieutenant, and with these qualifications he served as commanding officer of the submarine O-1, which operated out of New London as an experimental vessel.²¹ O-1 was decommissioned in June 1931, and Eccles became executive officer in the submarine *R-13*, the training ship at the submarine school, "fleeting up" to command the boat in 1932-33.²² In 1933 he was given shore duty and appointed engineer and repair officer at the Submarine Base, New London. Serving there until 1935, he was responsible for starting the modernization of the base's repair shops and for supporting early experiments in the development of periscope antennae. He returned to sea duty as assistant engineer officer in the heavy cruiser *Salt Lake City* (CA 25). In that San Pedro, California–based ship, Eccles and his shipmates were involved in exercises along the West Coast from Seattle in the north to San Diego in the south. In early 1936 the ship was involved in gunnery exercises off San Clemente Island before sailing south for combined exercises off Balboa in the Panama Canal Zone. Returning to San Pedro in mid-June 1936, the ship continued operations along the West Coast until sailing to Hawaii in April and May 1937, before returning to home port.

Promoted to lieutenant commander in 1938, Eccles was assigned to the Design and Construction Division in the Navy Department's Bureau of Engineering in Washington, DC. In this assignment he was responsible for coordinating all dieselengine-driven vessels in the Navy, which at that time were submarines, submarine tenders, and tugboats. He worked there with Lt. Cdr. Marshall M. "Heavy" Dana developing what the two men believed was the first technical spare-parts control system in the armed forces. (The system, in which actual usage was correlated with purchasing, eventually became known as the "Supply-Demand-Control" concept.) In addition, Eccles rewrote the specifications for the Navy's purchase of diesel engines, transforming an obsolete, self-contradictory, and confused approach into a useful instrument of procurement. Also, while in that office Eccles was involved in the pioneering use of microfilm for the Navy.

In 1940, the Bureau of Navigation (from 1942, known as the Bureau of Naval Personnel) selected Eccles for the assignment that this book documents: as commanding officer of the *Clemson*-class destroyer *John D. Edwards* (DD 216), which had been launched in 1919 and was then assigned to the U.S. Asiatic Fleet, homeported at Manila in the Philippines. One of his classmates from the Naval Academy, Milton E. Miles, had earlier commanded that same ship and would become famous as Commander, U.S. Navy Group, China, in 1944–45.

The Diary, Reports, and Letters of Henry E. Eccles, 1940–1942

The three-year span between 1940 and 1942 was critical in Henry Eccles's life and career. These years mark not only the beginnings of the direct involvement of the United States in World War II but also Eccles's first surface warship command, the command that earned him high professional recognition—the Navy Cross and the Silver Star. The diary, reports, and letters assembled here allow the modern reader an unusual opportunity to enter a very different world and a very different time in naval history. Here we meet a lieutenant commander in his early forties, with eighteen years' commissioned service, married, with a high-school-age son. Up to this point in his career, Henry Eccles had specialized in mechanical engineering,

submarines, and naval training. He was now being sent to command a twenty-yearold destroyer, homeported abroad in Asian waters at a time of growing international tension. War was already raging in Europe and in Asia; he was vividly aware that he lived in historic times and that he was highly likely to be "at the point of the spear" when war engulfed the United States. The contents document Lt. Cdr. Henry E. Eccles's trip by passenger ships from New York to Manila, doing some intelligence work for the Office of Naval Intelligence along the way, and his assumption of command of John D. Edwards in the Asiatic Fleet, under Adm. Thomas C. Hart. The volume ends with Eccles's participation, now a commander, in the short-lived Allied force in Southeast Asia—the American-British-Dutch-Australian, or ABDA, Command—and his subsequent experiences in the battles of Badoeng Strait and the Java Sea in February 1942, engagements in which Henry Eccles earned his combat decorations.

Henry Eccles, unlike the writers of many other such published collections, never foresaw that his letters and diaries might be read by a wider public. These were private communications, those of a loving husband and father confiding in his wife and sharing his experiences with her. At the same time, as a middle-grade naval officer, he was making the formal reports required by his seniors and his profession. For readers of this volume, the combination is fortunate. Placed, in effect, side by side, the personal and official documents provide a window into the mind, heart, and soul of a sensitive and perceptive professional naval officer carrying out his daily shipboard routines of command, in port and at sea, and being tested to the utmost in combat. Such matters find expression within these documents in the context of a world that contrasts with our own, with earlier naval technology and different social values. At the same time, from the documents emerge enduring values of personal duty, honor, and commitment, values relevant to serving officers in any period of time.

In several respects the documents express unguarded attitudes and candid opinions that, if written by an American naval officer today, might be considered unacceptable, as particularly surprising in a man of Commander Eccles's upbringing, education, and sensitivity. His candid impressions about the nations and nationalities that he encountered are here left entirely intact, without apology, as they accurately reflect the world as seen through the eyes of a man of Henry Eccles's environment in the years between 1940 and 1942.

These documents have much to tell us about the world of his time, and their very unguardedness is surely a guarantee of their authenticity. Those observations and all they imply about the subjects and about the observer as a representative of the U.S. Navy embody a large part of the importance of these papers. They provide us direct insight into the specific personal experience that formed an important basis for Henry Eccles's later abstract thinking about strategy, logistics, military

theory, and philosophy. On a wider scale, these very readable documents constitute a useful contribution to U.S. naval social and cultural history and, more specifically, to better understanding of two incidents in the service's operational history. They also give insights into the broad personal challenges that face an officer commanding a ship, preparing for war, and experiencing battle. Always modest about his combat experience but both wise and discerning, Eccles had told the *Washington Post* in a 1942 interview, "It is the ship and the men who do the fighting and not the commander. In that whole engagement, I gave exactly two orders. I just told the officers what to expect and let them alone."

- NOTES 1 Henry E. Eccles, Operational Naval Logistics, NAVPERS 10869 (Washington, DC: Bureau of Naval Personnel, 1950); Eccles, Logistics in the National Defense (Harrisburg, PA: Stackpole, 1959; repr. Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1981; Newport, RI: Naval War College Press, 1997).
 - 2 Henry E. Eccles, *Military Concepts and Philosophy* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1965). For a recent study of his thinking in this area, see Scott A. Boorman, "Fundamentals of Strategy: The Legacy of Henry Eccles," *Naval War College Review* 62, no. 2 (Spring 2009), pp. 91–115. In addition, see the forthcoming PhD thesis by Nicholas Prime, War Studies Department, King's College London, "The US Naval War College and the Evolution of American Strategic Thought, 1945–1975," expected in 2017
 - 3 Henry E. Eccles, *Military Power in a Free Society* (Newport, RI: Naval War College Press, 1979).
 - 4 See John B. Hattendorf, Faces of the Naval War College: An Illustrated Catalogue of the U.S. Naval War College's Collection of Portrait Paintings and Busts (Newport, RI: Naval War College, 2009), p. 52. The illustration shown in this catalogue is the 1987 version of Tony Sarro's portrait. The original portrait of 1970 was destroyed by fire, but an image of it was published as the cover illustration of the Summer 1977 Naval War College Review (vol. 30, no. 1).
 - 5 Naval War College, Naval Historical Collection, Manuscript Collection 52, Papers of Henry E. Eccles [hereafter Ms. Coll. 52], Series II, box 25, file 9, Correspondence and Comments (Naval War College Review) regarding the 1977 issue dedicated to Eccles, 10 December 1976–21 August 1977.
 - 6 Ms. Coll. 52, Series V, box 90: Miscellany, Naval War College briefs, Dedication of Eccles Library, March 1986
 - 7 Arleigh Burke, "My Friend Henry E. Eccles," Naval War College Review 30, no. 1 (Summer 1977), p. 5.

- 8 Henry E. Eccles, "Remarks at Dedication of Eccles Library at Naval War College," *Naval War College Review* 38, no. 6 (November–December 1985), pp. 96–97.
- 9 Hal M. Friedman, *Digesting History: The U.S. Naval War College, the Lessons of World War Two, and Future Naval Warfare, 1945–1947* (Newport, RI: Naval War College Press, 2010), pp. 59–62.
- 10 Ms. Coll. 52, box 1, folder 8, HEE letter to Cdr. James C. Shaw, CHINFO, 21 March 1954.
- 11 Lyman B. Kirkpatrick Jr., "Eccles Strategy on Strategy," *Naval War College Review* 30, no. 1 (Summer 1977), pp. 10–17, quotation at p. 14.
- 12 Ms. Coll. 52, Series III, Speeches and Writings, 1943–1987 (thirty-nine boxes).
- 13 This section is based on the chronology and biography in Evelyn Cherpak, comp., Register of the Henry E. Eccles Papers, Manuscript Register 6, 2nd ed. (Newport, RI: Naval War College, Naval Historical Collection, 1988), pp. 4–7, as well as the biographical materials in Ms. Coll. 52, Series II, folders 1 and 8.
- 14 Ms. Coll. 52, Series I, box 1, folder 8, Biographical materials. NHC.
- 15 Ms. Coll. 52, Series V, box 91, file 2: Diary, Junior Military Training Camp, Fort Terry, Plum Island, Long Island, July–August 1916.
- 16 Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships, s.v. "Maryland (BB 46)," www.history.navy.mil/.
- 17 Ibid., s.v. "New York (BB 34)."
- 18 Ibid., s.v. "Chewink (AM 39)."
- 19 Ibid., s.v. "S-28."
- 20 Ibid., s.v. "S-25."
- 21 Ibid., s.v. "O-1."
- 22 Ibid., s.v. "R-13."
- 23 Washington Post, 17 August 1942.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This volume is meant firstly as a scholarly token of appreciation and affection for the personal friendship and generous hospitality that both Rear Adm. and Mrs. Henry Eccles provided to the primary editor in the 1970s and 1980s. At the same time, it recognizes the highly valuable mentorship that Admiral Eccles personally provided in the primary editor's quest to understand better the highest levels of professional naval thinking and the corpus of naval theory. After Admiral Eccles's death in 1986, Mrs. Eccles and their granddaughter Lydia Eccles provided additional documents and assistance.

From the late 1980s, very early in the process of arranging and editing these documents for publication, Pelham Boyer was involved and provided his highly valuable editorial skills. During the intervening decades, both of us, in our different paths, became overwhelmed with other professional demands, and work on this project went from its initial fits and starts into a long hibernation, with occasional periods of awakening. It remained a project beckoning for completion. When we both retired from our long-held administrative posts during 2016 and 2015, respectively, the opportunity arose for us to rekindle the fires and complete this editorial project as a team, with Pel providing his invaluable support as a volunteer. We are both most grateful to the Naval War College for encouraging and supporting this project. We are grateful as well for the remarkable assistance of Ann G. Boyer, Pel's wife of forty-five years, for—in addition to the striking (and closely researched) painting on the cover—highly sophisticated investigations, especially online, that identified people, places, and events that had eluded us both.

In particular, we express our deeply felt appreciation to the Naval War College Foundation and to the Alletta Morris McBean Charitable Trust for their generosity in providing a five-thousand-dollar grant to support the publication of this book.

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A number of local college and university students working on summer projects or as interns in the Naval War College's Maritime History Department collectively made a valuable contribution to this project by assisting in transcribing and comparing transcriptions to original manuscripts, as well as proofreading parts of the text. These included Margaret Zecher, Aisha Clements, James Maurer, and Laura Lansing.

EDITORIAL PRINCIPLES

In general, the concept for editing this book is that of one of the editors' earlier works: On His Majesty's Service: Observations of the British Home Fleet from the Diary, Reports, and Letters of Joseph H. Wellings, Assistant U.S. Naval Attaché, London, 1940-41, Naval War College Historical Monograph 5 (Newport, RI: Naval War College Press, 1983; repr. 1993). The initial research and transcription work for this book started shortly after that book appeared, about 1985-86. At least in the primary editor's mind, it was, and is, meant to complement the earlier work, which collected writings from the same period but documents a different theater of warfare: Lieutenant Commander Wellings's experiences with the British Home Fleet in 1940–41, culminating in the sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck*. Both volumes interweave entries from personal diaries and selections from private letters to the officers' wives with formal, official reports to their seniors—an editorial attempt to present a rounded record of the experiences of American naval officers in different circumstances and of their reactions to them. Wellings was the younger man, born in 1903 and a midshipman in the Naval Academy class of 1925, while Eccles was born in 1898 and graduated with the Academy class of 1922. Taken together, the selections from the documents these two men left behind are complementary bases for better understanding the professional, cultural, and social outlooks of American naval officers of their time, the very moment at which the United States entered World War II.

In general, the editors have retained the carefree or hurried letter writer's mode, preserving its casual punctuation. In the interests of clarity, however, the spelling has been regularized; punctuation has been silently adjusted where the original is confusing; and, especially, Eccles's strong proclivity toward capitalization has been silently reined in. Elliptical expressions and abbreviations have been expanded when necessary for intelligibility—silently where only particles or function words are involved or words have apparently been omitted inadvertently, but in brackets when substantive insertions are required for clarity of meaning. Rendering of

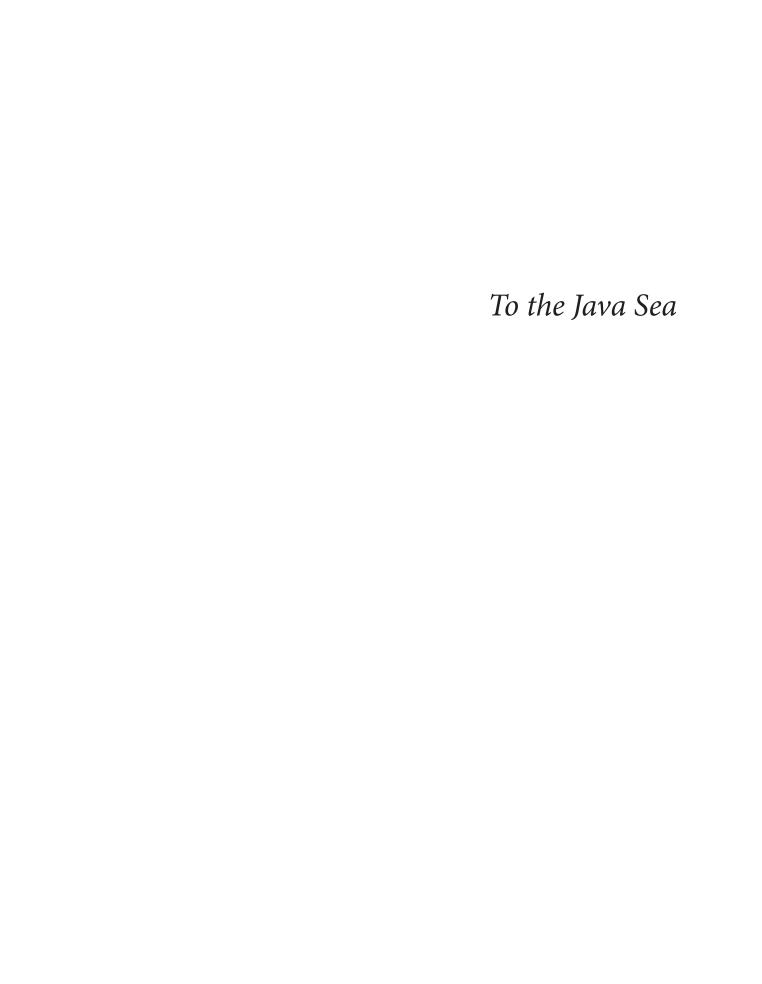
place- and personal names has been made consistent; Eccles's spellings (standardized, where varying) have been retained in the text, maps, and notes (where correct or modern forms are supplied). Whenever possible, footnotes identify persons and places at first mention in the text; annotations are also supplied to elucidate naval and nautical arcana of which understanding is necessary for full intelligibility but knowledge of which Eccles understandably took for granted.

The text and many of the illustrations in this volume are, unless otherwise indicated, from Manuscript Collection 52: The Papers of Rear Admiral Henry E. Eccles, in the Naval Historical Collection at the Naval War College. This collection of 107 archival boxes provides a rich resource on Admiral Eccles's career and writings. To conserve space throughout the volume, the excerpts are not individually footnoted. The documents excerpted in this volume come from a variety of places within the collection:

- Diary, New York to Manila, 1940: Series V, box 91, folder 3
- Letters to Mrs. Eccles, 1940–42: Series II, box 3²
- U.S. Naval Orders, Change of Duty, 1940–42: Series II, box 1, folder 13
- Personal Letters sent and received, 1940–42: Series II, box 1, folders 18–21
- Materials re: trip to Africa and Far East, 1940–41: Series V, box 88, folder 16
- Miscellaneous thoughts, records, and notes: Series V, box 91, folder 1
- Official Correspondence, sent 1940–41: Series II, box 4, folder 2
- Asiatic Fleet Subject Files: Series IV, box 68, folders 1–12

The "Asiatic Fleet Subject Files" include

- Trip report, New York to Manila, 18 October 1940: folders 9, 12
- Letters to/from family, friends, 1941–45: folders 1, 9
- Operational Order No. 1, 19 February 1942: folder 12
- Report of Badoeng Strait, 20 February 1942: folder 12
- Report on battle of Bawean Islands, 4 March 1942: folders 1, 12
- Report of General Conclusions, 4 March 1942: folder 1
- Dictated report on Java Sea, 30 August 1942: folders 1, 12
- Transcription of log of *John D. Edwards*: folders 1, 12
- Citations and awards, 1942–47: Series V, box 88, folder 3



I New York to Cape Town July-August 1940

PERSONAL DIARY

Steamship Henry S. Grove
Tuesday, 2 July 1940, at sea, en route to Cape Town

n Saturday [29 June] after a strenuous and tiring week Isy,¹ Skip [the Eccles's son; see chapter 5, note 32] and I together with Dad² arrived at the dock (Pier 84) [New York City] at about three o'clock to find that the ship's³ sailing had been delayed until Sunday [30 June] because of delay[ed] loading.

Shortly after we got there Willet⁴ arrived and then later Seward [a friend of HEE's, not otherwise identified]. I put most of my baggage aboard and then after

¹ Mrs. Isabel "Isy" Eccles, wife of Henry E. Eccles (hereafter HEE), was born Isabel A. McCord on 3 September 1901 in Flushing, New York, one of the four children who survived infancy of Frank B. McCord and Agnes Lord Clemens. She grew up in Queens in affluent surroundings. Her father worked for a major New York City construction firm, Post and McCord, of which his father was a partner; the company erected the steel structures of such skyscrapers as the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and Radio City. A sickly child who was thought incorrectly to have diabetes—and was expected to succumb to it at an early age—she received only a slight education. In 1922, on returning from several months' cultural travel in Europe, she became engaged to HEE, who had been a neighbor in Queens and was now a midshipman (in his final, or first-classman) year at the U.S. Naval Academy. They were married in Flushing on 12 November 1924; a son, Frank "Skip" McCord Eccles, was born the next year (see chapter 5, note 32). In the interwar years the couple resided in the various locations to which HEE's career took him; the year 1940, when HEE's diary selections begin, found them in Washington, DC. When HEE left to execute his orders to USS John D. Edwards, she moved back to Flushing and stayed with her family. She was to rejoin HEE in Washington when he returned from the Pacific and take a clerical position in the Office of Strategic Services, famous as the OSS. From 1947 the couple would live in Newport, Rhode Island, where HEE would retire. She would be active in the naval station's thrift shop (with the wife of Adm. Raymond Spruance, at that point President of the Naval War College), as well as in Trinity Church and the nearby Norman Bird Sanctuary. She wrote an illustrated children's book, apparently for her grandchildren rather than publication, and pursued painting and needlepoint. She died in Needham, Massachusetts, four years after her husband. See "History of the Navy: Reminiscences of Navy Wives, no. 12, Mrs. Henry E. Eccles," Naval War College Library 2000957601 M, Oral History Program, History of the Navy, Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, 1992; and Ancestry, s.vv. "Isabel A. McCord" and "Henry Effington Eccles," person ancestry.com/.

² HEE's father, Rev. George Warrington Eccles (ca. 1867–1947). An Episcopal priest, he graduated from the General Theological Seminary in 1893 and was ordained in 1894. At this point he was rector of churches in Ohio, New Jersey, and New York. At the time of his death, he would be rector emeritus of St. John's Church, Murray Hill, Flushing, New York.

³ Lloyd's Register 1940–41: Official Number 75776; 6,220 tons total; built 1921, by W. Crump and Sons and E. B. Co., Philadelphia; operated by the Argonaut Line until 1940, then briefly the American South African Line, later the Farrell Line (all owned by John and James [Jr.] Farrell); length 404′6″; breadth 53′9″; depth 34′2″; home port New York; flying U.S. flag. Fitted for oil fuel, two decks and shelter decks, longitudinal framing. Signal: KDLN. Grove would be transferred to naval service later in 1941and participate in Atlantic convoys, receiving defensive armament and a U.S. Navy Armed Guard detachment to man it. It would be scrapped in 1947.

⁴ Willet Lawrence Eccles (1897–1982), HEE's brother. A graduate of Phillips Andover Academy, he earned his BA, an MA, and a PhD in chemistry at Columbia University. In 1917, during his Columbia

saying good bye to Dad and Seward the rest of us started for Greenwich [Connecticut]. Will [Willet] to the Taylors [friends of Willet's] and HEE [Henry Effingham Eccles] etc. to the Congdons. Sunday morning we came back to New York. After a short look around I had Will take Isy and Skip and start back—it was too tough for a long parting. Heretofore when the family broke up there were always definite plans for reunions within a relatively short period but this time, it will be at

least five months before Isy can meet me in Manila^o and two years or more before I see Skip. The close and intimate home has been finally broken up and an entirely new life has started for us all. The new world that is forming is so indistinct in its shape: All we know is that it will be vastly different. We know we shall be affected by the war—in what way it is impossible to judge.

My whole life has been a preparation for war—it looms close—personal survival is of course uncertain and in view of the issues involved it is relatively

unimportant except to those close to me. All our life together, this parting has been in the background—some day it had to come and I couldn't bear to look in Isy's eyes. I suppose I was the coward but I couldn't face it nor think of words to express my feelings—so it was abrupt and brutal. And it was the last time I could see my son as a boy—the reality of it has not yet wholly sunk home.

Finally at about four p.m. the ship sailed, having been further delayed by trouble and tampering with the registered mail. The trip down the Bay was very beautiful. I had my camera busy and young Tommy Cleveland [see next entry] enjoyed my binoculars. It did not seem natural not to have any duties to perform but at least it enabled me to enjoy the trip to sea. Tommy's enthusiasm helped me to forget my own feelings for a while.



New York. (HEE)

studies, he joined the Naval Reserve for World War I. He served thirteen months overseas, in command of the 110-foot subchaser SC 41, leaving the service in 1919 as a lieutenant (junior grade). He would be headmaster of St. George's School in Newport, Rhode Island, 1943-51. In 1952 he became chief of the Junior Officer Training Program at the Central Intelligence Agency, in Washington, DC, remaining until his retirement in the mid-1960s.

⁵ A large, wealthy family, originally of Minnesota, its prominence founded by Chester Adgate Congdon (1853-1916), who, originally a lawyer, became (in banking and mercantile sectors) one of the richest men in the state and ultimately the national chairman of the Republican Party. HEE's nearest contemporary was a son, Robert Congdon (1898-1967), who had attended Yale and now worked in mining and finance. Their nearby residence was in New London, Connecticut.

⁶ An assignment to the Philippines was not at that point what is now called an "unaccompanied tour." Mrs. Eccles presumably planned, as a matter of course, to join HEE when he was settled into his new duty station (their son was to remain in boarding school). There she could expect to be part of a large American civilian community. As it happened, military dependents would not be evacuated until the next year, as observed below; about five thousand other civilians, unable to escape, would be interned by the Japanese.



"New York to Cape Town, July 1940" [rear] "Mr. Katzen, Mr. Cleveland, [HEE?,] Mr. G. [front] "Miss Holladay, Mrs. Cleveland, Tommy Cleveland, Miss Lerbak, Mrs. Thelma van Kraayenburg, Mrs. Pearl Wegerle." (HEE)

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 1 JULY 1940

. . . . The Ship is comfortable and the food very good. The passenger set up is as follows—

The Clevelands⁷—mother, father and son— Presbyterian missionaries from Texas going back to Belgian Congo after a furlough. Also Miss Holladay⁸ nice fiftyish spinster who teaches in the same mission. All finely educated splendid people. Miss Holladay is from Virginia and is very lively and amusing—teaches all subjects at the white school

but is going to shift over to supervise the native schools. There's two Midwestern girls who married South African students at the University of Michigan, going back to rejoin their dentist husbands in Africa. Then Mr. Söhnge⁹ a young student who has just finished two years of geology at Harvard and is going home. He is a Boer¹⁰—very bright and jolly and fine company. Mr. Max Katzen¹¹ is a South African businessman who has been roaming around. Then another spinster missionary—Danish, fiftyish and very quiet and mousy.

Söhnge, Miss Holladay, the dental wives and I have our table and the rest sit at the other. We have much more fun and less dignity. It looks like an interesting trip though we will all be glad to land. . . .

⁷ Roy F. and LeNoir Ramsey Cleveland had been missionaries in the Belgian Congo since 1913 and would remain until Roy's retirement in 1956. Roy, born in Brownwood, Texas, in 1883, graduated from Austin College in 1911 and, in 1913, after attending Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary, was ordained by the Presbytery of Western Texas. His wife, born LeNoir Amilia Ramsey, was born in 1890 in San Antonio, Texas. The two married in 1913 and soon after left for the Congo, where Roy engaged in business and financial work for the mission as well as teaching and evangelizing. LeNoir worked in the Educational and Women's Work Department, teaching day school at the Luebo mission station and conducting women's Bible classes. Roy died in 1962. (See Roy F. Cleveland and LeNoir Ramsey Cleveland Correspondence, Record Group 462, Presbyterian Historical Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.) The Belgian Congo, in Central Africa, a colony since 1908, was upon independence in 1960 to become first the Republic of the Congo, then Zaire; it has been since 1997 the Democratic Republic of the Congo (capital Kinshasa).

⁸ Virginia Waller Holladay (1899-1951), raised on a farm in rural Virginia, had been a Presbyterian missionary since attending the University of Richmond.

⁹ Adolf Paul Gerhard Söhnge (1913–2006) attended the Boys High School in Worcester, Cape Province, South Africa, then earned bachelor and master of science degrees (the latter cum laude) at Stellenbosch University. From 1939 to 1940 he attended Harvard University, where he obtained a PhD with a thesis on copper depositions around Messina, Transvaal. Since 1935 he had worked as geologist at the Department of Geological Survey, Ministry of Mining, exploring areas around Middelburg, Witbank, Nelspruit, Barberton, Potgietersrus, Messina, and the Richtersveld. Leaving that position in 1945, he would become professor of geology at Stellenbosch, 1966-78. He would discover the mineral söhngeite (Ga[OH],).

¹⁰ A descendant of the Dutch-speaking settlers who had colonized Cape Town in the early seventeenth century. The legacy of a series of bloody wars between the Boers and the British, who had taken over the colony in the early nineteenth century, would be very much in the air when HEE reached Cape Town,

¹¹ Max Katzen (1907-86, both in Johannesburg) traveled frequently between South Africa, various British ports, and New York City as a buyer (in what line is unknown).

PERSONAL DIARY

Tuesday, 2 July 1940

On Monday I rearranged my baggage and got settled in my room and this morning I slept late then read all morning. In the afternoon I read a little, played a little shuffle board and loafed luxuriously in the sun. It is wonderful not to have anything to worry about—there is nothing about which I can do anything. My restless nerves have calmed down.

In the evening I sat for a while in the Captain's Cabin and talked with Captain Sullivan¹² and Mrs. Van Kraayenburg. Later I talked with Mr. Söhnge on geology, etc., and then listened to the Ball-Galento brawl¹³ as a parting gesture toward current U.S. affairs.

"Captain Sullivan took a real Candid Camera shot from a distance."

Wednesday, 3 July 1940

Today was a perfect one—clear sky and just enough breeze to give occasional small whitecaps. In the morning we sighted a British merchant convoy of thirteen ships escorted by two auxiliary cruisers [heading for England]. Captain Sullivan changed course to starboard [i.e., the right] to clear them and we finally passed astern at a distance of about seven miles. I have done some technical reading and some salty African guidebook reading but I can't take that sort of thing seriously—life is too relaxing. The Rev. Cleveland discussed African mission life in a most interesting manner and showed me some photographs of the mission station in the Belgian Congo which he founded in 1924. I have always had an abstract sort of respect for missionaries but the contacts with the Clevelands and Miss Holladay have given me my first personal knowledge of them and it is most pleasant. It requires great fortitude of mind, body and spirit to handle that work. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 2 JULY 1940

. . . Mr. Cleveland has given me a much clearer idea of actual mission work and I have found that most interesting. It is no field for incompetents and weaklings. Young Tommy Cleveland was the first white child born in that section of Belgian

¹² Almost certainly George T. Sullivan (American, b. 1892), who had served in the merchant marine since at least 1924. He was to be master of two merchant ships sunk by U-boats: City of New York (sunk 29 March 1942) and Daniel Morgan (5 July 1942). Thelma C. van Kraayenburg (b. 1904 in Bowling Green, Ohio), who had in January of that year returned to the United States—apparently to her home in Ann Arbor, Michigan—from Cape Town on the same ship. Her husband, Jerry J. van Kraayenburg (b. 1892), was a South African dentist (but see p. 37).

¹³ A boxing match in which the heavyweight Domenico Antonio "Two-Ton Tony" Galento (1910–79, retired 1943) fought a black U.S. Navy submariner, Chief Steward Dave Ball (b. 1918?), considered by some one of the best middleweights in the world. Ball would make four wartime patrols in USS Rasher (SS 269) before retiring after twenty-five years' service to operate a concession at Madison Square Garden in Manhattan. Glenn A. Knoblock, Black Submariners in the United States Navy, 1940-1975 (Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 2005), p. 131.



Capt. George T. Sullivan. (HEE)

Congo where Mr. Cleveland established a new mission in December 1924. So my trip is already paying me large dividends in the form of relaxation and change of point of view.

PERSONAL DIARY

[Wednesday, 3 July 1940, continued]

In the evening Captain Sullivan invited me to visit the bridge¹⁴ where we had a very pleasant time indeed. I feel sure that I shall enjoy knowing him very much. He is an attractive, well-read man of wide experience and obvious competence.

The wind freshened at night and the prospects for swimming in the newly erected pool on July 4th are uncertain.

Thursday, 4 July 1940

This was a beautiful day in which we all ate too much and then exercised to carry it off. The swimming pool was filled and enjoyed. In the evening there was a mediocre movie. The great topic of conversation was the fight at Oran, 15 where the British sank French ships. The complete collapse of France¹⁶ is one of the most pitiable things the world has ever seen. It is incredible that a great people could fall to such depths. German propaganda had penetrated much deeper into the souls of the nation than any one had thought. I think it inevitable that what is left of government in France will be maintained only by the German Army. We know the same thing is going on in the U.S.A. and that knowledge should unite us more than anything

¹⁴ Essentially, the area from which the ship is controlled when under way, by the captain (naval) or master (mercantile), or by delegation the officer of the deck (naval) or watch officer (mercantile). The bridge by this time usually comprised an enclosed pilothouse with windows for visibility, "wings" (bulwarked extensions to either side, open to the weather, used by lookouts and when maneuvering at close quarters), a chart space or room, and in naval service perhaps a "flying" (open) bridge atop the pilothouse, an open signal bridge, and the captain's sea (or emergency) cabin, used at sea to allow quicker response than possible from the captains cabin proper, which might be some distance away. The name derives from a walkway, or bridge, connecting in early steamships the tops of side-paddle wheel housings, from where the watch's visibility was not blocked by the wheels.

¹⁵ On 3 July 1940 the Royal Navy bombarded French warships in their base at Mers el-Kébir, near Oran, on the coast of what was then French Algeria. The attack followed the French armistice of 22 June (following note); Britain feared that the substantial French naval forces in the Mediterranean might be made available to the Germans. The bombardment sank a French battleship, damaged several other ships, and killed over 1,200 French personnel. See Arthur Marder, From the Dardanelles to Oran: Studies of the Royal Navy in War and Peace, 1915-1940 (1974; repr. Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 2015).

¹⁶ The German invasion of France—an overwhelming display of armored, mechanized Blitzkrieg, "lightning war"—had begun on 10 May and ended effectively with an unopposed entry into Paris on 18 June. An armistice signed at Compiègne on the 22nd established a zone of German-occupied territory in the north and west, an Italian zone in the southeast, and the remainder as a "free zone," governed from Vichy.

else and help us to purify the country. It will be a narrow squeak for our Democracy and only by the willingness to sacrifice the focus of our system will we be able to preserve its essentials. Hitler's attack on us will be a much more subtle affair—he will seek in every way to divide us, foment trouble, suspicion, doubt and uncertainty, capitalize [on] every weakness and exploit every weak kneed doubter and so called liberal. Tough, hard boiled, clear-thinking people who can concentrate on the major objectives are desperately needed. The irony of Oran is overwhelming.

Friday, 5 July 1940

Clear with less breeze and consequently better bathing and warmer sun. Shuffle board—medicine ball, swimming, sun bathing, reading and pleasant conversation made up a grand day. I hate the idea of seeing land! I can't do any serious reading either, for my relaxation is too complete.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 5 JULY 1940

... The last two days have been delightful. Yesterday the swimming pool was completed and filled and so we all worked up a fine appetite in it. The food is excellent and yesterday it was more than ample. Today was even better—a bit smoother hence better swimming and we added more sun bathing and medicine ball work. You would love this trip Darling, it is beautiful—the people are nice quiet and interesting. Little Miss Holladay is delightful—full of fun—very quick witted and competent. She is from Spotsylvania, Virginia, full of ancestors and anecdotes¹⁷—bright blue eyes, faded blonde hair, not quite five feet tall and very fond of the children she has taught in her mission schools. She must be very tough too—the Belgian Congo is no place for sissies! Mrs. Cleveland is quiet and motherly—wide fine eyes with purpose and character, more serious in manner than Miss Holladay but full of appreciation. Miss Lerbak is a Danish missionary of about forty five who reminds me of Ernie Moon [unidentified].

Our own situation is very different from what we have been thru before. It seemed so futile to do other than take our separation as a matter of course. For years by the way we have lived together we expressed our feelings much more clearly than any words could. And yet if we had tried to say anything at all we knew that they would have been utterly inadequate.

If in the last fifteen years we haven't indoctrinated Skip with our way of thinking, our way of living and our way of loving each other, then nothing in the way of last minute farewells and words of hasty advice could possibly help. He has had grand training. His point of view is sound, we must abide by what we have already done and have faith in the ultimate outcome. Nothing that happens from now on

¹⁷ The history of Spotsylvania County, between Washington, DC, and Richmond, Virginia, goes back to 1721. The area was much fought over during the Civil War, with particular and sustained viciousness during the battle of Spotsylvania Court House (then and now the county seat), 8–21 May 1864.

will change his basic character. True, his education and mental development must continue—certain tools must be furnished him—and [Phillips Academy] Andover [Massachusetts] can do a better job with that than we can. But no school can give him the background of kindness, thoughtfulness, cheeriness and fairness that you have made part of him. Incidentally, he is also firmly grounded in a taste for fine salads!

[Sunday, 7 July 1940, continued]

The morning news indicates that the attack on England is about to begin. 18 The decision on that phase of the war and possibly the war itself will have been reached before this letter reaches you. Somehow it does not seem right to be sailing so peacefully while the world is torn by this war. I feel so out of things.

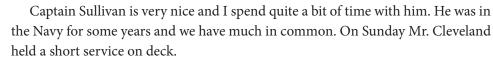
I find that I have my dates all mixed up but I have verified this one. The trade

winds have freshened, the ship has more motion and the port [left, facing forward] side is very wet. I am very lazy but am trying hard for exercise and have acquired a nice sun tan with little burn. The swimming pool has been fine; Söhnge, Tommy Cleveland and I go in together and usually Mr. Simmons the Chief Engineer joins us.

Söhnge (pronounced "Zern-ger") is a huge blonde son of German missionaries who has taken his master's degree at Harvard and is on his way back to work with the Geological Survey. He is most attractive, fine sense of humor and very keen on discussion of any sort.

We have a grand time at meals and usually have a good session after dinner. Because of union rules for freighters we have dinner at 5 p.m. so by nine o'clock we are all hungry. Then we have about an hour of crackers, cheese, fruit and talk. My bunk is very cramped and hard so I don't sleep

really well.



I do wish you were along with me. It would be such fun—you would fit into our life so well and you would love the long lazy days and the nice people who are along.



Tuesday, 9 July 1940

The days roll by and I am getting fat and lazy. I exercise when I can but Swedish¹⁹ is more boring than ever. The swimming is fine but limited. I have done some technical reading, written a few letters and that is about all. On Sunday Mr. Cleveland



Tex Simmons, chief engineer of Henry S. Grove. (HEE)

¹⁸ The air attack on the British Isles, the Battle of Britain, began on 10 July. A seaborne attack was in preparation but would be postponed and effectively canceled in mid-September.

¹⁹ An apparent reference to light exercises and calisthenics (without equipment) prescribed by the "Swedish Movement Cure," which had been popularized in the United States.

held a short service on deck. Sunday night Söhnge, Miss Holladay, Mrs. Van Kraayenburg and I sat up late eating my fruit (from George Codington and Gilly Lockwood)²⁰ and discussed world politics.

Söhnge has taken his master's degree at Harvard and expects to get his doctorate upon completion of his thesis. He is 26 years old, big, powerfully built, fine disposition and humor and greatly interested in everything. His parents are German missionaries. The discussion centered around the causes, and merits and demerits of the Nazi system.

We have tackled practically all subjects with zest. Monday I broke out a little Scotch, which was appreciated. This morning the trade winds freshened and the port side is now very wet and the ship has more motion.



"Gerry Söhnge, 6 feet, 195 pounds." (HEE)

Wednesday, 10 July 1940

A fresh breeze is still blowing—today was devoted to sun bathing, a short swim, a long walk and general loafing. We passed the SS Challenger²¹ homeward bound this morning, the first ship we have seen since the convoy last week.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 10 JULY 1940

Today we passed our first ship since we saw the British convoy last week—the SS Challenger of this same line, homeward bound from Cape Town. I wish I could have sent this letter over by boat. As it is it will be a long time reaching you. Today I made a few minor repairs with your sewing kit. In the afternoon my first attempt at washing linen trousers. I have been doing my laundry daily but not long pants. I have gotten quite brown all over and a bit red in spots but my coco[nut] oil has prevented sun burn except for a few arm places. I am afraid I am getting fat, too, because I can't force myself to do all the exercising necessary. However I expect to sweat off all surplus on my way to Manila.

I suppose that by this time you are busy with your Red Cross work. Did you read the write-up in the last June copy of *Life*? I hope they showed the proper way to make the surgical dressings! I am so proud of the way you have taken hold of things. You have a rare gift for accomplishment, and what you do, you do in such a way as to make people fond of you. And on top of that you are the only woman I have ever known who becomes more and more attractive each year.

²⁰ Codington was a General Electric employee who had met HEE in Washington, DC. Lockwood was perhaps "Colonel" Gilly Lockwood, the Washington representative (read lobbyist) of the American Car & Foundry Company, today ACF Industries LLC. A manufacturer of railroad rolling stock, ACF was to be a major armaments contractor in World War II, especially for tanks.

²¹ A 7,667-ton general-cargo freighter, operated by what was then the Argonaut Line (see note 3). Completed in 1918 as a steamship (SS), Challenger had been converted in 1924 to a motor ship (i.e., diesel propulsion) and was now on the New York-Cape Town-Bombay (today's Mumbai) route. On 17 May 1942 it would be sunk by U-155, with a loss of eight lives.

[Sunday, 14 July 1940, continued]

Today we cross the equator but everyone has been across before so there will be no special occasion made of it. The lazy days wile by and now we are a little more than half way to Cape Town. I have been reading Shakespeare with interest: Coriolanus²² is particularly applicable to political conditions in the United States.

The wind has died down, so that the forward well deck is clear of spray. This makes a very fine place to walk and I enjoy it.

Today is Bastille Day²³—the liberties of the French people have gone up in smoke and flame, just as they were obtained.

[Sunday evening, continued]

I miss you so in the evenings, the sun goes down in so many different ways and then the stars come out and I wish we could lean on the rail and enjoy it together. It is then that I feel most lonely.

[Friday, 19 July 1940, continued]

This week has gone by very quickly. The weather has been fine and is now much cooler. The routine of living has been 7:50 wake up—8:15 breakfast with conversation til 9:00-9:30 to 10:30 morning walk-10:30 to 12:00 reading, shuffleboard or laundry work—12:00 lunch—12:45 to 3:00 sun bathing, reading, snoozing etc.—3:00 to 3:30 or 3:45 swimming—this usually includes a terrific rough-house in the tank with Tommy Cleveland, instigating battles and relay races. At 4:30 we, except for missionaries, usually have a scotch and soda with the Captain and Chief Engineer, 5:00 supper dragged out to 6:00 by table talk. Later shuffle board evening walk, listen to short wave radio news etc. For the last two nights we have played "Up Jenkins," to everyone's delight.

Captain Sullivan is an expert photographer with three fine cameras and a complete laboratory. He develops and prints all the pictures taken, samples of which I enclose.

It is all a nice, quiet, domestic life, with laundry hints and helps going around, beautiful weather and intelligent conversation. I have read all the books Skip gave me plus a few others. I did not really enjoy The Rains Came but did like Night in Bombay by Bromfield. By all means read Land below the Wind.²⁵ You probably have done so

²² HEE's point apparently being that the American public is unwilling to accept, even unworthy of, strong leadership, as the eponymous character of this late Shakespearean tragedy thought of the citizens of the

²³ The French national day, recalling the storming and destruction on 14 July 1790 of the Bastille, a royal prison in Paris, in a turning point of the intensifying French Revolution.

²⁴ A party game, with many international varieties and names, involving one team's guessing under which hand of the opposing team members a coin, or some such, has been secreted.

²⁵ The Rains Came: A Novel of Modern India (Harper & Brothers, 1937), by Louis Bromfield, was a critical success and a best seller; a sequel, Night in Bombay (1940), was received with less enthusiasm. Agnes Jones Newton's Land below the Wind (1939, after magazine serialization), about her and her family's

already: it is delightful. Oh Darling, you would have enjoyed this trip so much—quiet people with nice senses of humor and fine background. Little Miss Holladay looks and acts fifty in many ways but turns out to be only about forty, but thirteen years in the Congo have dried her up. She is fine and full of fun. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are real people and fine company. Tommy is a good kid. He has a wonderful ear and can imitate any known animal. Miss Lerbak²⁶ and Mr. Katzen do not enter into things quite so much. Mrs. Van Kraayenburg and Mrs. Wegerle²⁷ are attractive—quick to respond and thoroughly nice.—Söhnge is an older and Germanic edition of Jim Gray [whom Isabel would remember in 1988 as a "tall young naval officer"], with a fine mind and grand sense of humor. The Gray part is his naiveté. The two girls are crazy about him.

The Captain and Chief Engineer eat with us and take part in all our fun. Both are fine.

So the nice lazy days roll by.

A few hours ago we sighted St. Helena, the island where Napoleon spent his last

exile.²⁸ We shall pass it in about two more hours. . . .

van Kraayenburg. (HEE)

Pearl Wegerle and Thelma

PERSONAL DIARY

Tuesday, 23 July 1940

Life aboard ship has resolved itself into a regular pattern that was most satisfying. A walk after breakfast, reading and shuffle board and laundry etc till noon; then after lunch sun bathing and reading followed by a rough-house in the pool—highballs before dinner and a long quiet evening. I was not able to sleep very well, probably because of the very narrow bunk which made it impossible to sprawl out in the accustomed manner.



Captain Sullivan is an expert photographer and does his own work of developing and enlarging. He very kindly has developed our films and has given us valuable hints on photography. It is extremely interesting. The pictures I made coming

life in North Borneo during the previous five years, was widely considered, as HEE says, "delightful." Her next two published reminiscences, of her subsequent years as a prisoner of the Japanese and of her family's postwar return to a devastated Borneo, would be grimmer.

²⁶ Anna Lerbak (1898?-1975) had been born in Denmark but was now a naturalized American citizen, serving as a missionary out of the Hartford Theological Seminary in Hartford, Connecticut.

²⁷ Pearl Wegerle (b. 1894 in Trenton, Michigan) was a dental hygienist from Detroit, where her husband, Albert E. Wegerle, was a dentist.

²⁸ From 1815, after his final defeat at Waterloo, until his death in 1821, Napoleon was detained by the British on the South Atlantic island of St. Helena, then controlled by the East India Company but later a British crown colony and today (with Ascension and the Tristan da Cunha island group) a British overseas territory.



"HEE took the sunset. GTS enlarged it." (HEE)

out of New York came out well, as did some cloud pictures I took last week. I think I shall get good results from now on.

Today I started repacking and I must admit to a certain feeling of regret. We have had a wonderful trip, the isolation has been much better than the luxury liner type of ship. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 26 JULY 1940, 6 рм

. . . This morning we landed in Cape Town and I have just finished a busy day. I was met by several

very agreeable people and my plans are beginning to shape up rather well. I shan't know just when I sail north [that is, into the Indian Ocean on the next leg of the voyage] for a few days. Over the week end I expect some golf and sightseeing and next week I hope to start a motor trip up the coast into the Transvaal.²⁹ I am staying at a beautiful old-fashioned hotel overlooking Table Bay³⁰—it is full of fine looking conservatives [see diary for 30 July]—my bath has an enormous tub and everything is beautiful and I miss you Darling, for you would love the atmosphere so much. The city is like a cross between San Francisco and San Diego. I am in fine shape and good spirits except for loneliness.

I miss both you and Skip and wish so much I could have you with me. Goodnight my sweetheart. I love you.

[Friday, 26 July 1940, 9 PM, continued]

Earlier this evening I mailed a rather disjointed letter written from time to time on the trip, but censorship being what it is, delays make things uncertain. So this will be a partial duplicate. (Incidentally I cabled you on arrival!)

The voyage was restful, and really lots of fun, the people nice and congenial, the food good and the weather fine. There were long lazy days of reading, loafing, mild exercise and pleasant conversation, lots of laughter and no excitement. I think I gained about five pounds.

Cape Town is beautiful, the great mass of Table Mountain is most impressive as it towers over the city. Incidentally my camera is behaving very well and I have gotten some fine pictures. Captain Sullivan is an expert photographer and he developed and enlarged our pictures for us.

I have had a car placed at my disposal for the length of my stay in Africa and therefore I am making tentative plans for a grand tour taking in about 2500 to

²⁹ From 1910 to 1994 the northeasternmost province of the Union, later Republic, of South Africa.

³⁰ On which lie Cape Town and its protected harbor. It is so named for the adjacent flat-topped Table Mountain.

3000 miles. This is the best time of year to see the Kruger Game Reserve.³¹ My departure is uncertain but I probably will be in this country for two to three weeks depending on the transportation situation. However, my time will be well occupied.

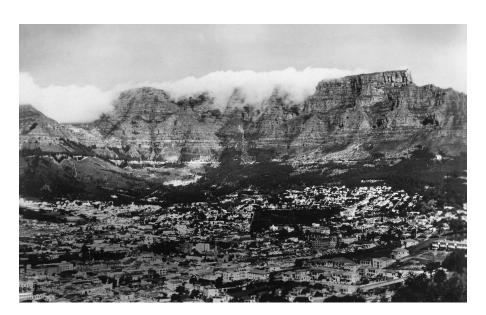
Oh Darling, I miss you so much right now! This staid old hotel [the Mount Nelson Hotel]³² is full of the kind of people you would enjoy. Fur coats over evening dresses, in an unheated, drafty big dining room, a climate like San Francisco, Hindu servants in white clothes and lots of old men. (British men live longer than Americans, I judge from this place!) Some beautiful women with marvelous complexions and some of the tackiest [women] you ever saw. Staid Dutch, great big bath tubs—small perky elevator boys who say "T'kyou!" as you enter and leave. The hotel is on the side of the mountain and my room overlooks a lovely garden, then the tile roofs of the city, then the Bay—and the whole place is just as empty as can be because Isy is not where she can squeeze my hand and smile that wonderful rich glow of love and understanding. Your eyes and voice and self would make this perfect. However, my dear, we could probably go nuts did we live here!

This afternoon Mr. Nuland³³ of Texas Oil Co told me that he expects to put his son (15 yrs. old) aboard the next ship for the U.S., to enter Kent. His wife is ill and he is none too cheerful. I feel for him. . . .

"View from the 'Grove' as she lay at anchor in Table Bay." (HEE)



- 31 Properly Kruger National Park, a world-famous 7,523-square-mile game reserve in what had been, at its origins, the Afrikaans South African Republic and was in 1940 the province of Transvaal (note 29). About 1,125 miles northeast of Cape Town, it is today part of the developing trinational Great Limpopo Transfrontier Park.
- 32 The Mount Nelson (today the Belmond Mount Nelson, whose website calls it "the grande dame of South African Hotels") was founded in 1899 and today, much expanded, continues to serve a wealthy clientele, which has included the young Winston Churchill, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and John Lennon (incognito). It is situated in the Oudtshoorn Gardens and across the street from South Africa's oldest public garden.
- 33 Lester H. Nuland (1898-1967), before moving to the Texas Oil (Texaco, originally the Texas Fuel Company) branch in Cape Town, had previously represented the firm in Hong Kong, where his son, James G. Nuland (1925–2014), was born. James, after attending Kent (probably the Kent School, a private boarding preparatory school in Kent, Connecticut), would serve as a junior naval officer in the Pacific War and retire as a senior vice president of the Halliburton Company.



Postcard: Cape Town and Table Mountain. (HEE)

PERSONAL DIARY

Tuesday, 30 July 1940

On Friday 26 July I landed at Cape Town. Mr. John Allen of the Vacuum Oil Company and Mr. Bagdanoff met me at the dock and assisted me thru the customs.34 I had lunch with Mr. George Allin, director of Vac Oil, at Delmonico's.35 I spent the afternoon shopping

and calling and cashing checks and later arrived at the Mount Nelson Hotel. It really is a delightful place—full of conservative English—retired, etc., a few Boers or Afrikaners, and some Jews.

Everything is very staid and quiet. The location is beautiful overlooking the city above the Gardens—the hotel gardens are fine and my room overlooks them.

Of course there is no heat and the climate is damp and raw. The result is that lovely ladies sit in the dining room in the evening in evening clothes and furs. The bath tub is a delight, long and deep, just the thing I have been looking for!

³⁴ HEE had, before departing, arranged the assistance of Vacuum Oil (see next note) with visiting, en route to Manila, petroleum-related facilities. He had made these arrangements through George Walden of Vacuum's Manhattan office, to whom he had entrée through "Mr. [presumably Robert—see note 5] Congdon." This project was apparently not, at least primarily, pursuant to special instructions received immediately prior to his departure (see chapter 5, note 35); he had already been collecting, from an executive in a petroleum firm (now Petrotech, cofounded by a United States Naval Academy classmate), suggestions for readings in the subject in its strategic aspect—a perfectly reasonable interest for an officer, especially then, and unsurprising in a man whose later professional career would focus on logistics. Vacuum Oil Company would have seen an interest in smoothing the way for, and making its case to, an apparently rising naval officer with Washington and social connections. As will be seen, Vacuum executives would lay themselves out for HEE, and not only in South Africa. Henry E. Eccles Papers, Ms. Coll. 52, series 2, box 1, folders 18 and 19, Naval Historical Collection, Naval War College, Newport, RI [hereafter NHC].

³⁵ The Vacuum Oil Company, a U.S. firm properly known as the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, having merged with the Standard Oil Company of New York (Socony) in 1931. At the time it was one of the largest oil companies in the world. HEE refers to it in these papers variously as "Vacuum," "Vac Oil," and "Soc Vac." . . . N. Bagdanoff was apparently a longtime midlevel employee of the Vacuum Oil Cape Town office (having played on the firm's cricket side between 1925 and 1930).... Delmonico's (also the Delmonico, Del Monico), described as the most popular restaurant in Cape Town at the time, featured distinguished chefs and, on occasion, classical music; it is apparently not to be confused with a Cape Town seamen's bar, or nightclub, of the same name.

On Saturday [27 July] I called at the Consulate, and enjoyed seeing Vice Consul Richards and Consul Denby.³⁶ In the afternoon I played golf with Mr. Dan Ward, a local attorney, at the Royal Cape Golf Course. Mr. Ward, a friend of Mr. Nuland, was most kind and a good companion. Unfortunately it rained, a fine drizzle but with a strong wind. Saturday night I had supper with the Richards and a group of American refugees from Cairo, who had arrived on the President Garfield:37 two Foreign Service men with their wives and the rest—oil widows from Egypt, etc.

On Sunday [28 July] I wrote letters to go out on the Garfield and then went out to the Wards for lunch. After lunch we drove up country—arriving at Stellenbosch just after a fine riot. On Saturday I watched the fights on Adderley Street as the [Afrikaner] Nationalists interfered with the "Noon Pause" and on Monday night I could hear the shouts of the crowd coming from the recruiting meeting. They smashed windows in a newspaper office and made quite a racket.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 28 JULY 1940, 9:30 AM Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town

This is a bit hurried, for I hope to get it aboard the President Garfield, which is sailing for New York today. I have several other letters on the way but they very probably are awaiting their turn at the censor's office.

"View from my room at the Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town. The garden was beautiful." (HEE)





- 36 There seems actually to have been no vice-consul in Cape Town in 1940; however, John S. Richardson Jr., who had been consul in 1938 and would in 1943 become the U.S. consul in Johannesburg, may have been present. James Orr Denby (1896-1983) was the American consul in Cape Town from 1938 to 1943.
- 37 Built as Blue Hen State in 1921, the 10,501-ton, 502-foot passenger/freighter President Garfield was about to be renamed President Madison (its name taken by another ship, then building, later commissioned as a Navy transport, USS Thomas Jefferson [APA 30]). In 1942 the President Garfield in question would be taken up for the Navy as a transport (USS Kenmore [AP 62]) and in 1944 be converted to a hospital ship (USS Refuge [AG 11]). It would be scrapped in 1948.
- 38 HEE is witnessing a legacy of South Africa's history: original European settlement by the Dutch— "Afrikaners" or "Boers," speaking "Afrikaans"; British annexation in the early nineteenth century; Afrikaner emigration and establishment of "Boer Republics" across the northern border; bitter warfare between the British and the Boers; and in 1910, incorporation of the whole by Britain as the Union of South Africa. The "Noon Pause," a daily two-minute silence for the British Empire's veterans and dead of the Great War (and the origin of Remembrance Day), was sensitive for Afrikaners, many of whom had opposed South African participation in the First World War and now opposed it in the Second.

A short review of the trip is: We had a fine voyage with no really rough weather and only a few unpleasant days. The passengers were congenial and while there was no excitement, time passed quickly and in an interesting way. I read a good deal, got moderate exercise and did quite a bit of lazy sun bathing. We arrived in Cape Town Friday and I was met by Mr. Walden's [see note 34] friends, who have been most kind since then. I have a car and a driver at my disposal and have met some interesting and attractive people. Friday afternoon and Saturday morning I was planning the rest of my journey and tomorrow I hope to make final immediate decisions. The general plan is that I drive up the coast to Durban [about a thousand miles, see map], cut back to Johannesburg [about 350 miles] and Pretoria [fortyfive miles], on into the Kruger National Park (Game Preserve) and then back to the coast either Durban or Lourenço Marques³⁹ as suits the Bombay [Mumbai] steamer. At Bombay I shall make further plans.

Since it appears that sailings to Bombay are irregular and infrequent I may have to wait till August 15th or even later; on the other hand when I reach Durban I may find a steamer ready to go, in which case I probably will skip part of my African visit. That would be unfortunate for I probably will never again have such an opportunity.

Yesterday I played golf in the rain, then to an informal supper at the Vice Consul's home. I am lunching today with a local attorney, Mr. Ward—tomorrow I am lunching with Comdr. Richards at the Naval Station at Simonstown. 40 I shall remain in Cape Town until Wednesday.

Cape Town is a delightful city. It resembles a cold Honolulu. The clouds hang over the mountains, the foliage is much the same, and the houses have the same color. It is very neat and clean. This hotel is a gem-perfect conservative English ["preserve"], full of specimens that you would delight in—some glare—some smile nicely, all of them you would enjoy, I shall give more details in other letters.

I miss you horribly—there is so much that would take life if you were here to enjoy it with me, so much fun together. Skip would enjoy it too.—However we will have our fun in the East in the fall. I shall miss you more and more—take good care of yourself, Darling—give Skippy a hug and the enclosed stamps. (I must hurry to get the letter off!)

Stellenbosch, a mostly Afrikaans-speaking university town thirty-one miles east of Cape Town, was a likely site for such unrest.

³⁹ Then as now a busy seaport, Lourenço Marques was in 1940 the capital of the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. Known today as Maputo, it is the capital of the Republic of Mozambique and lies about fifty miles from the southern extreme of Kruger National Park.

⁴⁰ Lt. Cdr. (here "Commander" as a courtesy) Robert John Richards, RN (1897-1991), had been brought back from retirement in 1939 to serve as Assistant King's Harbour Master at HMS Afrikander / Naval Base Simon's Town (sometimes Simonstown, or the Afrikaans Simonstad). In 1942, as an acting commander, he would become deputy superintendent of His Majesty's Dockyard there. He would revert to the retired list in 1946. (Thanks to Hans Houterman, webmaster of unithistories.com, for this information.) Simon's Town, frequently expanded and upgraded since its founding by the Dutch in 1743, is today the main base of the South African navy. It lies about fifty miles south of Cape Town.





Please let Will [Willet] & Dad know about my arrival— Remember—

(HEE) Right: Postcard: Cape Point and its two lighthouses. (HEE)

Mountain.

Left: Cape Town and Table

Write to the Bureau of Navigation Transportation Division, at the Navy Department, at least one month before you sail—state the routing you desire, the address to which the tickets should be sent, and state whether or not Skip will be with you. All the forms have been filled out and are in the transportation division—furthermore you are allowed 350 lbs of baggage on each adult ticket—Good Bye for a while my Sweetheart.

PERSONAL DIARY

Tuesday, 30 July 1940

Monday I drove around the Cape of Good Hope—one of the Ends of the Earth. It was a beautiful drive in many respects similar to the drive out to Makapu Point in Oahu—the foliage is [only] somewhat the same but the shape of headlands and beaches is very similar.

On the way I stopped at the small town of Simonstown, the British South African naval base, and had lunch with Lieutenant Commander Richards. Present were Commander and Mrs. Harry (packing to return to England), the magistrate Mr. Gill, and a fine old lady, Mrs. Grant. The location was beautiful, the food excellent and the company most cordial.

Later I met Commodore Budgeon,41 in command of the station. We swapped comments on the Scott-Paine boats. 42 He had been in the Admiralty during the tests and negotiations on them and was not too enthusiastic because of their aircraft engines and the necessity for such careful handling in rough water and lack of

⁴¹ Douglas Adams Budgen (1889-1947) would remain at Simon's Town as captain in charge until promoted to rear admiral on 15 January 1941, becoming Flag Officer-in-Charge Simonstown and Principal Sea Transport Officer for the Union of South Africa—for exactly one day, retiring on the 16th.

⁴² Developmental motor torpedo and antisubmarine craft designed by Hubert Scott-Paine in the middle 1930s.

low, quiet creeping speed. However he said that the capture of the Channel ports by Germany might easily make that type of boat most useful.⁴³

Commander Richards confirmed my impression of the Battle of the Platte. 44

Friday, 2 August 1940

Mossel Bay

I awoke at 7:15 cold and shivering as I answered the insistent knocking of the maid with tea at the Marine Hotel—last night I wisely had a hot water bottle put in my bed otherwise I could not have attacked the damp cold sheets!

Yesterday my driver, Charlie Brown, and I left Cape Town at 11 a.m. and had a most interesting drive to Mossel Bay on the coast about two hundred and fifty miles east of Cape Town. In places the drive was beautiful.

Here Mr. Decker, the Soc Vac manager, met me and after dinner I went to his house for the evening. He is fat and round—his wife very tall. They were very cordial indeed and I was glad to be able to see their home.

To go back . . . On Tuesday [30 July] I had lunch at the Civil Service Club with Mr. L. H. Nuland of Texaco, [and] Sam Wallace of Tex. enroute from Cairo to N.Y. via Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Dan Ward, and Mr. Henry Webster, Director of S.A. Shell, 45 were there. It was most enjoyable and afterwards Wallace and I drove out to the Rhodes Memorial⁴⁶ and then on to Groot Constantia, an old Dutch estate.

On Wednesday [31 July] I made the rounds of the various offices in Cape Town to finish up the details of my trip and get some odds and ends. Wednesday evening the Richards and Wards came to dinner and after dinner we sat in the lounge by the fire and talked till about eleven, driving out one old codger, who snorted plainly as he retreated to some "better ale." It was fine but I am afraid I talked too much again. Mrs. Richards is very young and attractive and seems to be having a very good time.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 2 AUGUST 1940 Port Elizabeth Club, Port Elizabeth

Thursday morning we left Cape Town and spent the night in Mossel Bay after a drive of about two hundred and fifty miles. I nearly froze when I first put my feet into the bed at the little hotel at which I stayed but I had ordered a hot water bag

⁴³ As proved true—and may have already, unbeknownst to the commodore in South Africa. Motor torpedo boats and motor gunboats on both sides became the "capital ships" of a running campaign to attack and protect German coastwise traffic in the English Channel, much of it in armed, self-propelled

⁴⁴ The first naval battle of World War II, on 13 December 1939, in which a force of Royal Navy cruisers damaged the German "pocket battleship" Admiral Graf Spee and drove it into Montevideo, where it was

⁴⁵ Today the petroleum company Shell South Africa.

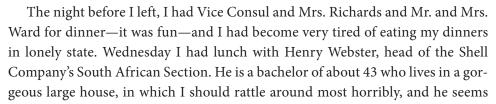
⁴⁶ To Cecil John Rhodes (1853-1902), British businessman, mine owner, prime minister of the Cape Colony 1890-96, and enthusiastic British imperialist, for whom the Rhodes Scholarship at the University of Oxford is named.

which I found in the bed and that helped the situation. Of course it is winter here,

and with no heat the houses are chilly. In the summer it is quite hot so they naturally assume it can't be cold.

Today we drove here and at the request of Mr. [E. K., as mentioned below] Green of the Vacuum Oil Company I am very comfortably settled in the Port Elizabeth Club, which is a most attractive place. I have had a bath and dinner and in a short while will turn in. I expect to be two days more on the road before reaching Durban. There I shall make very final plans for this stage of my journey. The country in many places is beautiful—in all places it is interesting—but I keep wishing for you so much of the time! There are so many sights you would enjoy with me, such as the funny little native huts made of adobe brick, the women with great bundles on their heads, the nice way people on the side of the road speak

to you as you go by. Eighteen oxen on one wagon, long donkey teams pulling carts, and the combination of heather, sage brush, mountains and ocean all in view at the same time!



to be doing very well. Possibly one thing that has most impressed itself on me on this trip has been how much a creature of habit I become! Certain things to which I am not accustomed just don't make sense! Of course the worst thing is the fact that I have been away from people that I know, familiar faces are missed much more than anything else.



As soon as I have any definite idea when I shall reach Manila, I shall cable you. In the last five weeks I have had no way of judging the situation in that part of

gg295
arts, "Charlie Brown—my

"Charlie Brown—my driver. He did not always look so grim." (HEE)

"The spirit of Cecil Rhodes influenced the whole continent. Read his life!" (HEE)



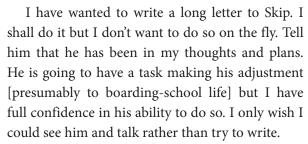
"The native huts next to the store above." (HEE)

the world. If you are ready to leave between October first and fifteenth, it appears likely that a cable message would be enough to start you travelling and then the time I spend in Manila waiting for you would be reduced: as it is, even with the best of luck it seems hard for you to get to Manila before November 15th at the very earliest. I hate to think of waiting till Christmas to see you!

I have had time for plenty of thinking this trip; the conclusions don't always come easily, particu-

larly when they concern future affairs. You and your personality loom larger and finer in all ways; when uncertainty comes into thinking, always I can fall back

on that.



Forgive me all the naughty things I've done to you. I love you. . . . Incidentally I am very hungry



"Mossel Bay. Usually these carts are drawn by from twelve to eighteen oxen. Enroute to Port Elizabeth." (HEE)

for news of you both.

"The rivers came down from the mountains and cut deep gorges to the sea. From the hill tops the view was as shown [below]."

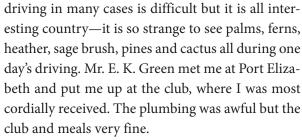
(HEE)

PERSONAL DIARY

Saturday, 3 August 1940

East London

Last night I got to Port Elizabeth⁴⁷ after a very interesting drive. We went thru many canyons and also took a side trip to a small but charming resort known as the Wilderness which nestles in a narrow strip between the ocean and the high bluffs. The



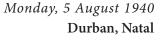
This morning I got up early and went out for a golf game with Mr. Green—the home wood course



of the Port Elizabeth Club⁴⁸ is very beautiful and tough. I played rather badly but had a few good holes and had a thoroughly enjoyable game. Mr. Green is a fine golfer and a very good sport. I left Port Elizabeth at about twelve thirty and reached this attractive city of East London⁴⁹ at half past five. I am staying at the Beach Hotel, with all the luxury of a private bath. I must admit I am very soft, because I am well fed up with old plumbing, especially when it is scarce. The drive today was quite different, being rough and dirty and passing for the most part thru barrier country. 50 We saw large numbers of native huts, circular small affairs of sticks plastered with mud and with either conical or round thatched roofs. The natives themselves are a coppery brown and the women are given to wearing salmon-colored dresses, quite long and also contrasting red or purple

turbans are seen. Everything is carried on the head and it is marvelous to see what awkward-looking loads seem to go merrily along.

After dinner Mr. Grover came in and we chatted til after ten. Tomorrow I plan to make Durban where I shall relax awhile. Driving on these roads is not the easy thing to which we have become accustomed. Worse, I am getting lonely and the idea of driving all day and then not seeing anyone I know is getting tiring.



Yesterday Brown and I left East London at 8:30 and after a hard day arrived at the Marine Hotel in Durban⁵¹ at 9:30—the distance was 418 miles, at least half of which was

over roads typical of Vermont side and mountain roads. The country was most interesting, especially the circular native huts. The changing character of the natives was striking; some were a rich coppery brown while others were black. I wish I could know the significance of the various colors their faces were painted.

Durban is in the Zulu country and their costuming is very gay. I got some pictures but not nearly as many as I should have liked.



"In the gorges we sometimes went thru dense forest like this." (HEE)

"Her face is painted with white clay. The colors of the clothes ran to reds & vermillion." (HEE)



⁴⁸ The Humewood Golf Course, first played in 1931 and today ranked (per its website) as fifteenth among the top courses in South Africa and the continent's only proper "links" (laid out on narrow strips on the seaside, on the model of St. Andrews in Scotland), is in the prestigious Port Elizabeth suburb and up-market resort of Humewood.

⁴⁹ South Africa's only river port, on the Indian Ocean coast.

 $^{50\} A\ reference\ to\ the\ Great\ Escarpment,\ the\ geological\ edge\ of\ the\ South\ African\ Plateau.\ Its\ mountainous$ and rugged country approaches the coast near East London, HEE's present location.

⁵¹ A major seaport on the Indian Ocean—today the busiest in South Africa and the busiest containerport on the continent. What was in 1940 the province of Natal had been founded in the early nineteenth century by Afrikaner "Voortrekkers" leaving British-controlled territory. It is now, having been merged with an adjacent Zulu homeland, the province of KwaZulu-Natal.

I was pretty tired when we finally got here, but three scotch and sodas, dinner and a hot bath made me sleep beautifully. I have found that lying in a tub of hot water with a scotch and soda within reach is one of life's real luxuries!

Mr. Henry Dreyer⁵² called early this morning and we drove around a while and then in the afternoon we went to the races where we saw the Gold Cup Run.⁵³ It was a fine day except that naturally we lost all our bets—so now I can go another ten years before going to the races.

I have been greatly impressed by the quality of the men in uniform that I have met and seen here.

> Wednesday, 7 August 1940, 8:30 PM Gollel, Swaziland

Henry Dreyer and I and Charlie Brown reached here at 6:30 this evening.

Henry and I had a drink and a decent dinner and after a short walk are ready for bed and an early start in the morning. We expect to enter the Kruger National Park via Komatipoort on the Mozambique border and continue on to the camp at Skukusa.⁵⁴ We plan to spend three days in the reserve and then go out via Pretoria and Johannesburg.

Today's travel was thru the Zulu country of Natal; we passed many of the places there over which the Voortrekkers had fought their way and where Chalka, Dingan and Mozelkatse⁵⁵ the Zulu chiefs had murdered and been murdered. Again the native huts changed character—now they seem to be almost all straw, or woven grass built on a light sapling frame work. Henry Dreyer says that it is buffalo grass.

The natives wear less and less in the way of clothing as we get deeper into the interior. I love the copper brown of the women's skins! Their carriage is wonderful too—if only our own women would stand erect and not slouch! The sense of balance is wonderful to permit them to carry such a variety of objects from melons, 5-gallon tins of water, earthenware jars and even light logs on their heads. The cattle are interesting with very long sharp horns, but they seem to be of every variety and mixture. Henry says we shall see some of the real Afrikaner cattle on the high veld [or veldt, open rural lands].

⁵² Of the several Vacuum Oil employees assigned to HEE's support, none was put so extensively at his service as Henry (Henrik?) Dreyer: "My trip to the game reserve with Henry Dreyer will always stand out in my memory. I think Henry is a delightful man and I thoroughly enjoyed my close association with him"; HEE to George Walden, 17 October 1940, Henry E. Eccles Papers, Ms. Coll. 52, folder 18, NHC. The Dreyer "clan" in South Africa has been very extensive since at least the early nineteenth century, but nothing is known about this scion except what HEE records, below.

⁵³ The Greyville Gold Cup, a thoroughbred race run every August since the late nineteenth century.

⁵⁴ Skukuza is the preserve's largest rest-camp facility and site of its administrative headquarters.

⁵⁵ For Voortrekkers, note 51. Shaka (Shaka kaSenzangakhona, assassinated 1828) and Dingane (Dingane kaSenzangakhona Zulu, assassinated 1840) were historical kings of the Zulu kingdom. Mozelkatse is a fictional Žulu king, a character in Hugh Mulleneux Walmsley's The Ruined Cities of Zulu Land (1869) and Zulu Land: Its Wild Sports and Savage Life (1879), both inspirations and sources for H. Rider Haggard's 1885 King Solomon's Mines.

Friday, 9 August 1940 Kruger National Park, Skukusa

We reached the Game Reserve last evening and spent the night at the rest camp at Lower Sabi. ⁵⁶ On our way thru the park to the camp, we first saw wildebeest, then impala, baboons, kudu, water buck, and



URBAN

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1940

zebra. As the sun went down a beautiful cheetah crossed the road in front of us and lay down in the grass near the road. The light was bad for a picture. It was a beautiful baleful-looking beast.

We had an excellent dinner in camp and I turned in about 8:30. My ronderal⁵⁷ was on the edge of the camp and thru my door I could see the light wire fence about fifteen feet away. It had grass laced thru it for visibility.

There were no clouds at all and the quarter moon was setting.

The wind brought the strange smell of the veld thru bush blossom, and outside my door a native was squatted by a fire. I wished so much for Isy because I knew how much she would have loved the whole setting and experience.

The moon went down and the stars wheeled overhead as I went to sleep on a rock-hard mattress. It was chilly too and I had to be careful to keep my blanket tucked in.

Sometime after midnight I woke up to hear a rough coughing growl in the distance. It came nearer and I tried to imagine what it was. I hoped it was a lion and when I thought of the light wire I hoped it wasn't. Suddenly there was a scuffling near the fence and a series of growls and snarls, which stopped when someone from a neighboring ronderal started to investigate with a flash light.

In the morning Henry Dreyer said he thought it was a lion—I have a faint suspicion that it was something smaller and that Henry was trying to give me a thrill.

A "Gent's Ticket" to a Durban turf club, for £1 1s. 0d. (HEE)

⁵⁶ The Lower Sabie Rest Camp, about twenty-seven miles south of Skukuza.

⁵⁷ As transliterated: HEE means *rondavel* (Afrikaans *rondawel*), a Westernized hut of the size, shape, and general appearance of an African village hut. Thanks to Lisette Valkenberg, a Dutch citizen and native speaker, for this identification.





Left: "A native village in the Reserve." (HEE) Right: "Wildebeest near Pretorius Kop." (HEE)

Early this morning we left Lower Sabi and drove here to Skukusa where we got a fine cabin and had breakfast. Although we saw no lions, buffalo or giraffe, we had a most interesting drive. The bush abounded in impala, kudu and water buck and I hope the pictures I took turn out well.

We bathed and rested and at three o'clock we took the river road toward Lower Sabi and again we missed the lions, although on our return we heard that a pride of eleven had held up some cars on the same road for fifteen minutes. This morning I got a wire to the effect that my future transportation was quite involved and so I must reach Durban by Tuesday morning.

Henry Dreyer is a fascinating person of 57. He is about 6 ft. 5" tall and weighs about 260 lbs. He is of Danish and Dutch descent and his family have lived in South Africa for many generations. He has lived an outdoor life and like so many of that type is essentially a simple-minded man of no subtlety, but better than that he has a rugged integrity of character that has attracted people in all walks of life. He is fine-looking and acting. His hunting stories have been most interesting and his knowledge and love for the veld have made him doubly attractive as a travelling companion. I hope that some day he has the chance to see the wide open spaces of the United States. His only visit to America took place in 1904.

Left: "Impala." (HEE) Right: "Zebra." (HEE)





Saturday, 10 August 1940 Middleburg [Middelburg], Transvaal

We left camp at 6:50 but saw very little game-we went down to Lower Sabi where lions are supposedly most plentiful. We had breakfast at Lower Sabi and then started for Pretorious Kop.⁵⁸

Our luck changed and we saw all manner of game giraffes, zebra, impala, kudu, water buck, wild hog, and finally a group of four cheetah—a very unusual thing. As we approached Pretorious Kop we saw many wildebeest.

As we were enjoying our lunch a telegram was delivered saying that I

must reach Durban before noon on Monday for the ship, the SS Zwartenhondt, was due to sail at noon Tuesday. We left at once and stopped several hours later at Nelspruit where we contacted the Vacuum [Oil] man and checked in with him. Then we continued on toward Middleburg. From Nelspruit the country changed character as we went up the valley on the Eland River. It is fine farming country, and citrus thrives, and it really is beautiful. Much reforesting is going on especially on the high plateaus. As usual the roads were horrible, narrow, rough and dusty. However, new roads are being built and when they are completed motoring will be much pleasanter.

We saw most of the animals in the evening or early morning when the light was bad—all pictures had to be taken from the car. The wonderful protective coloration makes photography difficult, especially for an inexperienced person.

When we came to "Waterval Oven" we climbed up a steep winding road, up the face of a deep canyon—this brought us onto the "high veld" and again the character of the country changed completely—long rolling plains—spruce trees, scattered farm houses. At this season the veld is burned to make way for the new grass and as darkness came on the light from the burning veld stood out on every hand.

This hotel⁶⁰ is very new—no hooks in the rooms—shiny new cheap furniture and the usual inadequate and uncomfortable bathroom. The Jewish proprietor was



"HEE and Henry Dreyer in front of our cabin at Skukusa." (HEE)

⁵⁸ Pretoriuskop Camp (named for a nearby kopje, hill, where the Voortrekker Willem Pretorius is buried) is the oldest established rest camp in Kruger National Park.

⁵⁹ Waterval Boven, officially Emgwenya, a small town about forty miles east of Middleburg.

⁶⁰ Possibly in Middelburg, but more likely Pretoria (about fifty miles west), to which he and Dreyer seem to have driven for the lunch.

very courteous—Henry Dreyer told him I was a well known African lion tamer! That held him for awhile.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 12 AUGUST 1940

Probably before this arrives you will have heard by cable of my arrival in Singapore. I am sailing tomorrow and eventually will reach the East. After I get there my movements will still be uncertain, depending on the transportation situation and on the international set up. And I shan't make any predictions about either.

Things have been happening so fast that I can't keep track of what I have written you. This morning I returned from my trip to the Game Reserve. It was wonderful and I missed you badly, for you would have loved being up there. However the long rides over dusty rough roads would not have appealed to you. We saw no lions, but I heard one growling and snarling about twenty-five feet from my cabin after midnight on Friday! However we did see many varieties of antelope and giraffe, zebras, wildebeest, monkey and cheetahs. In addition there were all kinds of beautiful strange birds that defy description.

Saturday noon—just as we were planning how to spend another day in the Reserve I got a telegram⁶¹ telling me to return at once to Durban in order to get my steamer, so by rail and by car I finally reached here this morning. I have my ticket and everything ready and at noon I sail on the K.p.m. ship Swartenhondt.62 It is a rather small Dutch ship carrying about 40 passengers and from what I saw of them in the ticket office I should judge them to be a very gay lot. It will be an interesting voyage even if the company does not appear so hot. We shall touch at several East African ports before crossing the Indian Ocean so I will get letters off to you—I hope they don't get held up too long.

I have kept very well, I feel soft from lack of exercise, but I sleep well and feel decently adjusted even if sick of this life of travel, hotels, etc. I am lonely—I miss you and Skip. I hate to think of how much time must go by before you and I meet in Manila. Right now I am tired, I feel that the last two weeks have gone by very quickly but that the next twelve weeks will never go by. I am getting hungry for

⁶¹ The text of the telegram, as handwritten for delivery, suggests the extent of Vacuum Oil's solicitude for HEE: "ECCLES CARE DREYER[.] Luxury Hut[.] Silverpalm [of the Silver Line, to be torpedoed and lost with all hands in June 1941] will not accept passengers[.] [Illegible] completely booked up[.] Next [liner?] leaving October[.] No other sailings in sight[.] Can arrange passage with KPM [Koninklijke Paketvaart-Maatschappij (Royal Packet Navigation Company), a Dutch line sailing in the region until 1967] liner Swartendond [sic] for Singapore sailing fourteenth[.] This has been booked provisionally but must be confirmed without fail tomorrow[.] Have arranged personal service call for you nine a[.]m[.] tomorrow. Nevin, Vacuum." This telegram was followed, "Swartendond sailing 13th you must be here latest Monday midday suggest Dreyer bring you back by car," and after HEE's departure by "TO COMMANDER ECCLES CARE VACUUM DURBAN[.] Bon voyage[.] Hope you have had an enjoyable and instructive journey. . . . Good luck and goodbye-Allin."

⁶² The Lloyd's Register 1940-41 gives the following information for Swartenhondt: Official No. 84192; 5,082 tons total; built 1922; 383' 6" length; 49' 4" breadth; 26' 7" depth; home port, Batavia (now Jakarta); flying the Dutch flag; fitted for oil fuel; three decks; signal: PKFH. The ship survived the war, helped carry Australian troops home from Borneo, etc., in 1945, and was scrapped in 1959.

news of you—I hope there is mail for me in Singapore—I cabled to Calcutta [modern Kolkata] to send it on, so possibly I may be lucky. Give my love to Skip. I hope by the time this reaches you that he will be well set in school.

I am too weary to write more and there is still packing to do. Good night my dearest Isy. I love you.

[Tuesday, 13 August 1940, continued]

My bills are paid, my luggage all neatly packed and in about an hour I shall start for the dock. We sail at noon, touch at several East African ports, then square away for Singapore which we should reach before this letter gets to you. After reaching Singapore, if conditions are favorable I shall cut back to India and then return to the Far East; however it is impossible to predict what I shall do or what my route will be. I feel sure that I shall reach Manila by November 1st at the latest and I hope that you can arrange to get there by November 15th. Try in any event.

I was dead tired when I wrote to you last night but now I feel refreshed and eager to get on with my journey. I wish I could tell you all the funny details of my life—your mending set has been used both for buttons and darning, the clothes pins with their dear familiar marks have been used appreciatively and I do wish so much that we could have been together so that you could have enjoyed looking at the gorgeous scenery, the strange foliage and beautiful birds, the funny little hotels in the country with their strange johnnies [bathroom facilities] and customs. It has been a grand experience but it would have been so much richer had you been along.

Tell Skip that when I stop in any one place long enough I shall send him some enlargements of my pictures. I have done quite well and expect to do better. I hope that he has lots of fun with football this fall. He should find boys his own size to team up with. I wish so much that I could watch him in school but I know that he will do well and have a grand time. Still I shall miss him.

I have met some delightful people. The Vacuum Oil representatives are perfectly splendid high-type gentlemen with whom it has been a pleasure to associate. I am greatly indebted to them.

Will you please get a good trout fishing rod and assortment of trout flies and have them sent to

Mr. Henry Dreyer Vacuum Oil Company South African Mutual Building Bloemfontein Union of South Africa.

I suggest that twenty to twenty five dollars should cover it. He is a unique man who has been wonderful to me and incidentally has presented me with a very fine gift for you. I shall reimburse you upon meeting! He is an expert hunter and fisherman and so I want something good. And now Sweetheart good bye for a while.

Take care of yourself and don't forget that date you have with me in Manila. I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 15 AUGUST 1940 Marine Hotel, Durban

The ship was delayed until this evening and so I have an extra day in port. . . .

I have finally broken down and bought my old heart's desire: the "carry-all" or "hold-all" for which I have yearned when travelling and now all the odds and ends will be rolled up in it! It may even mean the end of little zippers but I can't guarantee that. Henry Dreyer presented me with a beautiful kaross for you and since I had no other way of carrying it I had to buy the hold-all. The kaross is a beauty, all black and tawny and gold and very light and warm.

What is a *kaross*? It is a light fur throw-over robe and ours is made of eight fine jackal skins. And it is all packed away in mothballs with my light overcoat and other cold weather affairs in the hold-all.

Good bye for a while Darling. We shall have such good times when we meet this fall. My love to all the family.

PERSONAL DIARY

SS Swartenhondt, Monday, 19 August 1940

A week ago Sunday [11 August] I had lunch in Pretoria with Henry Dreyer, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Smith, Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Maier. Nolan is a former Vacuum [Oil] man now coordinating and directing all oil supply for the government. Mr. Smith is Secretary for Commerce for the Union. 63 The club was delightful and had a view which very well could be taken for Northern California.

At 2:20 we left the lunch table—dashed thru Pretoria after getting misled once or twice and headed for Johannesburg [about thirty miles south] arriving at the station being guided by a partially kidnapped native at 3:35—my train left at 3:40 [for Durban, today a fifteen-hour trip], and after a while I was able to get a seat in a compartment with Captain A. T. T. Favard of the Gold Coast Regiment of the West African Frontier Force. 64 He is now a fellow passenger on this ship—returning from leave to join his regiment in Kenya.65

⁶³ The Union of South Africa, which existed from 1910 as a dominion of the British Empire until 1961, when the sovereign Republic of South Africa was established.

⁶⁴ In 1900 the British Colonial Office raised originally battalion-sized field forces in each of the British West African colonies for local garrison duty and combat in the empire's wars. The force, led almost exclusively by British officers, became "Royal" in 1928, and in 1939 was turned over to the War Office, as it had been for World War I. The Gold Coast Regiment had been raised in the eponymous colony, later the Republic of Ghana. The force as a whole was disbanded in 1960, the colonies having achieved or being on the verge of independence; the respective regiments were incorporated into the new national armies. See A. Hayward and F. A. S. Clarke, The History of the Royal West African Frontier Force (Aldershot, U.K.: Gale and Polden, 1964).

⁶⁵ The Royal West African Frontier Force had been participating since June in the East African campaign, driving the Italians out of Kenya, Sudan, Somaliland, Éritrea, and Ethiopia. Formal Italian resistance would end in November 1941, to be succeeded by guerrilla fighting in Ethiopia until September 1943.

I returned to the Marine Hotel in Durban and at once got ready to sail—Tuesday morning [13 August] as I was about to leave the hotel I was told that the Swartenhondt was delayed one day. Mr. Percy Nevin [a sales manager] arranged a golf game for me at the Durban Country Club with Mr. Moir—an attractive Scot who has charge of the aviation oil and petroleum for Vacuum in Durban. The course is well laid out, rolling, with rather steep, low hummocks in the old sand dunes. The greens all over Africa are very fast. The fairways were quite good but will be better when the rain starts.

In the evening I wrote letters and walked a bit. On Wednesday [14 August] the ship was again delayed and therefore I had a loafing day. Mr. Nevin and Moir coming for lunch—and I—going out to the American Consul's house for a drink before dinner. Mr. Corugan⁶⁶ is tall, spare and white haired—a bit on the nervous side. His wife is English, very deaf and therefore a little difficult as a hostess.

Thursday I did some final shopping then had lunch and golf with Mr. and Mrs. Nevin and Mr. Moir at Kloof—in the hills about fifteen miles back of Durban. We had a very fine time, the course is wide—moderately hilly with beautiful views of the sea and city and surrounding country. Although I did not score well I was hitting the ball beautifully and felt completely relaxed.

The Nevins are charming genuine people and it was great fun to be with them. Percy Nevin gives the impression of being an excellent business man and executive. He has a delightful sense of humor, is an excellent talker and all in all is a splendid companion. Fine character and integrity are obvious. Moir is a fine competent Scot.

I got back to the hotel [in Durban] and had dinner, picked up my laundry and went on to the ship. Friday morning [16 August] early we sailed.

I left South Africa with some regret. I have enjoyed my stay thoroughly and shall never forget it. I was particularly fortunate to have the contacts I had and to see as much of the country as I did. The land seems full of promise and the people of very fine type and capabilities. The split in public opinion between the loyalists and nationalists is unfortunate. I can not understand how South Africa can hope to exist as an independent republic in a world dominated by Hitler.67

⁶⁶ John Corrigan Jr. (d. 1959), American consul in Durban, 1938-43.

⁶⁷ There was considerable sympathy among Afrikaner nationalists for German National Socialism, on doctrinal and racialist grounds. The nationalist movement was, in any case, wholly anti-British.

OFFICIAL REPORT Manila, P. I. October 18, 1940

From: Lieutenant Commander Henry E. Eccles, U.S. Navy

To: Commander in Chief, U.S. Asiatic Fleet

Subject: Trip from Washington to Manila via South Africa, Persian Gulf, and East Indies, report of

- 1. In accordance with BuNav orders 9807 of 20 June, 1940 as modified by 10184 of 25 June, 1940, I arrived Cape Town 26 July, and proceeded . . . to Manila. The general political situation in South Africa is fully reported to the State Department by their representatives in that country; however, it is well to note that there is a considerable difference of opinion as to the prosecution of the war between the Afrikaner element and the British element. So far, it appears that this has affected the prosecution of the East African campaign by making it necessary to retain troops in South Africa for local emergencies. Some minor sabotage has taken place.
- 2. Very few naval vessels are in evidence in the vicinity of Cape Town. One Countyclass cruiser was in Simonstown, and several others appeared to be operating from Simonstown. The Monarch of Bermuda, which is armed with 6-inch guns, was operating out of Durban in connection with other vessels, maintaining an offshore patrol. The coastal defenses of the important ports of South Africa appear to be inadequate, and the air force is very small. Most of the South African planes having been sent to Kenya for operations against the Italians. . . .

II Durban to Manila 16 August-November 1940

PERSONAL DIARY

[Undated, presumably 20-22 August 1940]

his ship [SS Swartenhondt] gives every appearance of having been designed by a man who had never been to sea. It was built in Amsterdam in 1924—but has no deck space—is badly cut up. The cabins have no real lockers—no bunk lights and very little room. The baths are inadequate—there is no separation of men and women's bathrooms. The johnnies are peculiar contraptions with no seats—there being four for 60 passengers and no urinals! The ship is a coal burner—and clean enough but damned uncomfortable. A modern submarine has better and more facilities and comforts!

There is quite a collection of passengers aboard. Mr. Brown¹—English—in the colonial legal service on his way from the Gold Coast of West Africa to be Solicitor General of Kenya. Bachelor about 40 years—very attractive, fine education—set ideas. Mr. and Mrs. Howe—Irish, full of fun. He also in the colonial legal service—on his way back to Singapore to take up again after a leave in England curtailed by Blitz Krieg [see chapter 1, note 16]. Fine people. Captain Favaard, Senior—small and wiry—with a great detailed knowledge of Africa. Dr. Dean Smith—young and brisk—on his way back to his hospital in Hong Kong. Mrs. Cornwall—going back to Kenya—35 or so, pretty, challenging disposition, ready laugh, brittle conversation, straight hard mouth—nice but uncertain. Mrs. Skidmore, English, pretty brunette—looks like Adele Monroe—25–26 years, heading for the African war² to be near her husband who left Colonial service in West Africa to join up as a platoon sergeant. Aloof and preoccupied at times.

They all have that self-contained British quality—not easy to grasp—all are very friendly and cordial. Then the other passengers doing various things—Dutch and British. One a frail tiny girl going to Kenya to marry a man in the Army. One an

¹ Thomas Algernon Brown (1900–60; Sir Thomas after 1956), was called to the bar in 1926, after Oxford (Oriel) and field service in the Indian Cavalry. In 1933, after practicing law in England, he became a crown counsel in the Gold Coast and was now to become solicitor general in Kenya. After the war he would be a judge of the Supreme Court of Singapore and, from 1953 until his death, chief justice of Northern Nigeria.

² Fighting in the western desert of North Africa between British and Italian forces had begun in June.



elderly man who came to Africa as a soldier during the Boer War from Australia and has remained in Tanganyika [note 6] and couldn't understand how I could fail to know cricket! A few children—Mr. and Mrs. Van Dedem, Dutch geologist with Vacuum—going back to Palembang after working abroad around the world and in America.

It is a strange community to me.

Friday, 23 August 1940

Saturday night [17 August] at Lourenço Marques, the captain, the doctor, Brown, myself, the Howes, Mrs. Skidmore and Mrs. Cornwall, went ashore to dine and dance, which we did with great pleasure. We returned at about 4 a.m. Brown and I



were up early and off to play golf at a very strange, sandy course where all the fairways were like weed-grown traps. It was nice and hot and enjoyable. Coaling went on all afternoon and in the evening we sailed.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 20 AUGUST 1940 SS Swartenhondt, at sea

Sometime early this afternoon we shall arrive at Beira,³ Portuguese East Africa or Mozambique, and tomorrow we shall continue up the coast to Zanzibar.

³ A port city in what was then a Portuguese colony and is now the Republic of Mozambique; its port serves not only the Mozambican interior but also the landlocked nations of Zimbabwe (the former Rhodesia), Zambia, and Malawi to the west.

This is a most peculiar vessel, having been built in Holland in 1924 for coastwise work in the Dutch East Indies. The cabins are very small and cramped and apparently are designed to be used for a day or so only because they have no stowage space worth mentioning. The bathrooms are ridiculous—their being two for twenty first-class passengers with a total equipment of two johnnies (with no seats!), two wash basins, and one bathtub and two "Indian baths." The latter consists of a big can of water with a two quart dipper. The technique being to pour the water over oneself with the dipper. The deck space is very cramped.

However the ship is clean (except when taking coal aboard) and the passengers interesting and congenial, consisting almost entirely of English and Dutch people. The latter are perfect examples of the paintings of Jan Steen and Teniers. Typical faces that appeared in 16th and 17th century village inns!

My roommate is Captain A. T. T. Favaard of the West African Frontier Corps [sic, see chapter 1, notes 64, 65] returning from leave to join his regiment. Mr. & Mrs. Howe—he a legal member of the Colonial Service returning to Singapore. Mr. Brown going to Kenya to be Solicitor General of that colony. The Howes are Irish, full of fun. Brown, a bachelor of about 40, attractive and keen. Mrs. Cornwall—35 very pretty with very light blue eyes and a hard mouth—returning to Kenya to rejoin her husband. Her parents were American—she was brought up in East Africa on farms where leopards, etc., were a daily problem. Quick-witted, very brittle conversation. Dr. Dean Smith—young English doctor returning to his hospital in Hong Kong. Very agreeable and nice. Mrs. Skidmore, an old friend of the Howes who is moving from West Africa to be near her husband, a platoon sergeant with the Army in Kenya. She is very pretty, dark, about 28—5 yr. old daughter. Hubby was colonial official in West Africa—picture shows him to be very handsome fine-looking lad. A Mrs. Trompetter—English widow—husband was Dutch. She is now trying to get into the war zone to drive an ambulance or something big. Very sporty—organizing games—too damned energetic and hearty and probably will be a nuisance wherever she gets. Richard, 16-17 years, going from school in England to rejoin his family on a farm in Kenya. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dedem, very nice young Dutch couple—he a geologist working for Vacuum Oil Company returning to Dutch East Indies after travelling in U.S.A.

Saturday night the captain, ship's doctor, Brown and I with the Howes, Mrs. Cornwall and Mrs. Skidmore went ashore in Lourenço Marques for dinner and dancing and had a very nice late party. Sunday morning Brown and I played golf we sailed late in the afternoon.

⁴ Jan Steen was a Dutch painter (ca. 1626-79) known for his genre paintings of the daily lives of humble people, in scenes characteristically unkempt and lively, even dissolute. David Teniers the Younger (1610-90), a Flemish painter, is probably meant, though his son David Teniers III was also a painter. David Teniers the Younger is now best known for open-air scenes, often with dancing and singing villagers.

PERSONAL DIARY

Friday, 23 August 1940 [continued]

We arrived in Beira Tuesday afternoon [20 August]. Wednesday morning Dean Smith and I played golf against Howe and Brown, playing a "greensome" [threesome?] where each player drives and thereafter a two-ball foursome. I was hitting the ball well and we managed to win at the 17th. It was very companionable—Howe was full of fun and his wit set the pace. The Henry S. Grove was in port and I had an enjoyable visit with Captain Sullivan and the other officers.

They had loaded aviation gear for the British defense force in Kenya and Captain Sullivan was going direct to Skukusa to get rid of it. Thelma van Kraayenburg and her husband have split up and she is broke and homeless. Quite a long way to travel



"Dean Smith and Jerry Howe. A miniature golf course in front of the hotel at Brastagi." (HEE)

to find out a thing like that, Michigan to Johannesburg! I suppose she will take the *Grove* back—not much else to do and G.J.S. [Captain Sullivan] will arrange and finance it, just a hunch. Pearl Wegerle, I believe, expected it and I was not surprised.

The Grove, a Dutch ship, and a big new Japanese ship sailed about the same time as we did. Beira is the port for Rhodesia [note 3]; copper, chrome, ore and tobacco and asbestos seemed to be the major items of export.

A 26-foot tide⁵ makes things uncertain as to sailing, etc.

Thursday [22 August] was spent at deck-tennis and loafing, long talks far into night—many beers and whiskeys seem to be the rule. The Howes are an exceptional couple—she an M.D. of experience in the far corners of the world—very blonde—blue eyes—Garbo-type face and hair do. He very big, blue eyes also—both Irish, very keen wit—great sympathy and understanding between them.

We shall stop at Lindi-Mo⁶ harbor—[illegible] but the port for Tanganyika then on to Zanzibar.

> Friday, 30 August 1940 At sea en route Mahé, Seychelles

Lindi turned out to be a tiny town at the mouth of a large river—we spent a few hours loading tobacco from the interior and then on to Zanzibar which we reached early Monday morning. That day was delightful—Dean Smith, Young Michael,

⁵ A recent online reference gives the maximum tidal range for Beira as 23.1 feet.

⁶ Lindi is a small port on the southern coast of Tanzania, known until 1964 as Tanganyika, which before 1961 had been a British colony.

⁷ A port city on the west coast of the island of Unguja (traditionally also Zanzibar), about twenty miles off the coast of the modern state of Tanzania. The archipelago of which Unguja is a part constituted from 1856 to 1890 the Sultanate of Zanzibar and from 1890 to 1963 a British protectorate (under its own sultan); today it is a semiautonomous region of Tanzania.

Molly Trompetter and I went ashore together and for two and a half hours walked thru the town looking at the shops, winding thru the crooked narrow streets and enjoying the sights and smells. I wish I had been able to take a camera but the law said "no"!

The Government administration building was formerly the palace of the Sultan of Zanzibar. He now has a beautiful place near it. The central court was large, and high above it was the roof supported by tall pillars and wide verandahs. All the doors were beautifully carved and the outer ones studded with brass. The view from the roof was lovely, the white walls, tile roofs and palm trees, and beyond them the sea with coral reefs and breakers. The smell of cloves was strong in parts—otherwise the smell of a tropic native city predominated.

The sun was hot and glaring from the white walls. The streets narrow and crooked, the various shops full of strange things, the cries of people—ringing of bicycle bells. The cathedral on the site of the old slave market was interesting and in the Museum we saw many relics of the old life. A polyglot population—brilliant colors in the clothing of African, Arab and Indian—women in black purdah⁸ costumes heavily veiled and the hot sun beating down—great poverty but that is to be expected—the chattering of children—the schools where as in Tangier⁹ lessons were learned by repetition aloud.

We returned to the ship for lunch, hot and tired and later went ashore for a swim. [The village of] Chukwani was seven miles south of the city and there in a beautiful old palace we found a bathing club. The beach was pleasant and the water smooth and

warm. For two hours we loafed and swam. It was delightful and completely relaxing. After dressing, Jerry Howe, who had joined us, showed us the old baths adjoining the Sultan's palace. All the marble had been stripped from the walls and floors when a new Sultan had built a new palace about eighty years ago, but it was still beautiful.

The sketch gives a rough idea of the general arrangement. The dome had ventilation ducts cut in it and was definitely of Persian design. There were many passages at different levels turning this way and that lead[ing] to various compartments.

It did not take much stretch of the imagination to picture the central room with a cool stream playing from the fountain, filled with eunuchs and women—a steaming atmosphere and the various groups lying in the alcoves surrounding the fountains. The same scene has been painted many times!

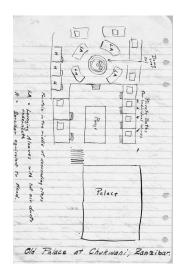
"A beautiful example of the doors of Zanzibar." (HEE)



⁸ The practice among some Muslim and Hindu communities to protect the persons of women from the sight of men by either physical restriction or all-enveloping clothing.

⁹ Presumably a reference to a childhood experience, an excursion during the family's European travels.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 27 AUGUST 1940 SS Swartenhondt, Mombasa, Kenya



"Old palace at Chukwani, Zanzibar." (HEE)

We have just arrived and I find the *Henry Grove* apparently ready to sail so I am going to try to get this off on her. I expect to reach Singapore aboard this vessel about September 15th and then will make further plans—if the situation warrants I shall double back to India and on to the Persian Gulf, returning to Singapore as soon as possible. Otherwise I shall wander up to Bangkok and possibly Rangoon and then back. From Singapore I shall go to Sumatra and then to Manila. It is out of the question to make detailed plans from here, but my best guess is that if I go back to India I shall arrive in Manila about November first, otherwise I expect to reach there about October fifteenth. Passage is hard to get and schedules are greatly upset and uncertain.

I have been very well and comfortable. I have had a very enjoyable if damned lonely trip, but I am fed up with it from the latter aspects and I

am extremely anxious to get some mail. Actually this has been the longest time I have ever been without mail or news of any sort.

Normally I would have gone directly to Bombay but no passage was available. I have had a strange detached feeling that it is not I who was making this trip but someone else and that I have drawn a blank for an indeterminate period. Strange people, strange food and languages and strange ports—no one that knows me, no one that I know.

Yesterday we spent in Zanzibar and it was delightful. You would have loved the funny crooked streets with their shops with funny foods and spices. I went ashore with Dr. Dean Smith, a young English boy and an English girl. For two hours we tramped the streets, drank in the sights and smells, in the hot sun. That [i.e., the hot sun] was the only part you would not have liked for it really was beautiful. In the afternoon we had a long swim at a beautiful beach by an old palace of a former sultan of Zanzibar at Chukwani. The water was too warm but we had a delightful swim and loaf. Later we went thru the old baths in the palace. Each wife had her own private bath, then there was a central lounge with a fountain coming out of a pool with steps leading down—on the sides there were lounging niches with hot air ducts underneath. It looked just like the baths in the paintings. All the marble had been taken from the floors and walls but otherwise it was well preserved. All over the city there was the smell of cloves, for Zanzibar is a great growing place.¹⁰

Last night I was very tired from the walk and sun glare but I had enjoyed the day. We shall sail tomorrow so I shan't have much chance to see this place—but I will be glad to start East. Oh Darling I miss you so much and I long for some word from you. I hope that soon after I get to Manila I shall come down to meet your ship!

¹⁰ The Zanzibar Archipelago, and another island farther south, had long been world famous (as were the Maluku Islands of modern Indonesia) as the "Spice Islands," especially for cloves.

I don't know how to judge the situation anywhere for all the news I have had has been from British broadcasts and colonial papers. But I hope that nothing prevents you from reaching Manila soon after I do.

I wrote to Skip the other day. I am mailing him two fine books about South Africa which I hope he enjoys, *Jock of the Bushveld* and *Commando*. The first is particularly fine and deals with the country thru which I travelled.

And now I must dress to see about putting [i.e., getting] this off.

PERSONAL DIARY

[Apparently Thursday or Friday, 29 or 30 August 1940] Early Tuesday morning [27 August] we sailed for Mombasa arriving about five thirty in the afternoon. The harbor is beautiful. Mombasa is on an island; we entered by the new south channel called Kilindini, 12 and then swung around the island to the docks on the south west end, passing on our way the new forts built around the ruins of the old Portuguese gun emplacements. 13 The golf course paralleled the shore and in it were spotted an aircraft, machine gun posts and men on duty. Mombasa is only 120 miles south of the Italian base of Kismayu in Sorualuland [Somaliland, modern Somalia] and so every thing is ready for any eventuality. As night came on we were introduced to the blackout. It is not a pleasant thing. It is a shame that war has been taken from the professionals and inflicted on whole civilian population. Until you are in such a blackout it does not seem real.

We went ashore for a farewell dinner: Jerry and Madge Howe, Dean Smith and I, Algy Brown, Molly Trompetter and Dorothy Skidmore. Thelma Cornwall being at home [i.e., Kenya being her home] was the only absentee of the group that has had such fun all the way up the coast. The food was good, the drinks plentiful, the Manor Hotel attractive, and all in all things resolved themselves into a thoroughly delightful evening.

Wednesday morning [28 August], Mr. Duncan of Vacuum came aboard to see me and I made a last attempt to arrange passage direct from Mombasa to India but to no avail. I went over for a farewell call on the *Henry Grove*, said good bye, and left a letter for Isy to be mailed in the U.S.A. I then went out to Port Reitz [immediately to the west] to visit the Cornwalls and was very glad to see Eric. They have a lovely

¹¹ HEE is probably thinking of *Commando: A Boer Journal of the Boer War* (1929), by Deneys Reitz. Sir James Percy FitzPatrick's *Jock of the Bushveld* (1907), a reminiscence of the author's life with his dog Jock during the 1880s in what was then the South African Republic, has been translated into several languages and has never been out of print.

¹² New, that is, since 1896. From early 1942, when Colombo, Sri Lanka, was threatened, the British Eastern Fleet was temporarily based in Kilindini, Kenya being then a British colony. Kilindini Harbor today is the biggest port in East Africa.

¹³ The history of the city, the historic section of which lies on Mombasa Island, has been complex and violent since the sixteenth century. Mombasa was ruled variously and alternately by the Portuguese (who built Fort Jesus, mentioned below), the Sultanate of Oman, the British East Africa Association, and the Imperial British East Africa Company, before finally becoming the capital of a formal British protectorate in the late nineteenth century. By HEE's visit, the government had been moved to Nairobi.

place overlooking the bay, with five boys [i.e., male Kenyan servants of whatever age] to care for the house and five more to take care of the gardens and grounds. We drove back to town and Eric left us while Thelma and I met the others for a farewell drink at the Mombasa Club. The Club, built under the walls of old Fort Jesus, looked out thru the old channel to the sea, a cool breeze swept the verandah and kept the palms murmuring. We said good bye all around and split up.

Algy Brown, Dorothy Skidmore, Molly Trompetter and Michael to Nairobi; Thelma Cornwall to home, Dean Smith and the Howes and I to the ship to go on to Singapore. We have had fun together, deck tennis, a little ping-pong, lots of loung-



"Jerry Howe / Dean Smith / La Nauze, Mrs. La Nauze / Tish / Faith Howe / Madge Howe." (HEE)

ing and drinking together—much talk and the feud between Jerry [Howe] and Thelma [Cornwall]. A bit of perspective on the various characters calls for no major revision of first impressions.

They all improved with knowing. Molly Trompetter lost her shallow aspects as I understood her situation as an English girl who had taken Dutch citizenship, then marriage, and was now a childless widow anxious and able to do a good job in any war activity, desirous of reaching the nearest scene of action. She picked Kenya and I wish her luck.

Dorothy Skidmore's aloofness disappeared she is not deep at all—a nice youngster travelling months on the chance of seeing her husband—but not too gifted.

Algy Brown is splendid. Lots of fun—confirmed bachelor type with the usual symptoms and idiosyncrasies, very keen and able and a fine companion.

Dean Smith grows also a fine all-around man with great appreciation of life based on a sensitive nature, a fine education and wide experience. His manner of speaking and superficial appearance are very deceptive if an American should judge solely by them.

Thelma Cornwall turned out to be a strange personality. Her eyes, bright blue with flecks of red in the iris, were seldom in repose. She bickered incessantly with Jerry Howe and while for a time it was amusing, later it became very boring because it mirrored too accurately the restless, continuous, stubborn quality of her nature. She has a keen intelligence, and on top of it a hardness. The true nature is obscure but the background explains many things. Her father, a reckless hard and tough American—a large family always in trouble. Jerry in his official capacity in Kenya once sentenced her brother to six months for theft! But they had a genuine liking and respect for each other. A bright glittering personality, living in tension, never to relax, never to find peace.

I have just finished reading How Green Was My Valley, a wonderful book written in a rich sentiment by Richard Llewelyn. ¹⁴ One of the books that is about impossible to lay down, full of beauty.

We are heading for the Seychelles, the weather slightly cloudy and calm.

Saturday, 31 August 1940

Today is Queen Wilhelmina's birthday—at 11 a.m. toasts were drunk after appropriate remarks by Captain Keuker [apparently the vessel's master]. I noticed tears in his eyes¹⁶—then singing and chaff till lunch. The unnecessary tragedy of these people who wished for nothing other than to live in peace is sad. Yet they will fight on and I wish them success. As a youngster I travelled on Dutch ships and in the saloon there was the portrait of the thin, young, and beautiful queen! Now she is an old woman and the picture of a great queen is on this ship.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1940 SS Swartenhondt, en route to Singapore

... We left Mombasa almost a week ago; Sunday we were in Mahé in the Seychelles 17 and in about ten days we shall get to Singapore where this will be mailed.

I expect this will reach you before the letter from Mombasa and so I shall review a bit. We had a fine trip up from Durban with plenty of congenial people and fine weather. Most everyone joined in the fun aboard ship and with frequent stops at small ports, time passed rapidly.

Zanzibar was most interesting and you would have loved to see it. Mombasa was also attractive, but not easy to picture. About half the people I knew got off at Mombasa but Jerry and Madge Howe and Dr. Dean Smith stayed and we have our regular sessions of deck tennis, etc.

The Seychelles were interesting to see but they don't look like a place to live—in fact since leaving Durban I haven't seen anything at all but jumping-off places.

There is so much I really want to know about, such as how you and Skip have been; how your Red Cross work has been going; how Skip has made out with his tennis; what people have you met, what news have you had, what have you been thinking about, what plans have been made, etc. . . .

¹⁴ The book, ostensibly but not actually an autobiographical reminiscence of life in the Welsh mining country, appeared in 1939, won the National Book Award in the United States in 1940, and since has been adapted for stage, screen, and television. Llewellyn wrote two sequels.

¹⁵ Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria (1880-1962), queen of the Kingdom of the Netherlands from 1890 to 1948, when she abdicated in favor of her daughter, Juliana.

¹⁶ Germany had invaded Holland on 10 May. The queen was evacuated on board a British destroyer, arriving in England on the 13th, there to establish herself as the head of a government in exile. Most Dutch forces surrendered on the 15th.

¹⁷ An archipelago of 115 islands, of which Mahé is the largest, in the Indian Ocean about nine hundred miles from the East African coast. In 1940 it was a British crown colony, though with a strong French cultural tradition; today the island group is the independent Republic of Seychelles, its capital the town of Victoria.

PERSONAL DIARY

Wednesday, 4 September 1940

Sunday morning we reached the town of Victoria on Mahé in the Seychelles. The Howes, Dean Smith and I went ashore for a walk and lunch. The Botanical Gardens were very beautiful and we saw all sorts of strange trees and flowers including the Coco de Mer, which bears double, triple and even quadruple coconuts but will grow nowhere but in the Seychelles.

The town itself was very small and the population mixed; predominately French but apparently with a considerable dash of color. On the mainland all Seychelles' [i.e., Seychellois] are under suspicion of color. We were followed at first by a horde of small colored boys, explaining in soft, liquid, partial English that each could show us everything in town.

Near the dock was the club, with tennis courts and a bowling green, with about half the English population of the island on the verandah. At the hotel we found the town drunk, almost completely out at 11 a.m.

I bought some stamps for Skip and mailed a note to Doc Magdeburger, then we walked thru the town to the gardens.

We sailed at five after leaving a few passengers including Dr. Lanier and his bride and a 19 year old girl who was being returned from the Netherlands East Indies. When last seen the bride was all dressed up and regarding her future home with a very dismal expression.

Since then life has been uneventful; the news of the heavy attack by Hitler's air force on England has been very scanty and everyone is apprehensive. There is no way of judging the situation except to recognize its gravity.

Tuesday was Isabel's birthday and I felt very lonely and homesick. I could not think of anything else; all the years back rolled in front of me—especially the early September of 1924 when I spent it with her on my first visit to Thompson's Point.¹⁹ I remembered the first birthday party at Colonel MacCormack's and all the people who were there. Most keenly of all I remembered the picnic on the rocks on the Island [unidentified] and the beauty of first being together, alone to ourselves.

Sunday, 8 September 1940

Since leaving the Seychelles life has resolved itself into a quiet routine, getting up late and tired after a hot night, quiet morning reading, ping-pong, walking, a drink before lunch—for awhile we played deck tennis in the morning but now the sun is too hot. After lunch most people nap till four—sometimes I do—otherwise

¹⁸ During German attacks on English Channel shipping in July, Royal Air Force losses had been substantial. The Luftwaffe had begun to attack England itself, concentrating at first on airfields and radar sites, in mid-August.

¹⁹ Likely the Long Island summer house and estate, on Hook Pond in East Hampton, New York, of the wealthy benefactor Charles G. Thompson. It would be bought in 1941 by the New-York Historical Society and operated as a museum. "Colonel MacCormack" is probably Daniel W. MacCormack (1881?-1937), a New York resident who at his unexpected death was director of the U.S. Immigration

read—then tea then deck tennis till dark. Bath, cocktails, dinner and talk or play cards till bed time. Bed time varies, just now it is so hot that it doesn't seem to make much difference.

I have cut down on eating—I drink beer more than anything else, and the deck tennis with consequent sweating keeps me from getting fat. My left arm is about useless—every time I try to raise it quickly something catches in the shoulder. I suppose I strained something playing with the medicine ball on the *Henry Grove* or else some chronic ailment. It is damned annoying.

In Mombasa, Mr. and Mrs. and Tish La Nauze came aboard bound for Australia from a job in cables at Port Sudan—all three very quiet, with Mrs. La Nauze and Tish very frail and mousy. Tish plays deck tennis with us and is a nice kid—after being brought up in the tropics she loves hot weather—60 degrees is the coldest she has seen.

They came down the Nile then overland thru Uganda to Kenya and Mombasa.

The Hamburgers are an interesting family. He owned eleven cinema theaters in Holland. As Holland was collapsing they were in Marseilles—when Italy came in they headed for Cape Town via Gibraltar on a French ship—two days from Cape Town the captain, afraid that the British would capture the ship, turned back and finally they reached a tiny port in the French Congo. There they lay for three weeks short of food and water. Thirteen other Hollanders were aboard, and broke, and finally Mr. Hamburger financed the trip out by river steamer,



"The school at Brastagi. The flame tree was gorgeous." (HEE)

bus and rail thru the French and Belgian Congo [chapter 1, note 7] down thru Rhodesia and finally to Johannesburg and Durban and on to the Netherlands East Indies. They look like characters in a Jan Steen painting. Father, Mother, daughter and a fox terrier lap dog!

So we go on, with scraps of news—a generally vague idea of the progress of the war and great curiosity as to the Far Eastern situation and as to England.

 \dots It is hot now, all day and all night and sleep has been hard to get. Each morning I wake up with a tired feeling and gradually snap out of it.

We have given up morning deck tennis but play longer in the evening when the sun is low. From time to time we play some mild poker—the heavy loser is about four shillings [perhaps twenty U.S. dollars today] in the hole.

and Naturalization Service. An immigrant himself, at age nine, from Scotland, he had served in the U.S. Army during the Philippine insurrection and World War I (Transportation Service), leaving as a lieutenant colonel. In 1930, after a varied and international career, he became president of two New York City fiduciary corporations, leaving in 1933 to join the federal government.

²⁰ Properly French Equatorial Africa, from which today's Republic of the Congo (capital Brazzaville), the Central African Republic, Chad, and Gabon would later be formed.

I have read another good book—*No Guns, No Armour* by R. Henriques, ²¹ a story of life in the British Army.

I am tired of travelling and really anxious to get back to work. We receive so little news that it is impossible to judge the situation. The transfer of destroyers to Great Britain²² is very significant and should be of considerable help. I suppose that the ships put back in commission last year and since used on the Neutrality Patrol are the ones being transferred. I am very curious [as] to what West Indian naval bases we shall get. I should love to have duty in Bermuda. It would have almost all the charm of Hawaii and yet be close to New York and home.

Tuesday, 10 September 1940

Tonight we arrive at Sabang, an island off the north west coast of Sumatra; there we shall coal ship and continue onto Belawan Deli [map]. There we stay for two days and I hope to go up to Brastagi [or Berastagi, see map] in the mountains about fifty miles from the coast.

The coal we have left onboard is very bad, clinkers up very quickly and therefore we have had to reduce speed.²³

Soon I shall commence a new set of experiences and they will tend to crowd out the immediate past.

South Africa was a delightful experience. The people have much in common with the United States. The point of view is quite similar, they are very cordial and hospitable and all in all are a people we can understand readily.

In the Cape Province the Cape colored present a problem much as our own Negro problem—how it will be solved they know no more than we. Farther north there is less intermingling of races and the color line is more easily drawn on that account. I understand that in Kenya the native is as anxious as the white to keep the races separate and that their mutual respect, with no social contact, is easier to maintain.

The Negro there [apparently South Africa] is self reliant and proud—I refer to the higher types—the others therefore fall into line. The Afrikaner problem is very real in South Africa and its immediate solution does not appear probable. Much depends on the outcome of the war. It seems to me that if the leadership is based on good faith and if patience is exercised it will solve itself thru time and a growing

²¹ No Arms, No Armour (1940) was a largely autobiographical account by the British novelist, biographer, and one-time artillerist Robert David Quixano Henriques (1905-67). Henriques would be recalled to the Royal Artillery in the new war and become a colonel in the newly formed Commandos.

²² In what became known as the "destroyers-for-bases agreement," the United States on 2 September 1940 transferred to the United Kingdom fifty "four-piper" destroyers (see chapter 6, note 63) in exchange for basing rights on Newfoundland and in the British West Indies, as well as Bermuda. They had not previously been reactivated, as HEE presumed (below); all were still laid up in the reserve fleet, some in poor condition, and it would take months to reactivate them all.

²³ That is, forms excessive incombustible residue, impairing the efficiency of the boiler furnace and therefore the production of steam to drive the ship's engine.

realization of the inseparable community or identity of interest on both sides. The fact that the Nazis are using every means possible to promote [agitation by militant Afrikaner nationalists] complicates the problem and makes integrity of leadership even more essential than we [i.e., than in the United States]. The fact that men of the caliber of Smuts²⁴—Deneys Reitz [note 11], Henry Dreyer and many others—have recognized the issues and can view them broadly speaks well for the future. The future of South Africa is certain—it will be a great country. The fulfillment of that can be greatly delayed by short-sighted policies and continued friction. I feel sure that the responsible people both of English and African descent recognize that. As far as we are concerned, I feel we should make a strong effort to increase our contacts in every way.

The long-range view must dominate—the country will do well with a steady growth, but it should not be forced. What the future of the gold and diamond industries will be, I can't predict but I think the country can develop resources much greater than those.

Wednesday, 11 September 1940

Last night at eight o'clock we came into the harbor of Sabang, an island just off the northwest tip of Sumatra. We stopped for coal and while the work went on the Howes, the La Nauzes, Dean Smith and I climbed up the hill to a very pretty little club where we sat on the terrace in a cool breeze, enjoyed the view of the beautiful harbor in the moonlight and drank deeply of Amstel Pilsner beer—about the last to be had, for it came from Amsterdam. The hot walk up the hill, what with almost a month at sea, made me very dizzy at first. I don't know whether buzzing and stopped ears are the cause or what, but I was very glad to sit in the breeze. This tropic heat has me down in energy but I hope to become adjusted.

It was delightful on the hill—the town is very small, very clean and spacious streets, nice houses and good-looking cars. The night was noisy and hot back on the ship with not much rest. Early this morning we sailed and are on our way to Belawan.

Since leaving the Game Reserve I have taken no pictures. All seaport areas bar cameras regardless of what pictures are wanted. If I get inland I hope to get some. There are so many fine subjects that it seems a shame to miss them.

Friday, 13 September 1940

Yesterday morning we reached Belawan Deli, and shortly thereafter we, eight of us, drove thru Medan to Brastagi, a beautiful resort town 4,500 feet up in the mountains of Sumatra. It was a wonderful relief to get out of the heat and to be able to

²⁴ Jan Christiaan Smuts (1870–1950), who had been prime minister of the Union of South Africa 1919–24 and an advocate of racial segregation. In 1940 he was again prime minister (and would be until 1948, as well as a British army field marshal). During that term his views of "natives" would change, at least with respect to them as a labor force; he was to lose office in 1948 to the National Party, which would quickly establish the strict racial-segregation regime known as *apartheid*, "separateness."





"Views from the hotel at Brastagi, northern Sumatra, altitude about 4,300 feet." (HEE)

move about without sweating. We had a splendid dinner at the hotel, which was most attractive, and then drove on to Toba Lake.

The country up to and in the mountains was beautiful; rice, rubber and tea seemed to be everywhere.

In the afternoon we stopped again in Medan for tea and a bit of shopping. That is a very attractive clean and modern town. The houses were spacious and had luxuriant gardens and lawns. Thousands of bicycles carried Hollanders, Malays and Indians and Japanese. The costumes were colorful and—with the white buildings, green lawns and flowers—presented quite a spectacle. However it must be frightfully hot and mosquitoes seem to be plentiful in Belawan Deli only twelve miles away.

We sailed at midnight, and tomorrow at about ten in the morning we shall reach Singapore. I have made no plans as yet. I must get more information as to the international complications and progress of the war before I can decide how much time I can afford to spend sight seeing.

Aside from the effects of the hot humid weather I have been well. The voyage has been much more enjoyable than I anticipated when I first saw the ship. The captain has been splendid, and the general group of passengers most congenial. I have learned a good deal about life in British colonies, for Dr. Dean Smith and

"Jerry and La Nauze." (HEE)



Gerry Howe are both in the Colonial Service. We all think along the same lines[;] what differences there are, are of a superficial nature.

[Remainder may be a fragment of a letter.] I am mailing some stamps to Skip: I hope he is still interested in them. I suppose by now he is immersed in preparations and entering school and prospects for the football season. I wish I could be with him to see how he gets started. I know he will do well once he gets accustomed to the new methods and surroundings.

You probably had a busy summer and accomplished a great deal—but I wish I knew more about what had been happening at the Point.

And now to pack . . .

OFFICIAL REPORT [18 OCTOBER 1940, CONTINUED]

... 3. In Mahé, in the Seychelles, a Naval Reserve tanker of about fifty to seventy-five thousand barrels capacity acts as a re-fueling depot for cruisers operating in the Indian Ocean. There is good evidence to the effect that such tankers are widely distributed in the islands of the Indian Ocean. The port of Mombasa was closed for a week at the end of August because of the activities of a German auxiliary cruiser in that vicinity. As of 1 October, there was no intimation that the German raider or raiders in the Indian Ocean had been disposed of. Ships proceeding from Singapore to Calcutta and Colombo [in Ceylon, modern Sri Lanka] are now operating in a recently instituted convoy system. . . .

PERSONAL DIARY

Saturday, 14 September 1940

Singapore

We arrived in Belawan Thursday morning [12 September]. The Le Nauzes, Howes, Dean Smith and I drove up to Brastagi, a lovely resort about 4000–4500 feet up in the mountains. The air was fresh and cool—the first really good air I had breathed in weeks. The hotel was attractive and the food excellent. It seems to be a splendid place to spend leave and to get away from the heat. After lunch we went on to Toba Lake and then back thru Medan, where we stopped for tea and on back to Belawan Deli. The road up the mountains was beautiful; thru fields of rice, tea, some cane and some rubber. The towns are clean and attractive-appearing.

Sunday, 15 September 1940

Singapore

We arrived here at about nine yesterday morning. The British are calling in all currency, apparently to check the Nazi use of British pounds in occupied territory, so everyone with over ten pounds had to surrender it.

A Chinese from the Seychelles had his life savings, including a few gold sovereigns, which had to be turned over. He will be paid off in Straits [Settlements] dollars I suppose.

After getting ashore I had a pleasant short call on Consul General Patton²⁵ and picked up four letters from Isabel and one from Will.

I was so glad to hear from home that things are going well! I am so proud of my family for the way they react and cooperate.

²⁵ Kenneth Stuart Patton (1882–1960) was the American consul general in Singapore from 1937 to 1941, then in Calcutta.



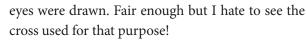


"Tobo Meer-altitude about 3,000. About 40 miles from Brastagi." (HEE)

Tuesday, 17 September 1940

Saturday [14 September] night we dined on the lawn in the patio of the hotel and then danced till late, Dean Smith, the Howes and La Nauzes and I. It was quiet but fun and we stayed up rather late. The music was poor because of its bad tempo—I had a fine time watching the people. Of course most of the men are in uniform even the Home Defense Units and Volunteer Reserves, etc., have the dress uniform! The most graceful and best looking girls on the floor were our lovely little Chinese and an Indian girl—they had much more animation. Later at the Tanglin Club²⁶ I saw a nice bit of design: a good-looking blonde, low cut dress, full breasts—and from her neck a plain gold chain and a chaste, plain gold cross low in the deep valley wide eyes—apparently guileless—but there was no question that she knew where the

"The waterfall at Tobo Meer." (HEE)



Sunday [15 September] I slept late and loafed all morning. I read the papers and some more of Time [magazine] and finally felt caught up on the affairs of the world. It is remarkable how Time covers the





26 Founded in 1865-66 to cater to the more exclusive members of Singapore's British settlement, the establishment was soon to find itself a Japanese officers' club. It thrives today, on the old basis, with an international membership of seven thousand.

news so thoroughly! One hour with Time gives more information than a month of colonial papers. Sunday afternoon I took Dean Smith to the baseball game, which turned out to be a close pitcher's battle with the umpire giving the pitchers the breaks very frequently. It was rather dull.

Monday [16 September] I called again on Consul General Patton, also shopped around the air

lines and steam ship offices. I also bought two Saigon linen suits and some shorts from Wing Loong on High Street. In the afternoon I had a wonderful sleep then went out to Mr. Patton's home where some Americans, chiefly Lockheed Aircraft

service men [presumably maintenance representatives; see HEE's report below], were playing tennis, badminton and pitching horse shoes. It was fun to be with Americans again!

In the evening I went with the Howes to see James Stewart and Margaret Sullivan in The Shop around the Corner.²⁷ It was delightful—the only really good picture I have seen in months.

Today I had a fitting, then made some more travel inquiries and lined up my next six weeks. I shall go back to India then return here for a few days then onto Sumatra, Java and Manila. In the afternoon I took a ricksha and wandered around the Chinese district taking pictures of street scenes.

I wish there weren't so many photographic restrictions in these parts. Singapore is most interesting, the noises, scenes and smells are indescribable and

I only wish that Isy were with me so that we could enjoy them together.

It's hell to be lonely!

The Chinese of all classes from wealthy merchant to coolie—bearded Sikh²⁸ money lenders lolling on their beds, or talking in groups, their turbans and heavy beards most interesting. Malays, Eurasians all combine to make a picture that is strange and fascinating.

Sunday I saw my first coolie labor—four sampans loaded with dredged mud, coolies filling in land inside a breakwater by carrying the mud in the basket swung over the shoulder with a pole. An older Chinese setting under an umbrella exchanging badinage with them. They were thin small and wiry but cheerful!



"The traffic cop has a long, light marker-board strapped to his back." (HEE)



Singapore: business district. (HEE)

Singapore: Hindu temple. (HEE)



²⁷ Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in 1940, starring Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan and directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

²⁸ The Sikh community in Singapore, today substantial, dates from 1849 and comprises descendants of not only immigrants from British India but prisoners carried into exile by the British colonial police and military.



Singapore: "Chinese district—note clean wide streets." (HEE)



This morning the papers claimed that the British shot down 185 Nazi planes. It is very encouraging but we don't know how much damage was done. The pounding the R.A.F. [Royal Air Force] is giving to the Channel embarkation ports is severe and

must have a great effect.²⁹ There are so many possibilities in Hitler's offensive that it is impossible to judge how he will act. I should guess that if he invades he will use three main forces, with dummy runs at many points to attract attention. I should guess that his major effort will be prepared and embarked from the Baltic, but with so little



Singapore: "Cathedral, across the Padang." (HEE)

Singapore: business

real information on which to go it is silly to even guess. The "Cavanaugh" Bridge across which I used to walk from the Raffles Hotel to the main part of city.³⁰ I should have loved to take photographs from it, for it was most interesting to watch the strange boats and barges passing beneath; mostly rowed or sculled.

I thoroughly enjoy the sounds of this city—the clip clop of the wooden clogs that so many wear

and then the rhythmic beat of the stick against a hollow two-toned bit of bamboo that some boys carry drumming as they walk.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 17 SEPTEMBER 1940

Raffles Hotel, Singapore



... My plans are still rather uncertain but at present I think I shall stay here only a few more days then work back to India for a few weeks, return here for a short time and see southern Sumatra and Java, go from there to Manila arriving there the latter part of October. My exact method of travel is uncertain, but I don't expect any difficulty.

This is a most interesting city, I suppose it is very much like the Chinese cities for there are

²⁹ See chapter 1, note 18. The invasion had been formally canceled on that very day, 17 September. But what gave HEE the impression that the RAF had been "pounding" the Wehrmacht's embarkation ports is unclear: the RAF had been thrown on the defensive since early August by concentrated attacks on its infrastructure and the early-warning system. It was the failure of that campaign to establish the necessary air supremacy (as well as the inability of the German navy to achieve sea control) that brought the cancelation.

³⁰ Sentence fragment as appearing in the diary. The Cavenagh Bridge, 1870, is one of Singapore's oldest bridges and remains today its only suspension bridge.

about 250,000 Chinese here. The smells are not too bad—only in a few places does one get the really ripe fish smell that on a hot day is most disconcerting. The sights are lovely, crooked streets, rickshas, canals filled with sampans, Hindus, Sikhs, Chinese, Malays all in varied costumes. It is hot but there is usually a breeze and there is not the oppressive quality that we sometimes get at home. The nights are hot but only moderately so, and the big fans in

the ceiling keep the air moving even thru the netting over the bed. I have a huge high-ceilinged room with sitting porch and bath. The food is excellent and the

whole place is comfortable. I have made some interesting contacts and expect more.

Tomorrow I am pitching horse shoes at the consul general's and I expect to meet some more people there. Mr. Patton and his wife are very nice and have been very cordial.

I shall be glad to get to Manila for I am rather tired of travelling and not having any work to do....



Singapore: "Cavanaugh Bridge." (HEE)



Singapore: Post Office. (HEE)

OFFICIAL REPORT [18 OCTOBER 1940, CONTINUED]

- ... 7. It is noted that at Capetown, Durban, and Singapore, the oil storage arrangements are extremely vulnerable to air attack, in that the tanks are very closely spaced and clearly visible. Construction of underground oil storage tanks is proceeding rapidly at Singapore. The first five tanks will be ready to receive oil about 1 November. However, their capacity is not over 200,000 barrels.
- 8. There are very few naval vessels actually in Singapore; mostly small patrol vessels, mine-sweepers and mine-layers. It is believed that several heavy cruisers and one aircraft carrier are operating from Singapore. All the British submarines formerly based there have been returned to European waters. The whole area is very heavily mined, the mines being partly contact mines and partly distant-control. A great degree of activity is evidenced in the strengthening of the defense of Singapore.
- 9. The Lockheed Company has just delivered thirty-five new bombers to the Singapore R.A.F. The Lockheed representative stated that in Australia, similar Lockheed bombers have frequently crashed because the Australian pilots have never before handled such high-speed planes.³¹ He expects that some time will be necessary to train those pilots to handle such planes. The total air force in Singapore apparently does not exceed 100 planes. Recently a large number of troops from India have arrived, and further reinforcements of Australian troops are expected shortly.

It is understood that in addition to additional troops being sent to Singapore itself, large forces have been sent to the lower part of the Malay Peninsula. The Ile de France is at anchor under minefield protection, near Singapore, and it is understood that the Captain and First Officer, who are Nazi sympathizers, have been returned to France; and that the remaining officers are loyal to the DeGaulle government.³² The *Ile de France* has been in this location for over six weeks. It is thought that she is being held in case it is necessary to evacuate civilians from Singapore.

10. The drydock facilities at the naval base at Singapore have been augmented by an additional floating drydock, and now consists of the large dock in which the Queen Mary³³ was recently docked, a floating drydock which can handle the heavy cruisers, and a larger floating drydock which can handle ships up to about 25,000 tons.

11. Wherever contact was made with the officers of the British Army and Navy, it was noted that their morale was exceedingly high, and while they realized the critical nature of the situation, they were fully confident of ultimate victory. The morale of the British civilian population appeared to be equally high. The resentment against the policies (frequently characterized as "short-sighted" and based on immediate expediency) of the British governments of the last 10-15 years was marked, and it appeared that the general opinion was that the "Old School Tie" method of handling affairs had been disastrous. . . .

26. In case of attack through Malaya, unofficial opinion in Singapore is to the effect that the British would not make any attempt to defend Northern Malaya. The roads, though good, are very few, and for a considerable distance north of Singapore, there are very heavy jungles and mango swamps. The amount of mechanized equipment in Singapore and in the Malay Peninsula is believed to be relatively small.

PERSONAL DIARY

Monday, 23 September 1940

Flying Boat Corsair, Imperial Airways

Yesterday morning [22 September] I left Singapore, stopped in Penang [map] for a short time and then continued on to Bangkok where I spent the night. This morning we stopped at Rangoon [in Burma, now Myanmar], then after lunch at Akyab [now Sittwe; see map], and now we are 9000 feet over the Bay of Bengal heading

³¹ Apparently twin-boomed P-38 Lightnings, which, though primarily fighters, also had level- and divebombing roles (and, ironically, in view of HEE's observation, were considered remarkably "forgiving"

³² Charles de Gaulle was in Britain, leading the French government in exile and the Free French Forces. Ile de France, a celebrated French ocean liner, had been the last passenger vessel to leave France before the outbreak of war. Reaching New York, it had been loaned to the British Admiralty and sent with war matériel to Singapore. Seized there by the British after the fall of France in June 1940, it was used until war's end as a troopship.

³³ The famous Cunard liner, which had entered service in 1936, was 1,019 feet long and displaced 81,961 tons.

for Calcutta. This is a fine comfortable ship and the trip has been very pleasant and most interesting.

The one bit of continuity has been rice—thousands of miles of paddies from Malaya, Thailand and Burma. At first we saw rubber in Malaya, then coconut and then the tin mines.

High in the air it was cool and at times even chilly; on the surface it was steaming hot.

Bangkok is built on a huge swamp and is surrounded by immense rice fields. The city itself is about 15 miles from the mouth of the [Chao Phraya] river which is muddy with a swift current. The city is cut by many canals filled with boats—the houses of the natives are built on stilts overlooking the canals—it smells but not too bad. The meanest curs wander around the streets.

I hired a guide and a car and drove around for several hours. The Mat Po Temple³⁴ is old, large and very beautiful. It seems to be mostly filled with statues of Buddha. Also the great sleeping Buddha is there, made of brick covered with plaster. It is about fifty yards long and shows him stretched out on his side with his head resting on his arm and elbow. It is supposed to represent him as he lay down to die at the age of 80. Nearly all the Buddhas at the Mat Po were brought down to Bangkok from the ancient capital about 150 km [ninety-three miles] away. 35 Next I saw the Marble Temple which is only about 40 years old and very beautiful and brilliant.³⁶ In there in a sort of cloister is a great collection of figurine Buddhas of various types—one is most interesting—the fasting Buddha—and shows the quaint hollow-eyed skeleton-like Buddha. Another showed him with a long hooked nose and a smirk that was definitely Jewish. I was greatly surprised at the feminine characters of most of the statues—all that showed him standing showed a womanish body, and nearly always quite full breasts.

The white elephants of Siam are a horrible fraud—actually they are a somewhat lighter shade than the American zoo elephant and they do have white hairs on their tails—the two royal elephants were miserable looking as they were closely roped to massive posts.

In the evening I had dinner with Mr. Chapman and then had a long talk with Mr. Grant.³⁷ It was most interesting.

³⁴ The Wat Pho temple complex, begun in the late seventeenth century, is one of Bangkok's oldest and contains the largest collection of Buddha images in Thailand. The Reclining Buddha is forty-six meters

³⁵ Presumably Ayutthaya, though only about fifty miles from Bangkok. Ruins of an even more ancient capital, Sukhothai, lie 460 miles away.

³⁶ The remarkably ornate Wat Benchamabophit Dusitvanaram, built in 1899, is today a major tourist attraction.

³⁷ John Holbrook Chapman (1891-1973) had been the American chargé d'affaires in Thailand since 1938. Hugh Gladney Grant (1888-1972) was the U.S. envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Thailand, 1940-41. Grant's successor, Willys R. Peck, would be interned by the Japanese with the rest of the legation, including Chapman, and families, until released in June 1942.

OFFICIAL REPORT [18 OCTOBER 1940, CONTINUED]

... 12. Two interviews of several hours each were held with Mr. Hugh Grant, American Minister of Thailand. Mr. Grant's opinion is that there is no necessary connection between the Nationalist movement in Thailand and the Japanese propaganda which has been very extensive in the past few years. He feels that the territorial demands of Thailand against Indo-China³⁸ have a sound, equitable basis. The rectification of the frontier on the northern border of Thailand is for the purpose of removing an arbitrary frontier and substituting a natural frontier following the river boundaries. To a certain extent, the demands in regard to the eastern frontier have the same basis. The territory in question is extremely wild, and in itself, has no particular value. Ratification of the non-aggression pact entered into with the Paris government has been held up pending the adjustment of the sovereignty of certain islands in the river. The point of view of Mr. Grant is that the Thai demands are just but badly timed, in that they tend to disturb the "Status Quo" and appear to play into the hands of Japan. The government of Thailand is a tight military dictatorship based on an extremely Nationalistic and quite progressive basis. At one time recently, Mr. Grant, in conversation with the Vice-Premier and Minister of Defense asked point-blank for assurance that Thailand would not resort to force to accomplish its ends. The Vice-Premier refused to commit himself and stated that while Thailand did not desire to use force, such pressure might develop that he was unable to give this assurance. In turn, Mr. Grant was asked to obtain the assurances of the U.S. Government that they would support the Thai demand for rectification of the frontiers if this demand were postponed to some more appropriate time. The State Department has not, and apparently will not, give any such assurance, and therefore Mr. Grant must attempt to use personal persuasion rather than official commitments. Mr. Grant states that his whole policy in dealing with the Thai Government has been to fit in with the State Department's policy of maintaining the status quo in the Far East.

13. Mr. Grant feels that the London Government has given Sir Josiah Crosby³⁹ a very free hand in dealings with the Thais because they are so preoccupied with affairs at home. Sir Josiah Crosby, the British Minister to Thailand, is a man of some 40 years' experience in that section of the world, is on very intimate terms with Thai officials, and has a very considerable knowledge of the country. During the earlier stages of the discussions on this subject, he apparently was fully in accord with the policy of maintaining the status quo. However, recent developments indicated to Mr. Grant that the British Minister has weakened in his attitude and is tending to support the Thai demands against Indo-China.

³⁸ Then a French colony, Indochina comprised what are now the nations of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos.

³⁹ Sir Josiah Crosby, KCMG, KBE, CIE (1880-1958), was British envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Thailand, 1934-41.

14. The opinion of Commander Brownfield,⁴⁰ the British Naval Attaché to Thai[land], is that the Thai Navy is a small and ineffective force; the Air Force is fairly well equipped and quite competent[;] and the Army is very good, in comparison with native armies in that part of the world. He feels that Japanese propaganda has been so intense and blatant that to a large extent it has defeated its own purpose, and that the Thai demands against Indo-China might very easily be the result of a desire to strengthen their frontiers against Japanese aggression. Mr. Grant concurs in this belief. While Mr. Grant, Sir Josiah Crosby and Commander Brownfield concur in the belief that the Thais are acting independently in this matter, they admit the possibility that they might have been deceived by the Thai officials, and that the Thais may actually have a working understanding with the Japanese.

PERSONAL DIARY

Monday, 23 September 1940 [continued]

Bangkok is famous for its mosquitoes but I escaped relatively lightly. The houses of the wealthy are splendid but the city does not appeal to me as a residence.

Flying over the rice fields this morning gave me a strange feeling. They look like, and are actually, swamps, and the idea of people living and building villages in that sort of country is quite new. The "Teeming East"—how appropriate that term is. I can begin to appreciate the difficulty of understanding the Orient and what a problem it is. I can also better appreciate and have more respect for the term "God's Country"!

Aboard the *Corsair* we now have the Thai mission to Rangoon: they were extremely agreeable and seemed to enjoy the trip.

They got a fine send-off when they boarded the ship, thousands of Thais coming down to the river [from which the flying boat would take off] waving flags and shouting.

Wednesday, 25 September 1940

Flying Boat Corsair, en route to Karachi, Bahrein

On Monday at 4 p.m. [23 September] we arrived at Calcutta and landed on the Mudaly Hoogly River in a driving rain—the tail end of the monsoon. The customs and immigration people were slow and the trip to the Hotel Great Eastern was long and slowed by floods in the streets. We reached the hotel at 6:30.

I got a very unfavorable impression of Calcutta. The weather was hot and wet, the city dirty and dilapidated and the living conditions in the native districts thru which I passed were lousy. The idea of cows wandering loose around the city, having the right of way over everything, sleeping in the streets and doorways, does not appeal to me. There is no decent drainage system with the result that at every hard rain—and Calcutta gets a very big rain fall—the streets flood and there is a mass of

⁴⁰ Leslie Newton Brownfield (1901–68) was at the time (1939–40) Staff Officer Operations for Flag Officer Malaya in Singapore with additional duty as naval attaché in Bangkok, where he traveled three times a year. He would retire as a vice admiral, commanding Devonport Dockyard, in 1957.

mud over everything. The moisture seams to deteriorate the buildings very rapidly and they look to be rotten with decay.

I met Berry, from Durban, at the hotel; he is now at the Calcutta consulate. While I bathed we had a couple of scotches and sodas which were most welcome. I don't like the masses of servants in this country—they have a servile attitude and yet there is in many cases an unpleasant aspect to their expression. Were I to live here and get accustomed to the country my opinion might change.

On Tuesday [24 September] we got a very early start and headed across central India. The rice paddies got on my nerves and I was very glad to get away from them. Late in the morning we stopped at Allahabad but were unable to see much of the city. In the afternoon we stopped at Gwalior but again were not able to see anything. Our third stop was Rad Samand⁴² and that was most interesting. It is an artificial lake formed by two dams. The small one is between two hills and one of which [i.e., the other dam] is a Jain Temple and the other a Rajah's palace both of which were beautiful. The main dam is two miles long and the town is built on this. The dams were built in the 17th century and are of beautiful design and construction. The effect of being under the town and seeing the walls and steps leading down to the water was most interesting. It was hot and dry, the costumes of the natives were colorful, and the shimmering sun on the white buildings of the town produced a lovely effect.

The trip on to Karachi⁴³ was over the mountain and from time to time we could see small villages on hill tops and one or two beautiful temples and palaces on the peaks of the mountains or the valley.

Karachi was very pleasant, clean and attractive with many modern buildings. The docks are very modern. I was very interested in the dhows with their beautiful lugger rigs. 44 The hotel was comfortable, but the best thing was the dry air and pleasant breeze. I sat around and talked with the pilots and seconds [copilots? relief pilots?], there being several Imperial Airways planes in port.

This morning we took off at seven with a full plane, including three Arabs. The first stop was at Juwani [Jawani?], a god-forsaken hole near the north border of India. Later we stopped at Dubai in Trucial Oman, a part of Saudi Arabia. The heat was intense in both spots but was quite dry and comfortable.

We crossed a fringe of mountains going into Arabia which [i.e., the mountain range] was fascinating. It rose abruptly from the sea and the deep water apparently

⁴¹ James Lampton Berry (1908-80), vice-consul in Calcutta from 1 June 1940 to September 1941, had had the same post in Durban until May; HEE likely met him at the visit to the consul's home on 14 August that he mentions in chapter 1. Berry was to become ambassador to Sri Lanka in 1958.

⁴² Apparently Bal Samand, or Balsamand, near Jodhpur.

⁴³ Today the largest city in Pakistan and a major regional port, at the time Karachi was in the Bombay Presidency of British India.

⁴⁴ Dhows are sailing craft, traditionally built of teak and cedar wood, that have carried freight and fishermen in the Indian Ocean and Red Sea since ancient times and continue to do so today. They are

came right up to the beach, for the green sand fringe that usually extends for a mile or so could only be seen for a very short distance. The mountains were of a reddish tinge and were deeply eroded by many small streams now practically dry. They gave the impression of being carved out of sand. We were flying [at] 9,000 feet and the highest peaks appeared to be about 2,000 feet below us. Beyond them the country stretched on into the desert which looked like a huge golden lake. Here and there were tiny settlements with patches of green and from time to time the sun would glint on a stream running down the mountain side.

As we came down to the landing I could see three camels coming over one of the trails to the city. From high in [the air over] the Dubai⁴⁵ it was beautiful, built around the green harbor[;] many sails dotted the sea and harbor. From the water level, in the glare of the sun, it was a sight worth seeing.

The sentry at the airport office was a villainous looking Arab with a large curved dagger and an old repeating rifle. It was quite obvious that the great cartridges in his belt would never fit the gun but he seemed to feel that his expression would be his best weapon! I am inclined to believe him too.

The fact that I am not allowed a camera on this part of the trip is very disappointing for there are so many grand scenes.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER 1940 Awali, Bahrein Island, Persian Gulf

 \dots The main island itself is about nine or ten miles wide and about thirty miles long. ⁴⁶ The old Arab city of Manama is at the northern end and scattered over the main island are numerous villages.

The hot season is drawing to a close, and now although the day temperature is high and the sun very bright, the humidity is low and the evenings very pleasant. All the houses and offices of the Bahrein Petroleum Company are air conditioned. That makes life very comfortable. The whole town or camp of Awali is run on American customs and habits and so I feel at home for the first time in months.

The people of the islands are an old mixed stock, predominately Arab, with mixtures of Persian, African slaves, and some Indian. It is strictly Mohammedan and most of the women are heavily veiled. Scattered about one section of the island are thousands of burial mounds the age of which nobody knows.⁴⁷ Some people think they are three thousand years old but very little has been found in them.

distinguishable by, among other features, their "lateen" rig—tall triangular sails, typically on two masts. The European lugger rig has functional similarities but uses quadrilateral sails.

⁴⁵ Reference is apparently to both the city of Dubai and the emirate of Dubai in which it is located, one of the seven of which that formed the modern United Arab Emirates in 1971–72.

⁴⁶ The island of Bahrain, now the Kingdom of Bahrain, was in 1940 a British overseas territory; oil had been discovered there in the preceding decade. The city of Manama was (and is) the capital. Awali was in 1940 (and, again, is now) an oil town in the middle of the island, founded in 1936 by the Bahrain Petroleum Company (an offshoot of Standard Oil of California and in 1940 holder of the only oil concession in Bahrain).

There is an interesting old Portuguese fort all crumbling now after three hundred years. This is real desert country, each village has its own sheik (pronounced "shake")—the women are veiled and turn away their heads on the approach of a white man—the customs and methods of living have changed little in a thousand or more years.

The Bahrein Petroleum Company has planted an American town here, complete with a fine commissary store, movie theater, hospital, club, tennis courts, cricket pitch (for the English employees) and golf course (made of hard sand) and swimming pool. It is a beautiful layout.

I have been very well except for an occasional tummy upset due to changes of food and water, and a general softness due to lack of exercise. I am sick of travelling and the constant uncertainty as to the time of departure and what the next day will bring forth. And I am fed up with being with strangers even though they are fine people and uniformly cordial. I miss you horribly. It seems years since I have heard your voice. I hope that I shall have mail in Singapore or on the way in Rangoon or Calcutta because there is so much I want to know. . . .

PERSONAL DIARY

Saturday, 28 September 1940

Awali, Bahrein

I have been here, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Lipp, 48 since Wednesday afternoon. It is an extremely interesting place, ruled by a Sheik under a British protectorate. It is an extremely old community and for many years has been a trading, smuggling, and pearling center. The population is very mixed, Arab, Persian and Negro slave.

OFFICIAL REPORT [18 OCTOBER 1940, CONTINUED]

... 4. It is understood that an Italian submarine sunk a vessel off the coast of Sumatra⁴⁹ and was, in turn, sunk by British forces about 1 October. The Commanding Officer of forces in the Persian Gulf intimated that not more than two Italian submarines were still at large as of 25 September. One Italian submarine was sunk at the mouth of the Persian Gulf by HMS Falmouth⁵⁰ six hours after arrival, due to the fact that the operation order involving that submarine was found in the

⁴⁷ The Dilmun burial mounds, about 350,000 of them, in several concentrations in the northern part of the island. They are of no single age or description, having been built over some thousands of years by

⁴⁸ Probably Milton Hickethier Lipp (1895-1970) and wife Mary. Trained as a petroleum engineer and at one time with Texas Oil, Lipp was now general manager, and was to be chairman, of the Bahrain Petroleum Company (or in one account, resident vice president). See paragraph 5 of HEE's trip report,

⁴⁹ Not identified—the U.S. Naval History and Heritage Command lists no Italian submarines lost in that area. They did, however, operate in Italian colonial areas, which accounts for the references below to the Persian Gulf and Red Sea.

⁵⁰ A convoy-escort ship of a type known (by that time unofficially) as a sloop, soon to be displaced by corvettes and frigates. Falmouth was launched in 1932 and would be scrapped in 1968.

log book of another submarine sunk or captured in the Red Sea. It is understood that the operation orders found in the first Italian submarine sunk resulted in the sinking of about six Italian submarines in very short order. The Commander, Persian Gulf Force, states that the Asdic [sonar] apparatus has been very effective, and insofar as operations in waters containing temperature gradients is [sic] concerned, has exceeded their best expectations. It is well to note that the high sea-water temperature reaching 92° F has resulted in a very considerable loss of power, and increased wear and tear on the machinery of vessels operating in and near the Persian Gulf.⁵¹

5. The oil-fields of the Bahrein Petroleum Company have been very well protected against air attack or sabotage. The Refinery, however, is very vulnerable to air attack. Should the Italian campaign in Egypt or vicinity prove successful, the refineries in Saudi-Arabia, Bahrein and Abadan [an island in modern Iran] would be vulnerable to aircraft attack since there is no protection whatever. The present combined capacity of the Saudi-Arabia and the Bahrein Petroleum Company is about 40,000 barrels per day, and refineries at Abadan are the largest in the world, with a capacity output well over 100,000 barrels per day. The visit to Bahrein developed the following points: There are between four and five hundred American citizens at the Bahrein Petroleum Company plant and at the plant of the California Arabian Standard Oil Company, which is only about twenty-five miles from Bahrein, on the mainland of Saudi-Arabia. The Executive personnel of the Bahrein Petroleum Company is [sic] extremely high quality. Mr. Milton Lipp is the Manager. Mr. Lipp has been at Bahrein for about six years, and his patriotism and ability are unquestionable. His assistants are Mr. McConnell, in charge of production, and Mr. Anderson, in charge of the refinery. The entire American staff is of high quality insofar as personal character, the appearance of competence and reliability is concerned. The company has a completely modern camp in which all offices and residences are completely air conditioned. The commissary is supplied with tin canned goods and staples from the United States and with frozen meat from Australia. A twelve months' reserve supply of all food is constantly maintained. The refinery is running at maximum efficient capacity, of about 35,000 barrels per day. No aviation gas is produced. The sulphur content of the bunker oil and diesel oil is high, running about 3.5% and it would take considerable expenditure and some time to modify the plant in order to reduce this percentage. 52 From a standpoint of cleanliness and other qualities, the products are very high-grade.

⁵¹ Because seawater is the cooling agent in the ships' auxiliary machinery and also in the main condenser (a critical element of the "steam cycle" by which the steam driving the main engines is, largely, recovered and reused), high ambient water temperatures reduce overall propulsion-plant efficiency and thus maximum speed and increase the risk of overheating in machinery generally.

⁵² To reduce the corrosive oxides produced in combustion.

PERSONAL DIARY

[Probably Sunday or Monday, 29 or 30 September 1940] The Bahrein Petroleum Company has a beautiful camp here, all the offices, homes and community buildings being air conditioned.

It is very interesting to see the Arabs with their colorful costumes against the desert setting—this is real desert too! The women, heavily veiled, cover[ing] their heads as strangers pass, the funny palm-leave huts, the brown houses, made of stone and plaster, the camels and donkeys, the date palms, the crooked narrow streets and the noise of the beggars and in the evening the groups of men sitting around the coffee shops. It makes a picture that I shan't forget yet I would not want it for long or too often. The native boat builders are very skillful and the dhows are well made with good lines, the teak [see note 44] comes from India and the nails are locally hand wrought. The big dhows go all the way to Zanzibar and Dar-es-Salaam with the monsoon. The pearl business is not prosperous now because of the war and competition of cultured pearls but this is the source of supply of the best natural pearls. I have often heard of the illusions of distance that there are in the desert but I never realized how true that is. A building will appear to be about one half as

My plane is a day late but I expect to go out early in the morning then for Singapore and Manila—I am fed up with travelling, loafing and strangers and I want to get back to work on my own job with my own people.

Mass of almost sub-human type.

far away as it actually is.

I had a very interesting visit with Mr. Grant at Bangkok but it was quite late when he got home and saw me.

Wednesday, 9 October 1940

Soengei Gerong [Netherlands East Indies]

Monday afternoon [7 October], I drove up to Pendopo⁵³ with Mr. McCobb [para. 6, below] to visit the oil fields. The camps are well laid out, the quarters very comfortable and the staff is composed of high-type men. We stopped at a very attractive little club house and golf course for a drink before going into camp. We had dinner with Mr. Field the field superintendent and a few others. After a quiet evening we turned in early. Tuesday morning after a cool sleep under a blanket, we made an early start and toured the fields.

OFFICIAL REPORT [18 OCTOBER 1940, CONTINUED]

... 6. The refinery and oil fields of the NKPM [Nederlandsche Koloniale Petroleum Maatschappij] ([a] Standard Vacuum Subsidiary) at Soengei Gerong and Pendopo Sumatra are under the supervision of Mr. Elliott. Mr. Liebacher

⁵³ Apparently what is now the Talang Akar–Pendopo field, near Palembang, on Sumatra, in modern Indonesia. Sungai Gerong is a nearby oil town.

is the assistant manager, Mr. J. N. Jennings is the refinery manager, and Mr. McCobb is the production manager. All these men have high qualities of character and their reliability and patriotism are unquestioned. The key positions are manned by Americans. Hollanders predominate among the technical and executive assistants. At the oil fields centered around Pendopo, about 100 km. west of Palembang, NKPM has already taken steps to cement up some of the least productive wells. Preparations are being made to be ready to cement other wells, but since these number about 500 and the equipment necessary to pump the cement is rather bulky, it would take several weeks of intensive work to secure these wells. The cementing, of course, merely implies redrilling if the field is to be put back into production again. However, there are other steps which can be taken and may be forced by the Dutch government, which would not only put the field out of production, but might permanently damage it to a very serious extent.

PERSONAL DIARY Sunday, 6 October 1940 Soengei Gerong, Sumatra

I left Singapore at 7 this morning on a K.L.M. plane and am now well settled in a guest house at the refinery of a subsidiary of the Standard Vacuum Co.

My trip back from Bahrein was tiring and I was very glad indeed to get a full night's rest on my return to Singapore. A very interesting Jew from Palestine—Ben Nahum—was aboard the plane on his way to New York to do some citrus business and help his wife have a baby. He is from Haifa and talks most interestingly on affairs in Palestine. The advantages of complete ownership of an [oil] field or group of fields are manifest in that it allows for very efficient pressure maintenance and complete control of flow. The casing head gasoline is extracted at the field, and separated [from] the gas being pumped back into the wells for pressure maintenance, and the gasoline reblended with the discharge oil at the pipe-line pumps to reduce viscosity and paraffin deposition on the pipe lines.

Calcutta appeared even more dismal and depressing than before. There seems to be no vitality, hope, nor interest in the faces of the people.

It appears a decayed and hopeless mass, over-crowded [and?] worthless.

The jungle is very thick and there are jaguar, tigers, monkeys, and wild pigs—there are also a few elephants in the general vicinity. I saw nothing but monkeys however and one cobra on the road.

As in Bahrein the British explored this territory [apparently the Pendopo field], decided it was unproductive, and gave up the concession. And now they are a bit put out to say the least, that we have been able to develop it so well.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 27 SEPTEMBER 1940 [SUNDAY, 6 OCTOBER, CONTINUED]

Pasang Grahan 3-B, Soengei Gerong, Palembang, Sumatra

I reached Singapore Wednesday after a very tiring trip from Bahrein and slept like a baby for about nine hours. For the next three days I lived quietly, playing golf and trying to get into shape again. I got an 80 yesterday at Bukit Timah course and was no longer puffing as I climbed the hills. Friday night I had a few Americans who had been very kind to me for dinner and dancing. Thursday I dined with Consul General and Mrs. Patton who are charming people. He is from Charlottesville, and U of VA [University of Virginia], very keen and capable; she is a strikingly good artist of about 60 years of age. Her heads of Malays are fascinating. The American colony in Singapore is [i.e., numbers] over 100 and the people are attractive.

This morning I was up at 5:30, caught a 7:00 plane, and now at 10:30 have just finished a bath in this very attractive guest house at the refinery of the Standard Vacuum Co. near Palembang.

Wednesday I shall go to Batavia [modern Jakarta] and then on to Manila by air on Thursday thus saving two to three weeks in travel time. I think this trip would have taken six months if I had not been flying. At the moment I am very anxious to report for duty and get settled aboard ship, for I am fed up with travel, hotels and suitcases, sleeping under mosquito nets and all that.

The report in the morning paper that Navy wives have cancelled their sailings for the China Station⁵⁴ is most depressing. I hate to think that you won't be able to join me soon. It is awful to be so far away from you and not be able to see you smile and feel your presence and understanding. I see you so clearly in my mind, but I do want to touch you and hear your voice. I can't even try to predict what is going to happen. Of one thing only am I certain and that is my wife, who with more loveliness, charm and character than any other woman is to me the most precious of all things. When our separation ends I shall be whole again.

[Monday, 7 October 1940, 1 PM, continued]

In a short time I am going to drive about 75 miles to the producing fields, spend the night and return Tuesday afternoon.

Yesterday I went to lunch with Mr. Liebacker the acting manager and there met about a dozen Americans who are leading men in the organization. They are a fine group and it was most enjoyable. We had Rijstaffel—the Malay equivalent of rice and curry⁵⁵ and very famous. It was delicious and after eating heartily and

⁵⁴ On 8 October 1940, the State Department, through its consular offices, advised all women, children, and men without urgent business leave the Far East. Admiral Hart accordingly urged all Navy dependents to leave as soon as possible. The Army soon followed suit. (United Press, 8 October 1940.)

⁵⁵ Actually not indigenous but Dutch colonial (the name is Dutch for "rice table"), a banquet-like array of foods characteristic of the Indonesian archipelago, served in small dishes. It is popular today in the Netherlands.

talking long, I came back to camp, took a rest then had a quiet Sunday supper with Mr. Jennings the refinery superintendent and a nice young southern couple named Holzman. It was quite a thrill to hear the first football scores over the San Francisco radio.

It is a nice summer heat, quiet and attractive, I have a pleasant view of the river and all sorts of queer native craft are on it. I like the Malay natives, they are clean and intelligent and self-respecting and good humored. Singapore is attractive because the chief element of the population are Malay and Chinese. Calcutta is horrible, filthy, damp; dead-looking people, scrawny, ugly, either servile or surly; one feature they all have and that is hopelessness. It gave me the creeps just to look at them—sleeping in the streets among the damned cows, which are every where! The Northern Indian cities are quite different but the Bengali are terrible.

A trip like this is a splendid tonic for one's patriotism. I now understand and sympathize with the term "God's Country"—land, people and climate are so far superior to anything I have seen that comparisons are ridiculous. The Oil Company men are splendid—most of the women are at home now and orders came from New York by cable yesterday to evacuate the rest.

I shall mail this in Manila Thursday—I have been too fagged out to write regularly and then too I have been travelling as fast or faster than the mails so it would have done no good when censorship delays are counted. I have some mail in Batavia; since there is no consul at Palembang my letters were sent to Java where I'll get them Wednesday. Incidentally I shall mail my diary to you when I have had the pictures enlarged and pasted in.

[Wednesday, 9 October 1940, continued]

Monday afternoon I drove up to the oil fields at Pendopo and spent the night returning to Soengei Gerong yesterday afternoon. It was extremely interesting. They are in the middle of the jungle—the wells are spaced at least a quarter of a mile apart so as to give efficient controlled production and therefore the horrible maze of derricks that disfigures the California landscape is absent. The camp was very attractive and comfortable and the people were equally attractive and cordial. My respect for American Oil people is very high; they have made me feel so much at home.

Last night I slept under a blanket and this morning I loafed, completely relaxed, for the first time in a long while. In a few minutes I go to Batavia where I expect to have a busy evening and some mail from you, which latter I have been very anxious for; then on to Manila arriving tomorrow afternoon.

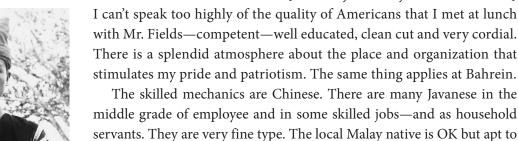
The Clipper⁵⁶ leaves for San Francisco Friday morning—I wish I had been able to bring my camera on the plane for a whole procession of little native boats is

⁵⁶ A Pan American Airways passenger airmail service that began transpacific operation in 1935 with Martin M-130 seaplanes.

passing my window. They are being paddled and sailed and each has a little grass house on it....

PERSONAL DIARY

[Probably Tuesday, 8 October 1940]



be lazy—they are all very clean.

The colored sarongs are most attractive, as are the headdresses—small turbans. However many men have a fondness for wearing loud striped pajamas which would make any bedroom scream. All of the houses are built on stilts.

In the afternoon we drove back and I was met by the boat at the ferry and there started a 45 minute trip down Moise [Musi] River past Palembang. The boats are most interesting—long graceful flat praus—high in

the stern with a long tongue in the bow which is used as a gang way.

Much of the town is built on moored rafts which rise and fall with the tide. Market boats selling all kinds of things—including soft drinks by the river and canals. Many of the boats have matted covers or deck covers and whole families live on

board. The majority are quite gaily painted.

The Pasang Graham⁵⁷ in which I am staying is on a beautifully shaded lawn running down to the river. Last night I used and needed a light blanket, the first I have used since leaving Durban. This morning I woke up feeling beautifully rested and have been loafing comfortably for some hours. It is nice to be thoroughly relaxed and to feel that I am near the end of my travels. This afternoon I shall fly to Batavia and tomorrow on to Manila.

Wednesday, 6 November 1940

USS John D. Edwards (DD 216), Dewey Dry Dock, Olongapo [note 73] I have finished putting the last picture in this diary and I shall mail it on to Isabel at once.

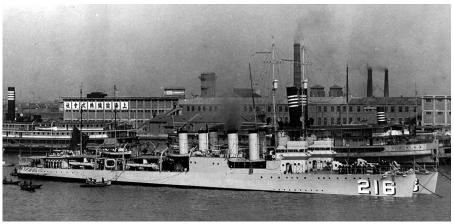


"A young Sumatran." (HEE)

"Sumatra: Batak House." (HEE)



On Wednesday 9
October I flew on to
Batavia and was met
at the airport by Mr.
Koch of Standard Oil
whom I had previously met at Singapore.
We drove at once to
the beautiful Hotel
Des Indes and then on
to the American Consulate General where I



spent two concentrated hours with Mr. Foote our Consul General.⁵⁸

OFFICIAL REPORT [18 OCTOBER 1940, CONTINUED]

... 15. In an hour-and-a-half interview with Mr. Foote, the American Consul General in Batavia, the following points were developed. Mr. Foote has had an intimate acquaintance with the Netherlands Indies for the past 14 years. Several years ago, after a long tour as Consul General in Batavia, he was transferred to Australia. Within the last few months he has been returned to Batavia. He is on very intimate personal terms with the [Dutch] Governor General, Commanding General, ⁵⁹ and other officials, and he feels that they have given him complete information as to the situation. He has made voluminous reports by cable and radio to the State Department, with supplementary similar reports to Ambassador Grew in Tokyo.

16. The situation in regard to the defenses of the Netherlands East Indies is as follows: The Army has a ratio of about seven natives to three Hollanders. This represents a recent increase in the percentage of Hollanders. The Indies officials said that they will resist and fight, because the Indies represent the last place which a Hollander can call his own. The Netherlands officials feel that the recent embargoes by the United States against Japan have forced Japan to turn to the N.E.I. [Netherlands East Indies] for supplies. These officials cannot understand the fact that, while forcing Japan in this manner, the United States has recently cancelled contracts of relatively long standing for munitions which are urgently needed by the Netherlands East Indies for defense. It is felt that the Army can give a good account of itself in man-to-man fighting on the beaches and in the jungles back of them.

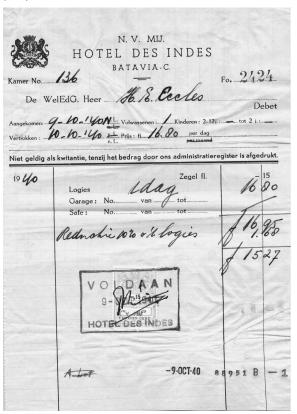
John D. Edwards (DD 216) outboard of USS Barker (DD 213) in Shanghai during the 1930s. The ships are trimmed down by the bow, perhaps to raise their propellers and rudders and so lessen their navigational draft. The steamers beyond them appear to be assets of the defunct Nautilus Steam Shipping Company, likely in Shanghai for disposition. (National Archives and Records Administration photo 80-G-1031609)

⁵⁸ Walter A. Foote, who remained consul general in Batavia until 1946.

⁵⁹ Alidius Warmoldus Lambertus Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer (1888–1978) was the last colonial governor general of the NEI; upon surrendering to the Japanese he would be interned until liberated in August 1945. After the war he would serve as ambassador to France and then to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Lt. Gen. Hein ter Poorten (1887–1968) commanded the Royal Netherlands Indies Army at the outbreak of war; he would lead the land forces of the American-British-Dutch-Australian Command (chapter 5, note 63) until surrendering Java on 8 March 1942 and being interned for the duration. Repatriated in 1945, he would resign in 1946.

However, the Netherlands officials feel that they would not stand up against high explosives, and that the natives would "run like rabbits." The officer in command of the anti-aircraft [defense force] states that it is badly under-equipped. There is a moderate number of mobile artillery, tanks, and armored cars. A number of tanks and armored cars are commanded at garrisons in areas of high Japanese concentration. 60 The officials said that these will be used to wipe out the Japanese in those areas at the first sign of action. Rifles and small-arms ammunition are urgently needed. The British have furnished the Indies with a large number of mines. The Air Force consists of about 200 bombers and about 50 fighters. Mr. Foote stated that there were only eight Dutch submarines in the Indies. This does not agree with the information I received from Naval Intelligence in Singapore, which stated that there were 22 Dutch submarines in the Indies.⁶¹

"A lot to pay for a bath": almost \$130 in 2016. (HEE)



17. The Indies government has given orders that in case of hostilities, the oil wells and refineries be totally destroyed—not put out of commission. This represents the possible destruction of about \$300,000,000 of American property and a capital investment of about \$100,000,000. These figures, when questioned by the State Department, were verified by Mr. Foote.

18. In regard to the Japanese missions now in the Indies, the following facts were developed: the original mission of eight Japanese businessmen headed by Mr. Mukai of the Mitsui Brothers, [who] arrived late in August, [w]as a purely commercial mission for the discussion of oil purchases. Upon arrival they did nothing, apparently waiting the coming of the Kobayashi mission. 62 The Japanese government requested the Netherlands East Indies government to receive the Kobayashi Mission. The Indies government stated that this mission would be welcome only under the following conditions:

(a) That it had the proper credentials;

⁶⁰ This is geographically unclear; perhaps HEE or his Dutch interlocutors meant likely assault-landing

⁶¹ A (nonauthoritative) website gives for the NEI a Dutch submarine order of battle listing fifteen boats

⁶² In September 1940 Ichizo Kobayashi, an industrialist serving as minister of commerce and industry in the cabinet of Prime Minister Fumimaro Konoe, arrived at the head of a delegation to renegotiate the political and economic relationship between Japan and the Netherlands East Indies, critically with respect to oil. He would be recalled to Japan in early October, having failed to extract the desired concessions.

- (b) that an agenda be presented in advance;
- (c) that no discussions of a political nature would be considered.

In early September the Kobayashi mission arrived—without credentials, without agenda; and has since shown itself to be of primarily a political nature. In spite of this surprising move, the Netherlands government received the Kobayashi mission officially. This mission consists of about 40 to 50 members, primarily made up of officers of the Army and Navy with attendant clerks and so-called "experts." In the words of Mr. Foote to the State Department, "by receiving this mission and parading troops for them, the Netherlands Indies lost the first round." It is believed that all the mission are members of the Black Dragon Society. ⁶³

- 19. This mission has at all times adopted an extremely high-handed attitude. In May, the Japanese government unofficially presented a list of commodities which they desired to obtain from the Indies. This list consists of thirteen items, and involves practically the entire economy of the Indies. Among the items requested were petroleum products, scrap iron, bauxite, molybdenum, copra, manganese, tin, rubber, wolfram, and quinine. The first request for petroleum amounted to 1,000,000 metric tons. The rubber and copra requests were larger than the normal consumption of Japan, and are believed to be intended for Germany.
- 20. In the discussions which have so far taken place, only one product has been considered, and that is oil. Immediately upon the arrival of the Kobayashi mission, the Japanese increased their demands to 3,150,000 metric tons per annum for five years, with a guarantee of delivery by the N.E.I. government. In addition, they made the following political demands:
- (a) That Japanese Army and Navy officers be stationed in the Netherlands Indies for purpose of inspecting raw materials and supervising the shipping and harbors to insure delivery.
- (b) That the number of Japanese employed in the Netherlands Indies commercial concerns be greatly increased.
- (c) That the Japanese be granted the right of unrestricted immigration into the Netherlands East Indies.
- (d) That the Japanese be allowed to purchase stock in the commercial industries of the Netherlands East Indies.
- (e) That the Japanese be granted full concessions for the exploration and exploitation of the natural resources of the Netherland East Indies.
- 21. These represent a demand for complete economic, political, and military domination of the Indies. Except for oil, the Indies officials have replied in the negative to all Japanese demands. Insofar as oil is concerned, the officials have stated that if Japan wishes to purchase oil, the Indies government has no objection to it;

⁶³ A Japanese ultranationalist paramilitary group founded in 1901. It would be disbanded by the U.S. occupation authority in 1946.

however the Japanese must deal directly with the commercial concerns primarily Shell and Standard Oil. The government has stated that under no circumstances will it guarantee the delivery of oil or any other item to Japan.

- 22. Considerable friction developed during the discussions, and at one time when a Japanese statement that "since nothing could be accomplished, they might as well go home" was made, it was met literally with raised eye-brows. Following this, the Japanese claimed that the interpreter had made a mistake and that what they had said was that the subject of petroleum should be gone into in more detail. At one time, when the Kobayashi mission insisted that the Netherlands government deal with the oil companies, Van Mockt, the Minister of Economics, stated that he was no broker.
- 23. During all the preliminary discussions of petroleum, no types of petroleum were specified. In other words, the Japanese merely said they wanted oil. They did not state the amounts nor quantities of the various types of oil they desired, nor did they at any time make any mention of how the oil was to be paid for. On Wednesday, October 10, the Japanese Mission for the first time contacted Baron Von Eckt, the Shell representative, and Mr. Kaye, the director of the Standard Oil, who arrived in Batavia from New York about the 15th of September. At that discussion, the Japanese finally put their cards on the table and stated that they wanted aviation gas and aviation crude. At one time in the discussion, the Indies Government requested the American and British oil interests to state how much oil they would be able to sell Japan without interfering with their present contractual obligations to the United States and to the British Empire. The oil companies stated that they would be able to furnish a maximum of 1,800,000 tons per annum. The Kobayashi mission was very indignant at this low figure. As of October 10, negotiations were at a standstill. The Mission had cabled Tokyo for further instructions. Mr. Kaye and Mr. Elliott of the Standard Oil Company were leaving for Palembang for the weekend.
- 24. It is Mr. Foote's conviction that the Indies government will stand firm and play for time. If the other commodities take anything like the time that the discussion of petroleum has taken, the conversations will drag on indefinitely. The information contained in COMSIXTEENTH's 64 despatch of October 11th was obtained by Mr. Foote from one of the highest officials in the Indies government, who stated that his sources of information in Tokyo had been in the past 100% correct, and that he had implicit confidence in his informant, and the accuracy of the information.
- 25. If invasion takes place, the Indies officials believe that it will come either through the Mandated Islands⁶⁵ or by way of the Malay Peninsula. The initial

⁶⁴ Commandant of the Sixteenth Naval District, comprising the Philippines.

objectives will probably be the Celebes, the Moluccas, Dutch New Guinea, and Borneo. There are no defenses worth mentioning in these points, and the Indies officials believe that a few hundred troops could take practically unopposed possession of any point in those areas. The Dutch would defend Java and Sumatra. The airfields are now covered with obstructions which are removed only upon the arrival of known planes, and are guarded by troops and machine guns. No heavy equipment was noted near any air-field.

PERSONAL DIARY

[Probably continued from Wednesday, 6 November 1940] We returned to the hotel, I changed and then on to an air conditioned room in another part of the building where I met Mr. Kaye, a director from New York, and "Shorty" Elliot, the enormous manager of the Soengei Gerong and associated properties, and several others. A few drinks and then on to three hours in bed and a cup of coffee [at] the famous club of Batavia.⁶⁶

This was first opened about 1815 and has never been closed since opening, for the key was thrown into the canal. At any hour day or night for one hundred and twenty five years, a member has been able to get food and drink! It is beautiful, as indeed is the whole town.

After a few weeks in Manila the contrast between cities like Batavia, Singapore and Medan, make me feel very disappointed at the bungling that has produced the present situation in the Philippines. Lost opportunities and bad administration have spoiled what could have been a fine country. It simply proves again that one cannot violate fundamental principles with impunity.

I returned to the hotel about twelve and had a short fitful sleep. At 3:00 I was called and at 4:20 we took off for Manila in a Douglas DC3. We reached Manila about 4:30 p.m., 10 October, after a hard trip at 10,000 to 12,000 feet. I landed worn out with a nasty headache.

After a bath and a drink I wandered down stairs at the Army-Navy Club⁶⁷ and there saw Commander Tully Shelby,⁶⁸ the first person I had met in three and one half months that I had ever seen before in my life. The feeling of relief was wonderful—again I was with my own people and I had no more ships or planes

⁶⁵ Island groups in the Pacific, notably the Marshalls and Marianas, that had been German possessions and to which Japan had been assigned a "mandate" by the League of Nations after World War I. The islands were heavily militarized by Japan in preparation for the Pacific War.

⁶⁶ Probably the Concordia Military Society, opened officially in 1836 (with antecedents back to 1806) by and for Europeans. In 1965 the building would be taken over by the finance ministry of the new sovereign Indonesian government.

⁶⁷ The Manila Army and Navy Club was founded in 1898 for the sole use of Americans, military and civilian—Filipinos would be admitted only after the colonial period. The club would not reopen after the war, but the building, applied to various uses, would be preserved as a landmark.

⁶⁸ Cdr. Tully Shelley (1892–1966, U.S. Naval Academy [USNA] class of 1915) was now the executive officer of the light cruiser USS *Marblehead* (see chapter 5, note 74). He would retire in 1949 as a rear admiral.

to catch, for I was told that Admiral Hart⁶⁹ would reach Manila before I could get to him in Shanghai.

In the evening I had a long talk with Captain Kingman, Com Des Ron [Commander, Destroyer Squadron 29 [of which John D. Edwards was a part]. At 11 p.m. just as I had gotten to sleep Clipper Bowers⁷¹ telephoned and then came up. After he left it took a long time to get back to sleep but I didn't mind for I knew that I could sleep the next night.

On Friday I worked on my report and then went over to see Admiral Smeallie ⁷² at Cavite⁷³—there I saw Dutch Cheever⁷⁴ several submarine officers and also I picked up some very welcome mail. The Admiral drove me back to the club stopping for a short visit with General Grunnert, Commanding General, 75 en route.

From then on things fell into a familiar routine. My orders to command the destroyer John D. Edwards⁷⁶ came thru⁷⁷ and in due time I took over from Clipper Bowers. The ship is good and the officers capable and attractive. I picked up the Navy

⁶⁹ Adm. Thomas C. Hart, born in 1877 and an 1897 graduate of the Naval Academy, had served in the Spanish-American War and World War I, taking command of the Asiatic Fleet in 1939. When in February 1942 the Asiatic Fleet was disestablished, Admiral Hart would return to the United States, where he would be decorated by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, retire, and then, called back to active duty, join the Navy's General Board. Soon after the end of the war he would be appointed to finish the unexpired term of a recently deceased U.S. senator from Connecticut. Admiral Hart would pass away in 1971.

⁷⁰ Capt. Howard F. Kingman (1890-1978, USNA class of 1911), who would be promoted to rear admiral and assigned to the Directorate of Naval Intelligence the next year. In November 1945, after commanding Battleship Division 1 in combat in the Central Pacific and then the Fifteenth Naval District (i.e., the Panama Canal), he would relieve Adm. William F. Halsey Jr. in command of the Third Fleet. He would retire as a vice admiral.

⁷¹ Lt. Cdr. William Alger Bowers (1902-76) commanded John D. Edwards from November 1939 until relieved by HEE. He would retire in 1953 as a rear admiral.

⁷² Rear Adm. John Morris Smeallie (1885-1947) was one of the sixteen admirals from the USNA class of 1905. He had been the first commanding officer of USS Indianapolis (CA 35) in 1932, promoted to flag rank in 1938. His final assignment was as commandant of the Sixteenth Naval District. In December 1940, in ill health due to stress and family issues, he would attempt to commit suicide and be sent home for medical reasons. He retired from the service in 1942.

⁷³ The Cavite Naval Base, on the southeastern shore of Manila Bay, south of the city of Manila, was the Asiatic Fleet's main base. The fleet's forces were also stationed or maintained at the Olongapo Naval Station, on Subic Bay about forty air miles north, and (after July 1941) at the Mariveles Naval Base, across Manila Bay from Cavite.

⁷⁴ Cdr. Sumner C. Cheever (1896-1943, USNA class of 1923) was the Sixteenth Naval District's personnel officer, with an office at Cavite. He would die in the Philippines on 12 February 1943; today his remains lie in the Manila American Cemetery.

⁷⁵ Maj. Gen. George Grunert, commanding the U.S. Army's Philippine Department.

⁷⁶ John D. Edwards was a Clemson-class "four-pipe" destroyer, launched at the William Cramp & Sons yard in Philadelphia and commissioned the next year. The ship displaced 1,215 tons, was 314 feet long, drew just over nine feet, was rated capable of thirty-five knots, and carried a complement of 124. Its armament comprised four 4-inch guns, one 3-inch gun meant for antiaircraft use, and twelve torpedo tubes in four triple mounts. Edwards had operated throughout the interwar period in the Pacific, Atlantic, Caribbean, and Mediterranean but mostly in the Far East. By the time of Pearl Harbor it had been in the Asiatic Fleet since 1929. After the events detailed in this book the ship would first operate briefly around Australia, then return to the West Coast for a several-month overhaul and alterations. It then operated between Pearl Harbor and San Francisco, thereafter in the Atlantic. Edwards would be laid up at the end of the war, having earned three battle stars, and in 1946 be sold for scrap.

⁷⁷ Of course, HEE had received orders before beginning his travel, those cited in his trip report reproduced in chapter 1. Perhaps they required local endorsement before he could take command.

life again. Saw many old friends and unpacked finally. It was a wonderful relief to sleep in the same bed for more than a few days and to know that I did not have to think about packing, etc.

In due time the Augusta⁷⁸ arrived and on Sunday 27 October I went aboard and made my report to Admiral Hart. He was very cordial and made me feel very much at home. It is the fourth time since 1930 that I have served under him and I feel confident that I shall enjoy my work. He is a splendid man and officer; he has tremendous responsibilities and his decisions are vital.

Since then we have been busy, with operations with submarines, interim [dry-]docking etc; I have found old friends and golfing partners such as Jim Brennen⁷⁹ and Ben Adams. We all will have great problems of readjustment to make but with my work, golf and phonograph I shan't be the lost soul that I certainly should be had I no other resources. It will be lonely and tough but I am confident that I can take it. Isabel's letters are wonderful, Skippy is in the best

The other day I received my first Letter of Commendation. To feel that Admiral Hart was pleased more than compensates for the hours of indecision that from time to time hit me—I can look back on the trip as a grand adventure and I hope eventually to add a copy of my report to this diary.

possible hands and so while I shall be lonely I shall know that my family is secure.

LETTER FROM COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U.S. ASIATIC FLEET, TO LIEUTENANT COMMANDER HENRY E. ECCLES, 28 OCTOBER 1940 Subject: Your Report of October 18, 1940

1. The Commander in Chief, ASIATIC FLEET, desires to commend you on the excellence of the subject report. It reveals the expenditure of diligent effort and the exercise of superior judgement in the performance of an important mission. . . .

THOS. C. HART



Adm. Thomas C. Hart, USN, in 1939, wearing a mourning band for the late Secretary of the Navy Claude Swanson, who died in Iulv that year. (NH 95167, courtesy of the Naval History and Heritage Command)

⁷⁸ Augusta (CA 31) was a Northampton-class cruiser, commissioned in 1931 as a light cruiser and redesignated as "heavy" in 1933. In late 1940 Augusta was (as it had been since 1933) the flagship of Commander in Chief, Asiatic Fleet, at this point Adm. Thomas C. Hart. The next month, relieved by the cruiser Houston, Augusta would return to the United States and, after a major overhaul and modernization, become briefly the flagship of Commander in Chief, Atlantic Fleet (then Adm. Ernest J. King), at Newport, Rhode Island.

⁷⁹ James Edward Brennen (1889-?), a Supply Corps officer, was at this point assigned to the destroyer tender and squadron flagship USS Black Hawk (AD 9) and serving additionally as staff supply officer for Destroyer Squadron 29. He had entered the Navy in 1921 and would retire in 1943. Benjamin Ernest Adams (1914-65, USNA class of 1935) would retire in 1957 as a captain.

III Joining the Asiatic Fleet

February-July 1941

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 1 FEBRUARY 1941, 9 PM

woke up feeling like the devil, primarily because of some stuff the doctor gave me last night—but apparently it was effective for since 10 a.m. I have been feeling steadily better and when the Doc came in he said I could get up any time—however I stayed in bed all day, slept like a log for three hours this afternoon and really feel human again. Tomorrow I may be up a while to get my legs in shape.

This morning mail came in on the *President Cleveland*¹—note from Heavy² mailed 30 Oct! Herb's Rudy Vallee record which is very very funny³ indeed and please thank him, and a month's collection of magazines and a dozen or so Christmas cards—also Willet's collection of remarks on school objectives! So, Darling, I have read my eyes out. But it's so nice to feel really well that I don't care.

Sweetheart, I am going ashore for a few hours and take it easy—I feel well but a bit rocky. Good bye for a while. I love you.

[Sunday, 2 February 1941, 1 PM, continued]

And now for a little news about myself. We have had a rather uninteresting week, getting in late yesterday afternoon. My cold has been improving steadily but slowly—I have lots more pep now but still feel it a little. We are going alongside the *Black Hawk*, our tender, ⁴ for two weeks' overhaul.

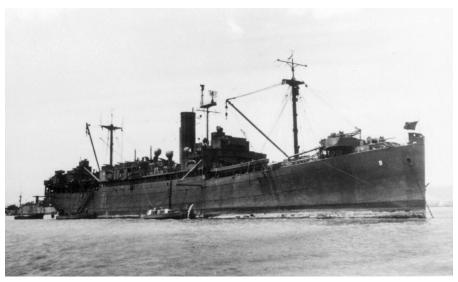
¹ SS *President Cleveland* was one of the twelve-thousand-ton Emergency Fleet Corporation ships, designed as a troop transport, then converted to a combined passenger and cargo ship. It was built in 1921 at Newport News, Virginia. It was originally named *Golden State* but soon after was renamed *President Cleveland*, sailing under the successive house flags of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Dollar Steamship Company, and American President Lines. In July 1941 it was chartered by the U.S. Army, converted to be a troop transport, and renamed *General Tasker H. Bliss*. Transferred to the Navy as USS *Tasker H. Bliss* (AP 42), it was sunk by a torpedo from *U-130* while anchored in Fedhala Roads, Morocco, on 12 November 1942.

² Lt. Cdr. Marshall M. "Heavy" Dana (1899-?, USNA class of 1923), wife Mary; see the introduction. As a lieutenant at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, he had developed the "bubble eliminator," a major improvement for launching torpedoes. In April 1941, at the Bureau of Ships, he wrote a widely circulated paper on diesel engines for submarines.

³ Rudy Vallee (1901–86) was a very popular singer, band leader, film actor, and entertainer. This reference is likely to his recording of "There Is a Tavern in the Town" / "The Drunkard Song" (1934), in which he laughs helplessly through the last two verses, apparently because of the lyrics. Both a "correct" version and the outtake were published by the Victor label.

⁴ USS *Black Hawk* (AD 9), launched in 1913 as a freighter, was purchased by the Navy in 1917, commissioned in 1918, and designated a tender (originally for minesweepers) in 1920. In 1946, after serving in Australia, in Alaskan waters, and at Pearl Harbor during the war and at Okinawa immediately after, the ship would be decommissioned for transfer to the Maritime Commission.

Last week a young reserve ensign ported to the *Edwards* for duty—three years of college, University of Iowa Veterinary School, six months Army ROTC [Reserve Officers' Training Corps], three months in the special new Reserve Officers Training School the Navy has set up in Chicago, includ-



The destroyer tender Black Hawk (AD 9). (U.S. Naval War College Museum Photograph Archive)

ing about a three-weeks' cruise on a battleship as a reserve midshipman!⁵

All I have to do is to make a naval officer out of him. Please, darling wish me luck! He is willing and intelligent and seems clean cut—simply no educational background!

I like Bill Lalor, our new division commander, ever so much—fine and decisive and he knows destroyers. All our work is much more realistic, we are shedding so many peacetime excrescences such as lots of paper work, extra gear, brightwork [polished brass fittings] and most of the old things that were done for show purposes. The younger officers and C.P.O.s [chief petty officers] are getting a chance to handle the ship and are being given more and more responsibility. Naturally they are responding nobly.

Yesterday I received two letters from Kenya which are interesting in connection with my diary. Thelma Cromwall had lent me How Green Was My Valley [chapter 2, note 14], which I returned from Singapore, and I wrote short notes on Christmas

⁵ This is Romaine J. Buzzetti (1919-2013), born in Ticonic, Iowa. (For a lightly fictionalized glimpse of the Navy's Chicago reserve-officer training activity HEE mentions, see Herman Wouk's classic 1951 novel The Caine Mutiny.) Buzzetti had received at-sea gunnery instruction in the battleship USS Wyoming (BB 32), which operated throughout the war as a training ship in Chesapeake Bay. He was to serve at sea throughout the Pacific War, next on the Gleaves-class destroyer USS Nelson (DD 623) and finally as executive officer of USS Callaghan (DD 792), a Fletcher-class destroyer sunk by a kamikaze on 28 (also given as 29) July 1945, during the Okinawa campaign—the last ship to be destroyed by a kamikaze in the conflict. See chapter 6, note 24.

⁶ William G. Lalor (1897-1978, USNA class of 1921). There were three destroyer divisions in the Asiatic Fleet, 57, 58, and 59, which constituted Destroyer Squadron 29. Destroyer divisions (John D. Edwards was at this point in Destroyer Division 57, apparently shifting at least occasionally to 58 after hostilities began) contained nominally four ships of like class, or at least type, two or more divisions constituting a squadron. The division commander was the senior commanding officer in the unit; Lalor commanded USS Peary (DD 226), which apparently later shifted to Destroyer Division 59. Lalor's ship was to be sunk by Japanese aircraft a year later, and he would retire in 1950 as a rear admiral.



cards to all the people I had met. Strange—the only two girls named Thelma I have ever known—both Americans meeting tragedy in Africa, a touch of impersonal irony to it! . . .

Tonight I am going to see *Philadelphia Story*⁷ thank goodness, without Mrs. Cary!

I made a horrible pun at dinner the other night when Lieutenant Giles⁸ refused mangoes because they made him break out in hives—I said that it reminded me of "Giles Allergy in a Country Church Yard"...

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 7 FEBRUARY 1941, 11:30 PM Manila

Darling Isy,

I finally got a chance to go ashore to do some shopping and am now trying out my new pen. I am not so sure I like it as well as the old one but time will tell; at least it writes smoothly.

This evening I went out to the Wolffs' for bowling and buffet supper and as usual had an enjoyable and quiet time. There is an attractive crowd there every Friday night—nice people, interesting

talk—not-too-serious bowling and delicious food. It is an "open house" affair that has been going on for years, most of the people are five to fifteen years older than I, with a few younger. Tom and Caroline are lots of fun and it is a great treat for me to feel free to drop in for a few hours. There are many Scots in the outfit and it is a shame that you are not here to enjoy the "fun." I have told the tragic story of Tink's new hat at Uncle Archie's funeral¹⁰ with rather good effect but I can never equal the beautiful pathos that you give it! In any event Darling your yarn is accepted as truth more than half way around the world!

⁷ An Oscar-winning 1940 release by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, starring Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, and James Stewart, directed by George Cukor, based on a play by Philip Barry.

William Jefferson Giles, Jr. (1909-80, USNA class of 1931), later the ship's executive officer and ultimately recommended by HEE for the Navy Cross, was to relieve HEE as commanding officer in March (one source has 1 May) 1942, remaining until May 1943. He would retire a captain. See chapter 6, note 49.

⁹ Thomas J. Wolff was the chairman of the Philippine Red Cross, later the Philippine representative of the Elks War Commission. He (and also his wife, Caroline) would be interned by the Japanese in the Santo Tomás prison camp, near Manila, from 1942 to 1945. He would retire from the Red Cross in 1946.

^{10 &}quot;Tink" is unidentified, but "Uncle Archie" might have been the Rev. Archibald McCord (1852-1925), who was buried in North Stonington, Connecticut.

Today I mailed you a batch of Christmas cards that came to me—they will probably reach you early in March.

Last night I saw *Philadelphia Story* and really loved it—it is such a delicious play and the movies did a splendid job. I am sorry that you saw it under such adverse circumstances—if we could have been together I know you would have gotten the old kick from it.

I feel rather well tonight because at the [Army and Navy] Club I got word that a rather unconventional suggestion of mine [presumably at the Bureau of Engineering] in regard to the best approach to a difficult submarine engine problem had produced excellent results and incidentally done quite a bit to restore the faith and confidence of some rather beaten-down young officers. In reality it was quite simple—just "tell the exact facts as well as you are able to determine them—and tell them to the right people, i.e., the people who are in the best position to correct them—and then trust in their good judgement and sense of fairness to give you prompt and decisive action." It does not seem very complicated but actually, Sweetheart, it is remarkable how years of peacetime methods and routine have obscured the minds of many people all to the real issues which are at stake. The resulting action was prompt and boy! was it decisive!

And now the men that actually must do the fighting feel that they are understood and are receiving the maximum of cooperation from the Navy Department. Of course if some people find out that I had a finger in the affair they will be very mad at H.E.E. But frankly I don't care because the people whose opinion I really value are on my side and we can chalk up one more victory for the combination of Eccles and Dana [see note 2] versus the obstructionists!

And so Isy I shall turn in—my cold is all gone, I have a clear conscience and best of all—I love you—

- P.S. 1 I like the New Year.
- I also bought socks and swabby sailor skivvies!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 8 FEBRUARY 1941, 9 AM Good Morning Isy,

The Clipper has been delayed so there is time to get this off to you instead of waiting till next week. Pretty soon the chipping hammers will start pounding and I shall spend my days in what approximates a boiler factory. Jim Brennen got selected for commander, much to his surprise because he had been passed over three times—naturally he is tickled. [The class of] '27 got a very high percentage of selection to lieut comdr [lieutenant commander], about 81%, the highest since selection started. I see Harry Slocum ashore quite a bit, he is fine and we swap yarns and

¹¹ Cdr. Harry Browning Slocum (1897-1980, USNA class of 1919) was fleet operations officer on the staff of the Commander in Chief, Asiatic Fleet, on board the flagship USS Houston (CA 30). Later, as commanding officer of the heavy cruiser USS Minneapolis (CA 36), he would earn the Navy Cross in the action at Surigao Strait on 25 October 1944. He would retire as a rear admiral.

comment. Jim Gray¹² got a letter of Commendation from Sec Nav¹³ for saving a man's life in the high surf off Makapuu Head, Hawaii: one was drowned but Jim saved one and helped another.

No more news. Give my love to all.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 9 FEBRUARY 1941, 10 AM Manila

Darling Isy,

This is for me a nice sleepy morning; yesterday I finished eighteen holes and in addition I found that I had lost about five pounds since my cold started. I came back to the ship at 7:30 and after the movies listened to Flagstad¹⁴ and Bach on the phonograph and was asleep by ten. I slept well and have just finished breakfast, but still have a very nice lazy feeling. Since we have the ready duty I can't do anything much ashore so I shall loaf aboard, write some overdue letters and then possibly go ashore to sun bathe at the pool.

Not much news, but I shall continue later.

[6:15 PM, continued]

I wrote a long letter to Mary Dana: they sent me a very nice Christmas card note and I know that Heavy is much too busy to write, so I asked Mary to give me all the inside dope on what is going on in Washington. After lunch I went ashore, took a long sun bath at the Club and then sat around the bar with Van Zandt, 15 Percifield, Denny, Phil Compton, Will Hurst and Dave Hart—swapping yarns and drinking beer. This evening we are having Pygmalion¹⁶ aboard so I shall see that again; then early to bed. It is interesting to see how the officers are reacting to this situation. In most cases they are doing what I am—plenty of exercise, long hours at the bar with

¹² This may have been James Edward Grey (1907-?), who in April 1941 was assigned as pay clerk on the staff of Commander, Yangtze Patrol, on board USS Luzon (PG 47).

¹³ Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox.

¹⁴ Kirsten Flagstad (1895-1962), a celebrated Norwegian soprano, was by 1940 singing at the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

¹⁵ Possibly James E. Van Zandt (1898–1986), then a reserve lieutenant (eventually a rear admiral, USNR), who had already been and would be again several times a U.S. congressman. Cdr. Willis Merritt Percifield (1894-1970, USNA class of 1918) commanded Submarine Division 202, which had arrived in the theater the year before. In 1944, as a captain, he would be awarded the Legion of Merit for his performance of duty during the Normandy landings. "Denny" (elsewhere "Bob") is probably Lt. Cdr. Robert Lee Dennison (1901-80, USNA class of 1923), who was serving as public relations officer on the staff of the Commander in Chief, U.S. Asiatic Fleet. He would later serve as naval aide to President Harry S. Truman. As a four-star admiral in 1960-63, he would be Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet and Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Command, responsible for maintaining the blockade during the Cuban missile crisis. Philip Dow Compton (1902-57, USNA class of 1925) was at this time in command of the submarine USS Shark (SS 174) but would be detached in late 1941; he would retire in 1943 as a lieutenant commander. Edwin William Hurst (b. 1910, USNA class of 1925), would die in Auckland, New Zealand, in February 1942 as a lieutenant. Dave Hart (Hunt?) is unidentified.

¹⁶ Starring Leslie Howard (who codirected, with Anthony Asquith) and Wendy Hiller, distributed in the United States by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This 1938 British film, based directly on the George Bernard Shaw play of the same name, would be adapted first into a musical then a musical film, both My Fair Lady.

old friends and a long time between drinks, a quiet life but healthy and about the best that can be expected. . . .

FROM THE "ECCLESIANA": SONGS OF THE MANILA ARMY-NAVY CLUB Collected by HEE in October 1940

(Sung to the tune of "California, Here I Come." "CINCAF" was Commander in Chief [CinC], Asiatic Fleet.)

CINCAF, CINCAF, I won't go!

Can't you hear me? No no no!

Don't think I'll stand for being ordered around,
I'm staying, I'm saying,
I'm not in your damned old navy!

You may furnish ocean fare,

But you'll have to drag me there.

No, I'm on the Washington—

California, here I come!

"She's a Navy Wife" ("J.O.'s" are junior officers.)

Ι

Who knows last year's gunnery score?

Who runs the fleet tho she lives ashore?

Who's married to two stripes but she wears four?

She's a Navy Wife.

Who's the one who gets the dope,
Who says yes when she oughta say nope,
Who never crabs when you're late—you hope.
She's a Navy Wife.

When it's time for a change of station she knows where you're goin'.

The man in the Bureau says he couldn't find out, But when your orders came you know she wasn't wro-ong. She's a Navy Wife.

Who's the one who knows it all,
Who hates your hats in the spring and fall?

Why do we go to the Navy Ball? She's a Navy Wife.

П

Who's the one who knows the answer When she says will you finance her? Who's the one who wears the pants, sir? She's a Navy Wife.

Who's the cause of all your woes? Who puts runs in costly hose? Who thinks she's hot stuff with all the J.O.'s? She's a Navy Wife.

You were feeling all right until you met her. Then you bubbled like a stiff gin fizz. You married her because she was different. And after you did so you found out—she is. Who's the one who's billin' and cooin' yer, Who's the one who's always doing yer, Who's the cause of a Navy junior, She's a Navy Wife.

III

Whose house management knows no bounds? Who gets by on a small allowance, Who serves you fillets on charge accounts? She's a Navy Wife.

Who hears things that you mustn't repeat? Who in the boat has a reserved seat? Who's always thinking of something to eat? She's a Navy Wife.

When it's time to check directors and you're late ashore, Who saw the engineers meeting their wives Not at six fifteen but at half past fo-ur? Who gets your breakfast in her bed? Who keeps you always in the red? Who has a heart of gold—and lots of lead? She's a Navy Wife. (L.V.D.) [Unidentified]

"The Wives Who Go to Sea"

Oh you've heard of the Navy And the wives who go to sea For the glory of their countries' colors fair. For the story is they're blue, they're cold, Their men are here to stay, and they fear they're going home by government fare. Oh there's evacuation on the Far China station. They're crabbing from here to Timbuctoo. And they say if we use force, they will sue for a divorce. If the Army men can do it, why can't you?

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 9 FEBRUARY 1941 [MONDAY, 10 FEBRUARY, 9 AM, CONTINUED]

Apparently the Clipper is late and it will be a long time before this reaches you. So it should be pretty fat . . .

[11 PM, continued]

Again just before bed time—I went ashore for a walk inside the Walled City (Old Manila), paid some bills and then to the Club for two beers before dinner. Manila is a crazy architectural hodge podge with no character of its own and very little [sic] fine old remnants. The new buildings, of which there are many, don't fit with the rest of the city—it just does not click—tomorrow golf with Van, Jim, and Charlie Weeks (the skipper of the *Whipple*). Tood Night Isy Darling. I love you.

[Tuesday, 11 February, 11:30 PM, continued]

A busy morning and then a nice game of golf this afternoon, dinner and a quiet evening ashore at the Club and now to bed—no news just a healthy tired feeling tomorrow golf again and the Symphony concert in the evening. There is little for

¹⁷ Whipple (DD 217) was, like John D. Edwards, a Clemson-class destroyer; the two ships were both in Destroyer Division 57, and their wartime careers were to be broadly parallel. Whipple would be decommissioned in 1945 and sold for scrap in 1947. Lt. Cdr. Charles S. Weeks (1905-90), now Whipple's commanding officer, would as a captain in the mid-1950s command U.S. Naval Station, Tacoma, Washington. He would retire as a rear admiral.

the Captain to do aboard ship during a tender overhaul and I think it wise to get away and let the working people work. Good night Mrs. E.

[Thursday, 13 February, 5 PM, continued]

Yesterday I played golf again and in the evening went to the Symphony with two other officers from the ship. It was most enjoyable and the program well chosen. Bach's Air from Suite in D (the Air for the G string that we have recorded), 18 Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony and then a lovely double piano concerto by Mozart and finally twelve Brahms waltzes with orchestra and [women's?] chorus. The last was very unusual and interesting but the chorus seemed a little big for proper blending in the theater.

Herbert Zipper¹⁹ has really done a splendid job with his orchestra and in a few years more will really have a fine group. I just missed the midnight boat²⁰ and had to wait an hour so today I was quite tired. I went ashore at one, did some short shopping, took an hour's sun bath at the Club and got back at four. Tonight I shall turn in early.

The Clipper had been delayed another day[—]it is now almost a week late which is very disappointing. There is no news here and we are continuing with a rather boring round of inspections and overhaul and I am getting the fed up feeling again.

[Friday, 14 February, 2 PM, continued]

I am enclosing a small check for the "Nephew Fund" with the hope that the recent pay raise will act as a further stimulant! What strange channels my passion for "stimulating people" is leading me into! If ever this country was in need of courage and faith it is now. I guess that I need plenty myself—but if I am going to fight for the country I want to feel that the next generation will not be composed of the sons and daughters of relievers [apparently, people on public relief, welfare]!

I rather like having an unfinished letter to you on my desk for then I can write scraps now and then, and it seems more like talking to you in the same room. The dependence I have on you, the way my mind just naturally keeps turning toward you has grown stronger year by year and can never grow less.

This evening I am going ashore to see the Wolffs and probably do a bit of bowling. . . . I had a grand time last night at the Agnews²¹—Barbara, Guy[—]

^{18 &}quot;Air on the G String," a nickname (derived from an original annotation on the violin part) for a popular rescored and transposed arrangement by the nineteenth-century violinist August Wilhelmi of the second movement of J. S. Bach's Orchestral Suite no. 3 in D Major.

¹⁹ Zipper, born in Vienna in 1904 in an affluent Jewish family, had been conductor of the Manila Symphony Orchestra since his release (through the efforts of his father, in London) from the Dachau and Buchenwald concentration camps in 1939. During the Japanese occupation of the Philippines he would be imprisoned briefly and thereafter work secretly for the Allies. After the war he would emigrate to the United States, dying there in 1997.

²⁰ That is, back to the ship, either anchored or moored to a buoy in a "nest" of ships.

²¹ Charles Guy Agnew (1908-73) was a younger brother of Sir Peter Garnett Agnew, first Baronet Agnew. His elder brother, Lt. Cdr. Walter Lockett Agnew, RN (1898-1942), had married a daughter

Wilfred Wooding²² and I sat up until 3 a.m. listening to Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and others with long sessions of discussions ranging the whole field—quite metaphysical at times—education, law, politics, all came in for their share.

In the whole evening I kept wishing for you because you would have loved it and contributed so much besides your presence. One very interesting phase of the discussion was the agreement between Barbara, Guy and Wilfred that under no imaginable circumstance would either Guy or Wilfred crack up psychologically or lose their nerve or their self-confidence. It was not discussed in a way that indicated egoism at all but was very matter-of-fact and objective. They are charming and stimulating people.

[Saturday, 15 February, 1:30 PM, continued probably]

I played golf in the afternoon and got a 95 with three eights. It has been very dry for the last six or eight weeks and the courses are pretty well burnt up but still playable. I am rather tired today and will take things easily.

We have no news on what is really going on but are prepared for anything. Of course if things break, mail would probably stop or at least be very greatly delayed— I got very sleepy and now at 3:45 I have just awakened from a very good nap—do you still get your "two minutes" Darling? I keep wishing for the Clipper to come in so that I can know what you have been thinking about—it seems so long since I heard last and my ideas seem so dull when not stimulated by news from you.

"MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS, RECORDS AND NOTES" Manila, Sunday, 16 February 1941

Again years have elapsed since I last wrote anything in the book.²³ A well connected story will be hard to evolve from the helter skelter nature of a scrap book such as this!

This last summer I kept for three months the only consecutive record I have made. That contains the details of my trip from New York to Manila via South Africa. For [an] addition I wrote a confidential report to CinC Asiatic and some day, I may be able to include a copy in my diary.

of Field Marshal Sir William Robertson. Guy Agnew was educated at Rugby School and Jesus College, Cambridge. At the time of his death, he held the office of justice of the peace in Sussex. In 1938, he had married Enid Barbara Plimsoll Agnew (?-1971). The Sixth Report of the United States High Commissioner to the Philippines in 1941-42 noted that she was a British subject and had worked in the British consulate in Manila. At the fall of Manila she was placed in the University of Santo Tomás internment camp by the Japanese; the Agnews would be repatriated in 1945.

²² Wilfred Wooding (1905-?) had been with the Asiatic Shell Company in Hong Kong since 1940. He would in 1947 become an executive with Pan American.

²³ HEE had, since at least 1924, committed to writing his thoughts, views, and private commentary and kept them as "memoranda to self"—forming, together with the diary entries that provide most of the account of his travel to Manila, what might be considered, as HEE seems to have, a "commonplace book." These more general writings exist in loose manuscript form, Ms. Coll. 52, series V, box 91, Miscellany, "Miscellaneous Thoughts, Records and Notes," NHC. A later typewritten transcript is in box 1, folder 8, "Biographical Materials."

Manila under the present circumstances of separation from our families is not a particularly attractive place. Isabel was supposed to sail from San Francisco on 22 October but the evacuation order was published just in time to prevent her sailing and by 15 December practically all the Navy families out here had returned [home]. The lonely life is hard and will be harder, I think, as time goes on.

I took over command of this destroyer about 20 October and since that time have enjoyed the duty as such. I have gotten the feel of the ship pretty well and it has been lots of fun to handle her. When we are at sea, things are fine for we slip into the routine of hard work with very little time to think about eventualities. But the weeks in overhaul lying in Manila Bay are tough. Fortunately I have made some interesting friendships ashore[-t]he Bergers, Tom and Caroline Wolff, and Guy and Barbara Agnew[—] and with them manage to have some very enjoyable times.

The Bergers are a very interesting Jewish family; he from New York, Mrs. Berger from Melbourne.

Caroline Wolff is a sister of "Doctor Mary" Crawford and Tom is a very successful and prominent businessman with varied interests thru out the Philippines. They have a beautiful home next to the Manila Polo Club and every Friday night they have open house for bowling and a buffet supper. I go out there frequently and always have a quiet and enjoyable time.

Barbara Agnew's grandmother is a great and old friend of Aunt Anna Peterson; Guy is in the Asiatic Petroleum Company. They are both very musical, leaning especially to Bach, Mozart, and Handel. The evenings they spent there are delightful combinations of fine phonography [phonographic, i.e., 78 rpm records] music and stimulating discussions.

Naturally I miss Isabel horribly—This is an unnatural way of living and when we are in a port for any length of time I get very restless. I have my phonograph aboard ship and it is a great blessing for it does give me a source of rare enjoyment. But nothing has real flavor without Isy. "Beauty without the beloved is like a sword in the heart!"24

I miss Skip's cheerful presence and the fun of having him around but he was due to be away at school and that separation is an inevitable thing. Heretofore I have been very lucky to be with him.

There is of course no use in trying to evade the realities of the present situation, that is, the personal aspects. All the rationalizing that is attempted does no good when there is the wave-like gnawing hunger for love and affection that no amount of work or exercise or anything else eliminates. There it is and that is the hell of being so much in port. It is very hard to concentrate—of course there is always

²⁴ Sometimes attributed to Ida Alexa Ross Wylie (1885-1959, an Australian-born British and American novelist, screenwriter, and poet who published as "I. A. R. Wylie") but more often to the British poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-82)—none of whose 330 poems, however, contain the line.

routine work and also possibility of advantageous study that theoretically should provide outlet. But that is ineffective without concentration.

The nights are hot and long—the days are hot and just as long—the only thing I can honestly say is "To Hell with the Asiatic Station!" I can say that very fervently.

In spite of the natural reactions and emotions produced by the situation I can think about its basic causes. In my opinion the fundamental cause is the underestimation of the intelligence of our people: this of course by the political leaders of the country. I don't think it is a matter of their relative patriotism[;] it is more a matter of blindness.

People will respond to honest intelligent leadership—they will not respond to equivocation, evasion or to the methods of indirection that have characterized the period from 1920 to 1941. Every great issue that has confronted the world and most of those that have confronted the United States have been met half-heartedly, selfishly [or] with evasion and postponement and expediency as the guiding stars of the men in whose hands the destinies of people rested. Of course in so far as the relations of Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy are concerned the picture is clear and well exposed.

Nevertheless those same characteristics, or I should say lack of character, have dominated politics in the United States thru this whole period.

How many times deliberate misrepresentation of major issues [has] been covered by politicians not having sufficient faith in the people of the country to present a case in accordance with sincere convictions but have rather striven to present the case in the way they think people would like to hear it. Prohibition is the outstanding example that is recognized but foreign relations is a similar one which is not so clearly understood. In its beginning the League of Nations did have great possibilities but [it was] manhandled by the selfishness of the British and French leaders and the basic concept so distorted by them that grave and justifiable doubts were raised in the United States and those doubts were among the original causes of the failure of the League.

But later when sentiment in the United States had swung to the point where positive leadership would have brought the United States at least into a practical working accord with the League, British leadership brought on the tragic farce of the Lytton Report on Manchuoko [Manchukuo].²⁵

Postponement, evasion, expediency! They were the dominating factors in that decision which brought war.

²⁵ The Japanese had in 1931 seized Manchuria and parts of Inner Mongolia and constituted them the nominally separate state of "Manchukuo," installing the last Qing emperor of China, Puyi, as puppet emperor. From Manchukuo the Japanese had launched attacks and depredations that ultimately produced the full-scale regional war that was now ongoing.

Ethiopia—again the same—Baldwin Naval Treaty in 1935²⁶ with Germany again the same—Spain [i.e., the Spanish Civil War, 1936–39] again the same—How much better would it have been if Great Britain and France had disclaimed any interest in that war rather than to have claimed an interest and then acquiesced in a shameful set of so called Non-Intervention Pacts. Every time that sort of dishonesty is acquiesced in the future stores up more and more trouble. It was not ignorance—it was selfishness, fear and above all lack of faith.

Our leaders seem to have no knowledge of how people react to honesty, courage and sincerity. Yet the people do—they always have—when they reach the stage of not reacting to those things, then it is the best possible evidence that their character has disintegrated to the point where they are no longer fitted to be treated as anything but scum. But how often do they get the chance to react to those qualities of leadership! Very seldom. Therein lies the great tragedy of the present.

In our daily life, aboard ship, among our friends, in our homes, we find that people do respond to an attitude of meeting issues squarely and with courage and faith. And yet people are afraid of themselves using those characteristics chiefly beause they underestimate, or deny [that] those same characteristics are possibly ... present in the hearts and minds of their fellow men!

Thursday, 20 February 1941

It is interesting and ironical how many people are now howling to high heaven about the dangers and disadvantages and unpleasant facts of our present national policy. They forget that a few years ago, they refused to be concerned about it, deprecated its possibilities and basked in the warm sun of their own complacency and small predjudices [sic]. Then there was time to act—then a decided policy on the part of the United States would have resolved the problem and possibly averted the whole mess. Two to three years ago was the proper time to be wrought up about the situation. Now is the time to be relaxed and undisturbed by the events of the day then it was still possible to control [them]—not [that] it is out of control [but] calm determination and unquestioning obedience and discipline are the major factors which combined with faith will carry the country thru. It is much too late for worry!

The pattern of fate was being designed then. Once its design was completed the weaving thereof was inevitable, and those who refused to cooperate or to look at this design are now up in arms about the consequences of their own folly!

The war actually started in March 1938²⁷ but it was not recognized—The United States has been a participant in the war from its beginning but the people refused

²⁶ The Anglo-German Naval Treaty, signed 18 June 1935, eleven days after Stanley Baldwin became prime minister for the third time. The pact, which imposed a 35: 100 ratio on German and British naval tonnage, was abrogated by Germany in 1939.

²⁷ Presumably a reference to Hitler's forcible absorption on 13 March 1938 of Austria into Germany, in what was known as the Anschluss, "annexation."

or were too ignorant to recognize it and their leaders in most cases were reluctant to acquaint them with the facts!

In the present situation some people seem to have difficulty in justifying the position taken by the administration that the success of Great Britain in the present war is vital to the welfare of the United States. In explaining their doubt they bring out the fact that they have found the German people to be as fine, or attractive or to possess the same qualities as the English—or that they prefer to associate with them or that since the German people have many fine qualities . . . they see no reason why German domination of Europe is not a good thing.

That line of argument seems to me to have no basis in fact or in logic. I have a very strong conviction that the present situation is due to the complete subjugation of whatever fine civilized qualities the Germans may possess and that the attainment of German objectives would mean the complete negation of all the major qualities of civilization that make life worth living. I don't think that it is possible to compromise with or live with that attitude.

From a cold blooded point of view we have found that even under the worst aspects of British domination life has been a tolerable thing and under the normal condition[—]or that is to say the conditions that have in general existed for the last one hundred years[—]it has been possible, [practical] and very tolerable to live at peace with a large section of the world dominated by the British. From the viewpoint of considering best aspects of the British we find that there has been a constant improvement in both personal and national relations, that our ideas as to the fundamental character of civilized life have more nearly coincided as time went on and that actually from a broad point of view there is no essential differences in our major outlook[s] on life.

I say that with full acquiescence with [the idea that] many aspects of the English people . . . are exasperating. But where I can be exasperated with the evidences of superciliousness, smugness, self-satisfaction, and selfishness that are so frequently made the basis for a hearty dislike of the English (that is to say, under the most unfavorable circumstances) they still can be dealt with on an equitable basis. And while in the mutually regretted past their national policies have been based on self-ish expediency in many cases, those defects have not been deliberately built up for the purposes of deception nor have those policies been deliberately fostered but have been the result of human failings, weakness and indecision.

On the other hand German smugness and self-satisfaction are based on a deliberately cultivated cult of racial and national superiority that requires the so-called inferior peoples to kneel in public obeisance before the one and only supreme Teuton. There is a contemptuous aspect to the German attitude that arouses not only exasperation but contempt and hate in return.

The national forces of civilization and colonization have modified the so-called objectionable aspects of English character until now the differences between a Canadian, a South African, or an Australian and an American are not matters of great importance. The German wishes to dominate not only the trade of the world but the thinking of the world and that is impossible and completely intolerable—at present the fine qualities of the British are emphasized and brought out—but aside from physical courage, mechanical and engineering ability and administrative and organizing ability what fine characteristics of the Germans are in evidence? Is life to be lived wholly on a basis of those criteria?

Wednesday, 14 May 1941

The various thoughts that come when alone a great deal have a continuity. Of course with the situation as it is my own home life and family have been the central thought. The world and military situation is a subject for constant discussion but I find that aside from that my mind does not dwell on it. And it is just as well for otherwise too much depression would ensue.

The one outstanding quality that Isabel has shown thruout out our life together has been that of a "homemaker" rather than that of a "housekeeper" and the distinction is quite obvious. Mother had the same quality and lucky is the man who marries that type of girl! So many women pride themselves on their housekeeping and yet have no conception of what it takes to make a home. The spirit of cheerful repose[—]that takes that restlessness out of a man. It is remarkable how much thought and intuition, and intelligence a woman has to have to create that atmosphere. And how much real work has to be done to accomplish it! I have been most fortunate and I hope that when Skip grows up he will instinctively reach out for that quality in the girl he marries.

Of course the type of life we have led does tend to make us appreciate a home more than otherwise and also it enabled us to see more clearly the deficiencies of home life as they frequently occur in other places. Two people living together very naturally go thru phases of relentlessness, other things show attraction—other fields may seem greener, outside interests may appear very compelling. But when the basic atmosphere is created then love can grow strongly and can create a unity of spirit that is unassailable. On that basis, mutual enjoyment and appreciation of the beauties of life can develop and only on that basis [can] life . . . be full!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 18 FEBRUARY 1941, 4 PM Darling,

Waiting for Clipper mail! It should be here soon.

I am sending our income tax returns by separate letter or possibly with this will you please sign under my signature—and mail it on to Collector Internal Revenue Baltimore. Your signature does not have to be witnessed. I thought I might as well furnish the check too! Last year it was only \$35.00 [in 2016 currency, \$602.13] but lowering the exemption from \$2,500 to \$2,000 made it stiffer.

[11 PM, continued]

The Clipper got in! Two long beautiful letters from my Isy and one from Skip! Oh Darling it is so grand to be able to hear all the news of what you are doing and the feelings you have. No one but you would do the kind thoughtful things and tell about them so simply and yet so vividly and I love you for it. You are a blessing to all around you . . .

But to be practical—

It is interesting about Albert Hirsch²⁸—frankly I don't know what to say about your securities. I haven't given that sort of thing a thought for months. I don't think there is going to be any method of assuring safety or profit. I think you are well diversified. My hunch is to hold what you have but I have no conviction. In any event if you see Albert again give him my best regards.

Don't think of coming to Manila—the dope is that if any wife tries that the husband will be sent up the Yangtse River on a gunboat where she can't possibly follow and also you would have a tough time in Manila. And of course no one here has any idea of where our ships will be two months from now. I shall be very much surprised if we are here on July first. And I don't think that we will all go up to China in the springtime either. The most encouraging bit of scuttlebutt is that the ships on this station will be relieved each year and then everyone will go back to the United States in turn and remain there while other ships take over the Asiatic duty—but that is only wild dope. Even if I did know anything I couldn't tell you and if by any chance you should get a hunch keep it to yourself because it would mean a General Court Martial for me. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 23 FEBRUARY 1941 Camp John Hay,²⁹ Baguio, P.I.

My Darling,

We arrived just in time for supper Friday night after about a five hour drive [approximately 150 miles north] from Manila.

It is hard to imagine a greater contrast than that of Baguio and Manila. Actually this is the first time I have felt that I was living in a civilized community since I reached the Philippines.

²⁸ Hirsch and his (presumably stock-market-related) misfortune or peccadillo do not seem to have drawn the attention of the major news outlets. Perhaps he is the Albert Hirsch who was listed in the 1940 census as an inmate in the Sing Sing Correctional Facility in Ossining, New York, offense not specified.

²⁹ At the time, the camp—built in 1903 by the U.S. Army in Baguio, 128 miles north of Manila, to house a regiment of the Philippine army—was primarily a rest-and-recreation facility for the U.S. military, being sited on terrain that was higher, cooler, and drier than the Philippines generally. On 8 December 1941 it would become the first Philippine target of Japanese bombers; it was to be overrun on the 24th and ultimately retaken in April 1945. In 1991 the camp, by then known as John Hay Air Base and run

The city of Baguio is attractive and with clean streets, good-looking substantial houses and shops, and beautiful parks. The people seem to have much more character and the whole atmosphere is different. The mountain air is delightful with a nice but not very rich tang of pines, and it is marvelous to hear the wind in the pines again. And best of all it is so wonderful to be able to move around normally without sweating and to get into bed under a blanket! Then on waking, there is not that slow emergence from a doped feeling.

If you ever do come out here I think the smart thing to do would be to live in Baguio. There is an airline to Manila and I could come up weekends and on leave periods and you could make visits to Manila. Manila heat would not agree with you at all, I am afraid, and it would be wiser to come here at once rather than to wait till you feel run down.

Camp John Hay is a fine big Army post which resembles in some ways the Presidio [in San Francisco, California]—everything is beautifully kept, a very hilly short golf course with sand greens, a very comfortable and attractive officers' mess where we have two big rooms—gorgeous views over the mountains, with walks and lovely gardens and flowers. The Baguio Country Club is next to Camp Hay and is very attractive. There is also a similar course there, beautiful bowling alleys, badminton courts and tennis courts.

Yesterday morning we walked and drove about, then after lunch we had a very pleasant foursome. I got an 80 on a par 65. Lalor had only played three times before but got 115. It was a delightful relaxed game thru beautiful woods, up and down even the holes are named, such as "The Blow Hole," "Duffers Delight," etc., which accurately describes the holes.

After golf a bath and an hour's nap then to a hamburg steak party at the Army-Navy Club where we had a fine time with some nice Army couples, lousy dance music but good fun—we did have some splendid close harmony—Helmkamp³⁰ loves to sing, Lalor and Weeks are good—and three of the four Army people sang very well. We got to bed late but I slept well—this morning we strolled around this afternoon some more golf and, I hope, early to bed.

The whole feel of life is different here and I love it and know you would too. We could have such fun together! You would love the tiny little Igorote³¹ caddies—cheerful alert—11 or 12 yrs old with funny faces and ready smiles. The Igorotes are very short, stubby, mountain people—much more colorful and vigorous than the lowlanders.

by the U.S. Air Force, would be turned over to the Philippine government. Today it is privately operated as a tourist attraction. It is the site of the American ambassador's summer residence, in which Japanese forces surrendered to Gen. Jonathan Wainwright on 3 September 1945.

³⁰ Cdr. Elmer Frank Helmkamp (1897-1964, USNA class of 1920) was on the staff of Commander, Destroyer Squadron 29 on board USS Black Hawk (AD 9). He would retire as a captain in 1947.

³¹ The Igorot are members of seven ethnic groups, speaking seven different languages, who live in the highlands of Luzon. During World War II some would fight the Japanese as guerrillas.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 26 FEBRUARY 1941, 12 PM Manila

Darling Isy,

We got back last night from Baguio after a rather tiring drive down the mountains and thru the country of about 160 miles. It was a grand four days and we all got along well and enjoyed the cool air, the golf, the singing and the fun. Today was rather busy. This evening I went out to the Zippers' and there met a very interesting group of people and enjoyed a quiet evening of music. Dr. Zipper is fine, and Mrs. Zipper nice too. Many nationalities were represented among the 20 people there— Russian, Hungarian, Austrian, American and English and also Spanish. I am tired but feel well satisfied with the week.

As usual there is no news here and I am waiting for the next Clipper due in on Friday. Our tender overhaul ends tomorrow and next week we shall start operating again which will be good for us. In a few minutes I shall get into bed and read some more Almanac for Moderns. 32 Darling, I never read such a completely beautiful book. The description of early spring, pages 374–375, 377–379, so perfectly describes the sensations we have shared and loved that I want you to reread them and know that I am thinking of you and your own reactions and love of life and its beauty....

[Thursday afternoon, 27 February 1941, continued]

Not much dope, Darling; the mail closes this evening—tell Aunt Anna that the Edwards who made admiral at Christmas time is Richard S. Edwards³³ who until recently was Commander Sub Base New London—he is now in command of the submarines in the Atlantic. He is a splendid officer. I know him fairly well. I don't know who John D.³⁴ was but I don't believe there is any connection.

I feel very bare of ideas and thoughts. I took lots of pictures at Baguio and hope that I shall have some good ones of myself to send you next week. If not I shall keep trying until a good one comes out—I feel so queerly about asking some one to take my picture—will you do the same for me because I want pictures of you and Skip.

I am enclosing some snapshots I took on a late afternoon walk—showing the best parts of Manila.

³² An Almanac for Moderns, by the nature writer Donald Culross Peattie (1898-1964), contains an essay on natural history for each day of the year. Originally published in 1935, it was most recently reissued in 2013, by Trinity University Press.

³³ Richard S. Edwards (1885-1956) left the submarine command mentioned by HEE to become deputy chief of staff and aide to the Commander in Chief, U.S. Fleet (and later Deputy Commander in Chief, U.S. Fleet) and Deputy Chief of Naval Operations—his principal in both roles being Adm. Ernest J.

³⁴ That is, HEE's ship's namesake: Lt. (originally Machinist's Mate) John D. Edwards, USN (b. 1885), who was killed 9 October 1918 while serving on board USS Shaw (DD 68) when that ship collided with the troopship Aquitania, which cut off ninety feet of Shaw's bow. Edwards was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross.

I am sorry this is so dull; I feel alright but just a bit dried up.

Isy—will you get and send me two packages of "Recoton" phonograph needles and two packages of KACTI Needles and mail one pkg [of] Recoton air mail please?

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 4 MARCH 1941, 4:30 PM At Sea

My Sweetheart,

We have been out for two days firing anti-aircraft practices and probably will return to Manila on Thursday.

The weekend was busy and tiring but I did enjoy it. Friday the Agnews came out for dinner—Saturday I played golf with Swede³⁵ and got turned in quite early and slept well. But Sunday was too strenuous. I got up early and went to the last concert of the Symphony at 9:15 a.m. I sat next to Mrs. Zipper and after the concert we all went to the lawn of the Manila Hotel for a drink. I had a sandwich for lunch, then played golf, had dinner at the A&N [Army-Navy] Club, then after dinner went out to Doctor Zinner's for a quiet evening and back at midnight. But yesterday I was dog tired and slept like a log last night. So today I have felt very well indeed.

There are so many things I want to talk to you about that I feel this will be a long letter. Your last letters had such grand description of the hairdresser and singer that I want to set the stage a bit for you.

In the first place Manila is full of all kinds of uprooted people. Many of the British wives from Hong Kong are here and in addition there are many refugees from Central Europe, mostly from around Vienna. The Viennese have German passports or in some cases old Austrian passports, their present citizenship is uncertain [due to the Anschluss; see note 27]—some are waiting to be admitted to the United States, others have settled and acquired Philippine papers and others don't know where they stand.

Doctor Zinner was a wealthy and well known kidney specialist from Vienna, who was able to bring out many beautiful and rare pictures and antiques.

Hans Heiman is a well known painter who is now working here and teaching. I have told you about the Zippers. There is an attractive Hungarian couple whose name I can't spell but he teaches singing. An Austrian with a Russian wife. Geoffrey Morrison,³⁷ a young Englishman who is in the shipping business and also works on radio broadcasts. Mr. Nash is a salesman for Cummins Diesel Engines and his wife is a very attractive Ohio girl who is the music critic for the Manila Bulletin.

³⁵ Eliot Hinman "Swede" Bryant (1896-1955, USNA class of 1919) was then serving as Commander, Submarine Division 14. He would retire as a vice admiral.

³⁶ Not a slip for "Zipper" but Dr. A. Zinner, an Austrian nephrologist mentioned in case reports in 1919.

³⁷ Geoffrey Morrison was later interned in the Japanese prison camp at Santo Tomás in Manila. He would become the camp's public-address announcer.

There is a very interesting segregation of groups, with some blending in between, and so far I think I have met about every group in Manila—I see some people in two or three groups, others in only one. Some very "socialite," others good golfing companions, and one in particular, an Irishman from Dublin named Kevin Mallon, who is the representative of International Business Machines, fine golfer, attractive personality, fine mind with a taste for good thoughtful reading. Then there is Tim Heppel, here for 40 years or more, in charge of sales for the San Miguel Brewery. Tim is in the bar at the Club from three to seven every afternoon, usually tight, but he knows everyone in Manila or whoever was here, and is universally liked. The most colorless group here is the Army; they lack imagination and style and have practically no conversation, male or female. Yet they are very cordial and nice, but so many of the older men seem bewildered by all the new things that are going on and some seem to resent very much the upsetting of their peaceful routine of certainty and ease.

The days here are warm and the nights cool—everything is very dry—the rains won't start for six weeks or more.

There is my general stage: and the personalities which occupy it are, as you see, varied.

Sunday's concert started with the Haydn 100th Symphony—well played but to my ear not nearly so attractive as the 99th, which we have.

Next was a repetition of the Brahms "Love Song[,]" waltzes for orchestra and chorus. These were originally written for the piano and chorus then transcribed for orchestra but they had not been given that way since 1870 because the score was lost. Herbert Zipper orchestrated two of the twelve while in the concentration camp at Dachau [see note 19]. They are perfectly lovely and the chorus sang them beautifully, much better than at the concert three weeks ago. After the intermission there was the "After Christmas Suite" written by the son of Judge Haussenmann, " the wealthiest mine owner in the islands. The son was born badly crippled and very backward, he didn't learn to talk until he was twelve! It was light and very attractive with some really fine parts. The finale was the "Weiner Blut" waltz of Johann Strauss [the Younger]. I have never heard a Strauss waltz played so beautifully and it was a revelation and made a wonderful conclusion to a fine concert. The feeling that went into the playing of the Strauss was indescribable—it was alive and literally sang with inspiration and beauty—but pathos was the dominant thing and the expressions on the faces and tears in the eyes of the Viennese among whom I sat were most moving.

The trend of affairs is very discouraging; with Bulgaria Nazi³⁹ it is only a question of time before Yugoslavia goes the same way. The chief difficulty in understanding

³⁸ John W. "Judge" Haussermann (1867-1965) was an American who had been in the Philippines since 1898 (arriving as an Army second lieutenant) and now owned the Baguio Gold Mining Company.

the situation, I believe, lies in the fact that people still put credence in and attach significance to words, plus the fact that newspapers are playing up headlines and talking about increases and decreases in tension. The latter applies particularly to the Far Eastern situation. The actual facts behind the news are extremely difficult to obtain, and practically nothing is known of what is actually told to the representatives of foreign governments.

Of course one of the most successful weapons that Hitler has used has been that of creating confusion and division in the countries that he is attacking. There is no question but that he has conducted some very successful propaganda in the United States. There is also no question that many of the people that have conformed to his desire to keep the United States neutral have done it out of patriotism and sincere honest thinking. Actually, Darling, the confusion in our country now can be accurately traced to our failure to establish a definite fixed national policy. The navy for a generation has begged for that, but it was never formulated. I suppose that is one of the penalties we have to pay for our way of life—if we recognize that and are willing to pay that price it is all right. I really do object to the people who believe that we can continue such a way of life without paying for it. Walter Lippmann's " analyses, written about a year ago, sum up the situation better than anything else I know but even he did not express what I feel to be the real issue and conclusion.

Again, words confuse[:] take the phrase "short of war"—they are, I believe, utter nonsense. If we have a vital interest in the preservation of the so-called democracies, then we should be ready, even eager to fight. If we do feel that the British really are standing between us and Nazi domination then we should fight, now, at once, not wait until bit by bit our distant defenses are encroached upon and taken. For that gradual encroachment has been one of the keystones of Hitler's present power. If we don't feel that way then there is not much point in kidding ourselves.

As far as H.E.E. and I.M.E. [Isabel McCord Eccles] are concerned I have no worries at all—I am still convinced that we [that is, we Americans] are going to have to fight and I don't think it makes very much difference whether we do it now or five or ten years from now. Being convinced of that I have no doubts and I have no worries. But apparently people in the United States are full of doubt and worry. Once your mind is made up, a kind of peace of mind comes that is most valuable—it brings relaxation and strength and confidence. If we face the worst, squarely, then nothing more can hurt us, and the determination to see it thru brings faith and a quality of cheerfulness that those who are in doubt never achieve.

All your mistakes and errors in judgment will be on the right side. Then the important things are in their right places and there is nothing to fear.

³⁹ Bulgaria had, under threat of invasion, joined the Axis on 1 March.

⁴⁰ Walter Lippmann (1889-1974) was an American Pulitzer Prize-winning author and political commentator.

For years people have made expressions of faith, have given lip service to the ideal of the spirit as opposed to the ideal of the material aspect of life. Why should there be any doubt now? . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 6 MARCH 1941, 10 PM Nasugbu Bay, P.I. [see map]

Darlingest,

I have been rereading what I wrote you earlier in the week. It is seriously written but it is what I would say were I sitting next to you talking. The point that means the most to me is that having made up my mind as to the future course of events I can really relax, and can enjoy the pleasant things of life as I can find them—I laugh a lot, and am cheerful. Of course I have periods of depression but they are only because I miss you. . . .

The last two days have been very full and very interesting. Today we got in a lot of ship handling to give the younger officers experience and they did very well too. Tomorrow we go into Manila in the afternoon—I am having dinner with Wilfred Wooding, and the Agnews and Geoffrey Morrison[,] so I am looking forward to an interesting time. Wilfred started an interesting discussion last week on his philosophy of life and quoted some very interesting but pessimistic passages from Oswald Spengler⁴¹—he being one of the many philosophers whose works I have never read. I gave him *Candle in the Dark*⁴² with a brief summary of my opinion of that. He seemed to think he would like it.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 9 MARCH 1941, 8 AM Manila

Sweetheart,

I have just finished a nice lazy breakfast and am looking forward to a nice lazy day. I found that we had gotten some poor dope on the Clipper and that it does not get in until tomorrow. So I shan't hear from you till Tuesday, or Wednesday at Olongapo.

Friday night was fun—just the five of us—a good powerful phonograph in a big open living room with a pleasant breeze sweeping thru. Most of the music was Handel and Bach: we tried to keep up with the "Hallelujah Chorus" [from Handel's *Messiah*] ourselves but did not quite make the grade. We sang hymns during dinner and generally had a grand time. The arguments were more discursive and developed many interesting points. In many ways it was a toned down version of the parties at 5 Bullard Place⁴³ with the Stries, Taylors, Howes, Seward, etc. Actually,

⁴¹ German historian and philosopher (1880–1936), author most famously of *The Decline of the West* (1918, 1922).

⁴² Probably Candle in the Dark: A Postscript to Despair (1939), by the American philosopher and Columbia professor Irwin Edman.

⁴³ The residence of Isabel's father, in Flushing, Queens (on Long Island), New York City. See *The Living Church Annual: The Churchman's Yearbook and the American Church Almanac* (Milwaukee: Morehouse, 1922), p. 475.

except that the crowd would be too big and unwieldy, they all would have fitted in, because the interests and types of mind are similar. I do so miss you at things like that because you would enjoy it and would contribute so much to others' enjoyment. I think you would like all the others, for all of them open up nicely and none of them gets too technical. Your mind would fit and the freshness, originality and sanity of your point of view would appeal very much.

I had to wait for my boat, so I stopped at the Club for half an hour on my way back and saw Percifield, Johns, 44 and Hank Reamy 45 (skipper of the Sea Raven). I did not sleep very well nor long, because I was rather wound up and so after golf yesterday I was very tired. I got back to the ship for dinner and turned in at nine, read bits of R[obert] L[ouis] Stevenson⁴⁶ till nine thirty then slept beautifully till six thirty, had an early breakfast and so to this letter; I have nothing planned for today and will take it easy.

Next week we will be running [i.e., simulating a] target for Sub[marine] Div[ision] 14 and Swede Bryant [see note 35] will be aboard the *Edwards* for the week. That will be nice. Incidentally he is ordering *Almanac for Moderns* for Miriam. 47

The three weeks' overhaul we had enabled us to get caught up on lots of things and the ship is now in much better shape. We are working hard with drills and the men are doing well, so I feel in good spirits. There is no special news but lots of activity.

The senior officers on the station are splendid and I have never seen better cooperation and good feeling.

Admiral Hart, Captain Purnell, his chief of staff, 48 Captain Oldendorf 49 of the Houston⁵⁰ and Captain Kingman⁵¹ of Des Ron 29 and Admiral Bemis⁵² [the new

⁴⁴ John Graham Johns (1903-78, USNA class of 1925) was in command of USS Seadragon (SS 194). He would retire as a rear admiral in 1955. Seadragon, a diesel-electric boat of the Sargo class (2,390 tons submerged, 311 feet) commissioned in 1939, would make twelve wartime patrols in the Pacific before being decommissioned in 1946 and stricken in 1948. See also chapter 6, note 28.

⁴⁵ Thomas Gordon Reamy (1902-?), as a lieutenant in 1939, was the first commanding officer of USS Sea Raven (SS 196). The boat—the name was also spelled Searaven, but both the eponymous fish and the contemporary ship's patch use two words—a Sargo-class submarine commissioned in 1939, would make thirteen patrols during World War II, be decommissioned in 1946, and be expended as a target

⁴⁶ The famous British (Scottish) novelist, poet, and travel writer, lived 1850-94, author of Treasure Island, Kidnapped, etc.

⁴⁷ Marian (as Isabel much later recalled it) Hawkins Bryant (1898-1994), Eliot H. Bryant's wife. In 1994, she would establish in memory of her husband the U.S. Naval Academy's Program in Creative and Fine Arts, which today is partially supported by the Vice Admiral Eliot H. Bryant Memorial Fund.

⁴⁸ William Reynolds Purnell (1886-1955, USNA class of 1908) would be promoted to rear admiral in November of that year. After the Asiatic Fleet's debacle he would report to the staff of the Chief of Naval Operations, where he would spend the rest of the war, becoming involved in the Manhattan Project and the atomic-bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He would retire in 1946.

⁴⁹ Jesse B. Oldendorf (1887-1974) would become famous as a rear admiral for his October 1944 victory in the battle of Surigao Strait.

⁵⁰ USS Houston (CA 30), a Northampton-class heavy cruiser (9,200 tons, 600 feet), had been commissioned in 1930, as a light cruiser, despite its eight-inch main battery. Houston would be lost in the Sunda Strait in the small hours of 31 March 1942—see chapter 6.

commandant of the naval district] are all splendid, able men who are well relaxed and who are very well liked ashore and afloat. Naturally that contributes greatly to the smooth working of the whole outfit. Things get done without any fuss and feathers which is as [it] should be.

I think I will call on the Wolffs at noon—they are always at home then—Good Bye for a while. . . .

[10 PM, continued]

Darling, I have had a very nice Sunday. I went to the Wolffs' at noon, met some interesting people, I stayed on for a nice buffet lunch of rice and curry. Tommy was very interesting, discussing many phases of the early days out here, the politico maneuvers and personalities etc. He also told me the story of Carl Ham-



The heavy cruiser USS Houston (CA 30) (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

ilton, a man I met many years ago when his adopted and very spoiled son was a classmate of mine at Trinity [School]. He had a very spectacular career out here [in coconut and other vegetable oils] then went broke in a big way on the stock market. From there he went on to relate some stories about Gov. F. B. Harrison, Quezon, and Osmena⁵³ in 1913, 1914, and in that connection told of the collection of documents, etc., which he has in a safety deposit box which are not to be published till the men concerned are dead.

Caroline played on the phonograph "The Ballad for Americans" and it was the first time I had heard it. Incidentally it was written by a friend and contemporary of Mary Shuster. I like it.

Back to the Club for a bit of bowling, to the ship for a quick change and a bite to eat then ashore with McIntire⁵⁵ (he for the first time ashore in two weeks) for the early show at the movies, where we saw that delicious comedy—*That Thing Called Love*—with Rosalind Russell and Melvin Douglas. How some parts of it got by the

⁵¹ Howard Fithian Kingman (1890–1968, USNA class of 1911) was Commander, Destroyer Squadron 29. Earlier in his career, he had been naval attaché in London, 1928–30, and senior aide in the White House, 1934–35. Later in 1941 he would become assistant director of naval intelligence and in 1943–44 would command Battleship Division 2. He would retire as a vice admiral in 1947.

⁵² Harold Medberry Bemis (1884–1970, USNA class of 1907) had been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in World War I as a submarine division commander. He would retire as a rear admiral in 1946.

⁵³ Francis Burton Harrison (1873–1957), politician and governor general of the Philippines from 1913 to 1921, known for pro-Filipino policies and multiple (ultimately six) marriages; Manuel L. Quezon (1878–1944), president of the Philippines from 1935 until his death; Sergio Osmeña Sr. (1878–1961), Ouezon's successor.

⁵⁴ A patriotic cantata written as "The Ballad for Uncle Sam" for a 1939 Federal Theatre Project production by John Latouche (lyrics) and Earl Robinson (music). A 1939 recording by Paul Robeson was widely popular, retitled "Ballad for Americans." It would be recorded during the war by Bing Crosby.

⁵⁵ A member of HEE's wardroom, mentioned only once in these papers: probably Harrison Perry McIntire (1911–94, USNA class of 1935), who was to retire as a captain in 1961.

Hays office⁵⁶ I don't know, but I am glad they did for it's a grand picture. And now at 10:25 I am ready for bed and another week of good work to come up. Good night Precious, I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 10 MARCH 1941, 10 AM Isy,

This has been a long, tiring and unsatisfactory day because so many things went wrong. My communication officer is in love, apparently, and his girl shoved off on the Chaumont⁵⁷ this morning and he was in a terrific fog which resulted in several bad omissions—love is swell but it got me very much down today! I particularly wanted things to go smoothly because Swede was aboard—but love triumphed! . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 13 MARCH 1941, 3:30 PM

We have just moored in Manila and the Clipper mail should close in a few hours. Wednesday and today were very good in all respects except that I was too tired to write last night. There are so many things that run thru my mind at odd times that I want to tell you and then they slip out when I am writing. I feel fine, my morale is high and I love and miss you . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 14 MARCH 1941 Manila

Darling Isy,

This is for me a slow dull day while the ship is preparing for annual Military Inspection tomorrow. I am enclosing another small check for IME's general fund for frivolity, the propagation of the race and such extra things as I may ask you to handle for me. I hope to be able to continue this once each month and still build up my own reserve a little—so till later.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 16 MARCH 1941, 10 AM Sweetheart,

. . . Friday night I had a pleasant time at the Wolffs' and caught the 11 p.m. boat back to the ship—there I found some interesting steamer mail and also Delilah⁵⁸ and like a sap I sat up till one o'clock reading, did not sleep well—was broken out very early for preparations for inspection and so was very tired last night. I

⁵⁶ HEE's slip for Melvyn Douglas. This Thing Called Love (1940, Columbia, directed by Alexander Hall), a romantic comedy in which a newlywed wife insists on celibacy for a trial period, had been condemned by the Catholic Legion of Decency. Will H. Hays was responsible for enforcing an industry-produced set of moral guidelines (the "Hays Code") for movies.

⁵⁷ The 13,400-ton transport USS Chaumont (AP 5), launched in 1920 originally for use by the Army and transferred to the Navy in 1924, had been operating in the Far East off and on ever since. It was now presumably en route to Hawaii, at that time its regular route. In 1944 it would be converted to a hospital ship, as USS Samaritan (AH 10), and would support the Central Pacific landings from Saipan on. It would be decommissioned in 1945 and scrapped in 1948.

⁵⁸ Marcus Goodrich, Delilah (New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1941).

had arranged to play golf but should have cancelled the date—however, I slept quite well last night but still have some of the knot-hole feeling. So today I'll take things easy and be rested for a hard week at sea coming up.

Delilah is interesting but I feel that it is overdramatizing the life. It is hard for us in the Navy to see ourselves as others see us but I feel that a more matter-of-fact presentation comes much nearer the truth—and the charm and pull of the life lies as much in simple every day contacts and work as in the excitement and thrill of danger and in the personal conflicts that sometimes arise.

I had an extremely interesting talk with Billy Giles,⁵⁹ on Friday—the picture is very interesting—he is an extremely able officer in most major points but has the same failing that I frequently show, that is, overemphasis on minor points with the resulting antagonizing of some people whom I am trying to persuade to my point of view. He is going thru a badly mixed up period in which he does not know where he stands—he is contemptuous of any form of boot licking and pretense but carries it to such an extreme that he does hurt his reputation. Apparently the present is the first time he has ever felt uncertainty and doubt as to things such as national policy, patriotism, world affairs—and so is badly troubled by things such as the Lend-Lease Bill, etc. On top of that he dislikes the English very much, having lots of Irish in him.

So we discussed it all for more than an hour—I tried to point out that uncertainty and doubt come to all intelligent and informed people but that he had missed it earlier in life because he hadn't troubled to think very much—but that now it had caught up with him in a perfectly normal manner. Bill told me he felt he could talk freely to me but that most people would accuse him of rank heresy.

It is extremely interesting for he is too fine an officer to be allowed to stay mixed up.

A long interruption, so I must get ready for lunch.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 18 MARCH 1941, 10 AM Olongapo, P.I.

Darling Isy,

We are clear of Manila for another week preparing for and shooting night battle practice. This keeps us working till late and so we are taking things easy at anchor this morning and will get underway after lunch.

Sunday was a nice quiet day, I had played golf Saturday and then gone to the movies with Charlie Weeks, but Sunday I loafed in the morning, went ashore and read at the Club and then later in the afternoon went out to see Wooding and Morrison. We had a light supper and I left shortly after nine. It was interesting and really stimulating.

⁵⁹ The Lieutenant Giles mentioned above as one of HEE's officers; see note 8.

Wooding is a grand person for conversation and his education and intellectual background are very fine. Music and philosophy are his chief interests, and with them he has a fine command of and great appreciation for the English language, tolerance for people, and intolerance for cheapness. The study of the classics, which is so emphasized in English schools, gives men of this type a background of Greek literature and philosophy which is not dry but vital. I wish I knew more about them; but I do enjoy listening to his discussions. He looks rather owlish, and is not immediately attractive but improves tremendously on knowing.

I must guard against becoming too involved in abstractions, but I have enough work to prevent that. Actually the conversations show the superficiality of my own education, but I know that there are other aspects of my life that give me knowledge and a point of view that scholars don't usually have. And my opinions while being modified by the discussions are not being thrown down completely. Actually, I have learned a good deal and am getting a better understanding of certain phases of criticism that heretofore have been obscure.

I have been reading *Delilah* with great interest ever since it arrived last week. Of course an old coal burning destroyer of 25–30 years ago was quite a different ship even from this old one, the Edwards, and of course the present enlisted man is very different from the men of those times, but nevertheless I feel that the characters are overdrawn and the picture itself is over dramatized. Ordinary common sense does not seem to enter the picture; the Navy is a much more matter of fact outfit than Delilah would indicate—it has its high dramatic moments, grand ones, but not the way the book indicates. There are enough technical errors and over-exaggerations to show that the author has had relatively little real knowledge of the Navy. For example no navy man speaks of his ship or writes of it as "Delilah" or "Edwards"—it is always "the Delilah" or "the Edwards." Yachtsman may use the simple name but it's not used with us.60

I have heard and seen much to confirm Goodrich's [author of Delilah] opinion of the Tagalog⁶¹ but I don't pretend to have reached a final conclusion. His description of the country itself is good.

[3 PM, continued]

We are at sea now ambling around slowly calibrating our radio and gun directors [see chapter 5, note 19] and until 6:30 nothing much will happen—from then until midnight we will be working—I will write to Skip and possibly Will.

⁶⁰ Today, informal naval usage is somewhat mixed on this point, as well as on the "gender" of ships. For a different view held at the time, see Samuel Eliot Morison, "Notes on Writing Naval (Not Navy) English," American Neptune 9, no. 1 (January 1949), pp. 5-10.

⁶¹ Apparently negative: during the period of the novel, 1916-17, Delilah operates against Muslim Tagalog opposing the American colonial government. For Tagalog generally see note 101.

[11:15 PM, continued]

We have just anchored and secured everything for the rest of the night and I am quite tired with another long day coming up tomorrow. During a good part of the runs tonight I was thinking of you. It is a strange feeling to be staring ahead into a dark windy night watching the dim shape of an unlighted ship just a few hundred yards ahead with the clearest thing being its boiling white wake—and to be thinking of the ship with only the automatic part of the mind but with all conscious thoughts on a lovely woman half way around the world! And now to sleep Sweetheart—I love you.

[Wednesday, 19 March 1941, 2:45 PM, continued]

In a short time we will get underway for another afternoon and night of work. The mornings have been hazy for the first time in months, I suppose it is part of the seasonal change—with the rains starting in another month—unfortunately my nice alligator raincoat disappeared and I shall have to get another one.

I loved your clipping about the Brownie Camera Man⁶²—How joyful you must have been to have your own opinion so wonderfully confirmed—your job now is to take lots of fine Brownie snapshots of yourself and Skip and the rest of the family and send them to me. For what good is a wonderful Brownie if it never takes any pictures? And I shall continue my efforts with my own camera—then we can really prove the case! But Darling I do want some competition!

I have been catching up on my correspondence, writing a sort of circular letter to the Howes, Dean-Smith and Algy Brown. The distribution of my mail is now complete and circles the globe! Which reminds me that the Clipper gets in today and maybe the mail will come in to Olongapo tonight or tomorrow. In any event I have hopes.

I can recommend an excellent nonsense murder mystery, *Mayhem in B-Flat*, by Elliot Paul [Random House, 1940]. It should be read carefully for there are some very subtle puns and allusions and plenty of others not so subtle. . . .

[Thursday, 20 March 1941, 2 PM, continued]

We are getting underway in a few minutes—last night was tiring and not too satisfactory. We didn't finish till 1 a.m. but tonight should be short—we will be in Manila tomorrow and there is lots of work over the weekend, and another week coming up which will be busy.

It is very interesting to see the assembly of our cruisers and destroyers in New Zealand and Australia.⁶³ I am delighted and I am sure it will have a very clarifying influence....

⁶² An apparent reference to a marketing campaign for the Kodak Brownie camera, of which a synchronized-flash model appeared in 1940. The simple and inexpensive Brownies, first introduced in 1900 and later mass-produced (the last authentic units in the early 1980s), are considered to have made possible the "snapshot"—that is, a photograph taken without a tripod to steady the camera, heretofore large and cumbersome.

⁶³ This is puzzling, and perhaps wishful on HEE's part. There was no prewar U.S. naval buildup in New Zealand or Australia.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 25 MARCH 1941 Olangapo

Dearest Lamb,

The Clipper mail is leaving the ship in a short time so this is brief and hurried. I had held off writing the last few days hoping for more news by Monday's Clipper but we missed the mail by a few hours.

Saturday I played golf and Sunday I had the Agnews for dinner at the Club and then went to an amusing movie. We carried on later at jai alai and it was very late when I got back to the ship. It was my first visit to jai alai since December and there we saw lots of people we knew. It was a rather "willing" affair and I enjoyed it. Sunday morning I slept late then slept hard Sunday afternoon and by evening was thoroughly refreshed and more completely relaxed than I have been for some time. Incidentally my Dove, Milk of Magnesia tablets are fine—practically no taste but very effective!

Monday morning we were underway at three and were busy until seven thirty this morning when we anchored here after a very satisfactory though tiring day. Early this morning we had an interesting and spectacular maneuver testing the alertness and efficiency of the forts on the Island of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay. The *Edwards* acted as a decoy and performed to the satisfaction of the division commander so I feel pleased.

This morning after anchoring I unaccountably found myself on my bunk and slept for a few hours then again for an hour this afternoon then some very casual golf on the little course here, a pleasant beer at the Club and back to the ship for dinner. Movies etc. and soon the mail will close. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 31 MARCH 1941

Manila

Sweetheart,

We are back in again for the rest of the week—things went fairly well on the drills and exercises but nothing to boast about. Next week should be easy, fleet exercises come the following week and then we shall leave Manila for three or four weeks' cruising. About the middle of May we should go into Cavite for annual overhaul which will last till July. So that is a brief picture of our expectations, all of which can be changed, as you know, without much notice. The rest of this week I hope to get in some soft ball for the men and some golf for myself. . . .

[Tuesday, 1 April 1941, continued]

The problems of discipline out here are difficult. There is so little decent recreation for the men ashore—most of the places are simply lousy and in addition there is an element in the native population that makes a specialty of attacking the men. The local police force is very poor and most of the gangsters have enough political

influence to keep out of jail. The Shore Patrol⁶⁴ has a tough time and yet we aboard ship must back them up.

This morning I ordered a man to be kicked out [of the Navy]—because while on probation he broke arrest. The Shore Patrol had picked him up on a relatively minor point but he ran away and later hid leaving me no alternative at mast. 65 This afternoon I must go ashore to look into some other matters of that suite. A new Enlisted Men's Club has just been built and was opened on Sunday. I hope it will help but I know that the answers are not easy. During the next ten days we should have some spare time so we are organizing soft ball teams and hope to get men out for that. . . .

[Thursday, 3 April 1941, 11 AM, continued]

We are finishing recovering torpedoes for Des[troyer] Div[ision] 59 and in an hour we shall start for Mariveles and spend the night there. Tomorrow we start at about 5:30 and work recovering torpedoes for a squadron of patrol planes.66 Saturday we fuel and Monday we shall start a week in upkeep varied by a few days at sea, for part of the Annual Inspection.



One of the four triple 21-inch torpedo tubes, this one portside aft, of a Clemson-class destroyer. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

In addition to recommending Mayhem in B Flat I suggest Doctor Dogbody's Leg by James Norman Hall. 67 Both books are splendid, especially for you now. I think Skip would enjoy the latter one very much—but the first has many bawdy elements.

[9:30 PM, continued]

We just had "repel boarders" drill which was highly successful—and in a short time I shall turn in for we get underway at five a.m. This afternoon after anchoring, Johnston⁶⁸ and I took an hour's walk up thru the rice fields back of Mariveles, and then followed a stream up the valley for a while. It was good exercise, interesting and relaxing. Incidentally I must watch my diet, for in the last few weeks I have gone up to about 154 lbs, which is a bit too much. . . .

[Friday, 4 April 1941, 5:35 AM, continued]

Dawn is on us and shortly the sun will rise—I've been up an hour but I am still sleepy. We are standing out to sea where the firing will start in about an hour. By

⁶⁴ A group of sailors or Marines temporarily assigned to help prevent or limit excesses ashore—especially involving damage, injury, or the intervention of local law enforcement—by personnel from ships visiting a port.

⁶⁵ U.S. Navy Regulations authorized (and does today) commanding officers to impose "nonjudicial punishment"—administrative penalties, such as demotion or restriction—for certain infractions by enlisted personnel of their units, in formal sessions known as "Captain's Mast."

⁶⁶ That is, dummy weapons dropped for training, to be recovered for reuse.

⁶⁷ Doctor Dogbody's Leg (1940, still in print) is a comic sea-adventure tale by the coauthor of Mutiny on the Bounty and its sequels.

⁶⁸ John P. Merrell Johnston, the ship's communications officer, at this time a lieutenant junior grade (Lt. [j.g.]). He would retire two years later, in 1943, as a lieutenant commander.

four this afternoon we should be back in Manila. If it were always as cool as it is now, life out here wouldn't be bad, but Manila will be hot. This evening I am going to the Wolffs' for bowling and a buffet supper. You would enjoy these evenings; there are so many Scotch "bums"—the Gordons, the McLeod's and several others are usually there with fine-sounding accents.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 5 APRIL 1941, 6:15 PM Manila

Sweetheart—

The steamer mail came aboard and with it your album of the Schumann quintet. I haven't had the chance to play it yet but I have read some excellent reviews of it and I know I shall like it. Unfortunately the first record was broken—so if you send any more make sure that they are thoroughly padded and protected, for the mail takes a terrific beating coming this far.

[Sunday, 6 April 1941, 3 PM, continued]

The Clipper should be in soon—so mail tonight! To continue—I have played the Schumann quintet and it is lovely—thank you so much my Darling. I think I can play the first record a few times more. The Christmas records arrived in perfect shape but the record Herb sent was broken too.

I am enclosing the renewal papers on the automobile insurance together with two checks. It looks as if I can send checks regularly and still keep ahead of the game and save a little but don't count on more than twenty dollars a month nor expect more than forty. Anything more will be an indication that I have been spending a lot of time at sea! Later on this afternoon I am going ashore for a walk and then to a destroyer squadron stag dinner at the Club. We have the ready duty [readiness to get under way at short notice] so I shall have to be very quiet—which won't hurt me at all!

[Sunday morning, 6 April 1941, continued]

I went out to Los Tamaraos Polo Club to watch a tournament of bicycle polo in which twenty four teams took part, playing five minute games. It was very funny.

[9:30 PM, continued]

I stayed up late at the party and we did lots of singing. Today I played golf in the afternoon and did better than I have for months, getting an 85. Tomorrow we shall start early and finish late so that I'll mail this tonight to be sure not to miss the Clipper.

I feel particularly lonely and lost but will get over it soon. Your letters are wonderful, they tell me so much and are the things I look forward to most. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 3 APRIL 1941 [?] Manila

Darling Isy,

Yesterday the four skippers in the division left in the morning and had a very pleasant day of golf at the Manila Country Club. We played 36 holes and had long rest for a quiet lunch. I had dinner with Charlie Weeks at the Army-Navy Club and later saw the movie Virginia.⁶⁹ It was amusing, dripping with sweet sentimentality, but it did have some very beautiful scenes of Virginia countryside. All in all it was a grand day—very relaxing and satisfactory. I shot a 94 and an 86 so my game has lost the awful slump it was in. Incidentally I am on the beer and sherry wagon for an indefinite stay—last night I varied it by having some excellent buttermilk! It was hot on the golf course and the back of my neck is now very red and slightly sore sunburn does not stick out here, it seems to sweat out very quickly.

[7:30 PM, continued]

Late this afternoon I went ashore for a fast two mile walk with Charlie Weeks and Bill Lalor, stopped for a beer at the Club and returned to the ship. I saw Swede at the Club and he told me that he had expected Miriam to have sailed for Havana on the America⁷⁰ for a visit with the O'Donahues but that he had just received a radio[gram] from Dannan to the effect that she had bought a house in Coronado [near San Diego, California] and was staying there. So he is naturally a little confused!

There is all kind of dope wandering around Manila now—no one knows anything but lots of people are making guesses. One guess is that these destroyers will be turned over to the British sometime during the next three months and the officers and men sent back to the United States to put new ships in commission. I can't imagine anything better than being ordered to Bath [Maine, site of a major shipyard], Boston, or New York to take a new destroyer.

For that matter it would be grand to go to the West Coast for the same duty! However it is all merely scuttlebutt however logical it may be! I suppose I am very foolish even to think about it but I can't help it. Incidentally, possibilities of that sort are the reason why we should keep a cash reserve on hand.

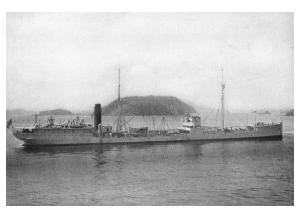
[Friday, 4 April 1941 (?), 5:30 PM, continued]

Darling, in a few minutes I am going ashore to bowl and have supper at the Wolffs'. Last night I turned in early and slept beautifully and today I had a satisfactory and fairly busy time. The Clipper gets in Monday so I shan't have any news from you for

⁶⁹ Paramount, 1941, directed by E. H. Griffith, starring Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.

⁷⁰ A 26,454-ton liner built in 1940 for the United States Lines. The ship operated for fifty-four years under seven different names and for seven different owners—including the U.S. Maritime Commission, 1941-46, as USS West Point (AP 23). In 1994, while under tow, the ship was lost on a sandbar in the Canary Islands, where its wreck remains.

another week. It is hard to write when I am waiting for word from you and when nothing very much is happening here.



The fleet oiler USS Brazos (AO 4), of the same type as USS Pecos (AO 6), with which Edwards operated. (U.S. Naval War College Museum Photograph Archive)

[Saturday, 5 April 1941 (?), 10 AM, continued]

We are alongside the tanker *Pecos*⁷¹ and have finished fueling but we are waiting until the Whipple finishes her inspection before returning alongside [the pier].

Last night was fun. Van Zandt and Weeden (skipper of the *Tarpon*)⁷² went with me to the Wolffs' and we stayed till midnight bowling. Both Tom and Caroline enjoyed the Sandburg records⁷³ very much (I lent them a week ago) and they have ordered an album of them. Tom has heard Carl Sandburg sing some of the songs. We just got word to get underway at once so I'll finish later—

[11 AM, continued]

We are alongside the *Whipple* and there is nothing more to do till early Monday morning.

Handling ship in the harbor, making landings, etc., is tiring. I seldom do it myself because I want the inexperienced officers to get the training but it is very hard to relax when anyone else is handling the ship in close quarters, and when a green youngster is doing it, it is nerve wracking. This morning we put a dent in the side but no serious damage was done—they don't get much good out of landings if I coach them, so there I am. However, before I leave the ship I will have some good ship handlers even though it adds a few more gray hairs!

My disposition remains good, I have blown up only once in the last five months and that was very short and snappy. But the hot flush of rage that sometimes swept over me in the Bureau of Engineering hasn't occurred on the ship. That is due to the fact that I am really on my own so much of the time and therefore I don't have to consult many superiors but merely satisfy the division commander and squadron commander. The thing that really wore me down the most [in Washington] was trotting around trying to reconcile conflicting points of view and trying to get decisions. Bill Lalor is grand to work for because he is positive and prompt in making up his mind and does not hesitate about saying no or badly done. Everything is frank and open and completely objective, no jockeying for prestige and no possibility of ulterior motives. We know where we stand.

⁷¹ The oiler USS Pecos (AO 6), commissioned in 1921, would be sunk by Japanese carrier aircraft on 1 March 1942.

⁷² USS Tarpon (SS 175), built in 1933, would earn seven battle stars in World War II, be decommissioned in 1945, and in 1957 sink under tow en route to a scrap yard.

⁷³ Probably of the poet, author, and editor Carl Sandburg's 1927 anthology American Songbag—"records," plural, because several of the 78 rpm discs of the time would have been required.

This afternoon I am playing golf with Bob Dennison, Johnny Pratt⁷⁴ and Frank Budget [unidentified] and expect to be back aboard early. Tomorrow I am having lunch with the Agnews and Monday we are underway early.

During the next month, our operations will be such that I may miss getting a letter off on the Clipper—if that happens don't be disturbed, it will merely mean that we are at sea wandering around away from the local posts.

It is hot again and my prickly heat is beginning to break out a bit. I'll take salt tablets and use special soap with the hope that it will be reduced. However it does appear in the most inconvenient spots! Naked people suffering from bad prickly heat present a most peculiar and unaesthetic picture!

And on that theme I shall pause! . . .

[Sunday, 6 April 1941 (?), 9:45 AM, continued]

We started golf at 3:15 which was late enough to miss the worst of the heat; it was a good game even though we finished just at dark rather hurriedly. We had a late dinner at the Army-Navy Club, watched the dancing, etc., and I got back to the ship about midnight. It was so hard to get the other people that we joined at the Club to go into the dining room that we were much later than I planned—however I slept well and will have a quiet day. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 8 APRIL 1941 (?), 5 PM At Sea

My Sweetheart,

I have had little sleep since we left Manila yesterday morning. Yesterday was very boring and very hot. All day we steamed with the wind astern⁷⁵ and while we sweated we did very uninteresting things. Last night was uninteresting, hot and rough which made it very difficult to sleep well. This morning was hot and nothing much happened but this afternoon we did some real work and since the sea has calmed down we can open up the ports and get a little air. Capt. Pete Wood⁷⁶ of the Army is aboard with us for a vacation and seems to be enjoying it. Both he and his wife Dottie have been very nice to the ship's officers—Dick Herms⁷⁷ and Billy Giles in particular. They are attractive and good fun so it is a pleasure to do something for Pete. . . .

⁷⁴ Cdr. John Lockwood "Doc" Pratt (1899-1993, USNA class of 1922) was commanding officer of USS Childs (AVD 1), a seaplane tender supporting Patrol Wing 10 as part of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet. After serving in destroyers, Pratt would become a naval aviator. He would later command USS Bismarck Sea (CVE 95), taking part in the Lingayen Gulf and Leyte Gulf campaigns. During the Iwo Jima campaign, his ship would be sunk during kamikaze attacks. After the war, he would command USS Philippine Sea (CV 47), Carrier Division 14, and an antisubmarine division. On retirement, he would be promoted to rear admiral.

⁷⁵ With the result that relative wind speed on board was small or nil, meaning not only that there was little relief from the heat (in ships only crudely ventilated, let alone air-conditioned) but also that stack exhaust did not blow clear, instead enveloping the ship.

⁷⁶ Capt. Peter Wood, U.S. Army (U.S. Military Academy class of 1933), would be killed in action, as a major, on the Bataan Peninsula on 7 April 1942.

⁷⁷ The executive officer of John D. Edwards, Lt. Cdr. Charles Richard Herms. See note 143 on page 133.

[Wednesday, 9 April 1941 (?), 5:30 PM, continued]

I have just awakened after a fine two hour nap and still have a lazy relaxed feeling. Aside from the time I was writing to you, I was going (mostly on my feet) from 6 am until midnight yesterday[,] and in rough hot weather that is very tiring. This morning things started humming early and we charged around in and out of smoke screens⁷⁸ at 27 knots with spray flying all over us until 11:30. This afternoon we got all squared away by three o'clock and have nothing more till seven in the morning. I was really very tired when I finally relaxed. There was a time this morning late when there was a pause and I stretched out on the bunk in the emergency cabin⁷⁹ for a few minutes. . . .

And now it is time to get ready for supper—10:20. We had a good dinner of turkey, etc., a fair movie and I have been on the bridge for a while enjoying the calm and beautiful night. Soon I shall turn in with a call for six thirty. Good night my Darling—only two days more to wait for mail!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 15 APRIL 1941, 7 AM

Good Morning,

Breakfast is finished and in a few minutes I will be on deck. I ran across the enclosed Radio [message] while going over our daily log of messages intercepted there are some "honeys"—you don't know the people concerned but I must cut the names out for the Radio Log is confidential (Interruption for a day's work): MSG PALOALTO CALIF LTCOM—TWO MONTHS NO LETTER AWFULLY HURT AND MAD TOO NEED MORE MONEY INTEND GO MEXICO HOPE YOU ARE WELL LOVE ALICE. 80

[10 PM, continued]

What a story is being told in a few words! I shall let you fill the missing spots in to suit yourself. You have never met nor probably heard of the people concerned.

This morning when I woke up I was all full of bright things to write to you but during the day I had no chance and now I am tired. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 15 APRIL 1941 Olongapo

My Darling,

I had a very pleasant weekend and a very good sleep both Saturday and Sunday nights. Sunday afternoon I played golf then had dinner at the Club. It was nice not to have to get underway Monday morning as we have been doing so regularly for

⁷⁸ The ships are practicing the tactics of "laying" smoke screens—heavy black smoke close to the water, generated by either their boilers or special smoke generators on the fantail, to screen them from the view of enemy fire-control directors, which in those days tracked targets visually (see chapter 5, note 19).

⁷⁹ See chapter 1, note 14. A plan of USS Doyen (DD 280) of this class shows "an emergency cabin" immediately abaft the bridge.

⁸⁰ Urgent personal news could, and presumably still can, be sent to naval personnel at sea as a commercial telegram, to be delivered by radio with official messages as traffic volume allowed.

the last six weeks. Yesterday and tonight we are assisting Des Div 59 in the night battle practice.—Time out for golf.

[10:45 PM, continued]

We have just entered Manila Bay and in about an hour we shall anchor near Cavite; in the morning we shall pick up observers and take them to Olongapo for the firing Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Monday before we sailed a lot of steamer mail came aboard but the Clipper never got in till the afternoon so we missed that—I hope to pick it up tomorrow. Thank you so much for the phonograph needles.

I got a very interesting and chatty letter from Peter Reed, the editor of the *American Music Lover*, ⁸¹ and also a nice long letter from Heavy. He mentioned that he was using a Dictaphone ⁸² in the office now, which amused me very much because when I first got to the Bureau [of Engineering] I tried to get one because I knew how much time and work could be saved that way. I got laughed at—people would not believe that it was a serious recommendation. Things like that seem to me so obvious—and there are so many other comparable situations!

I have written to both Durward⁸³ and Heavy. Swede tells me that Mirba [Miriam] is delighted with *Almanac for Moderns* which he ordered for her at my suggestion. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 16 APRIL 1941 At Sea, en Route from Cavite to Olongapo

Darling Sweetheart,

We are making high speed and the vibration makes my writing wobble badly. This morning I nearly made a bad blunder. I went ashore at Canacao [Bay]—next to Cavite—and dropped in at the Naval Hospital to see Johnny Johns who has a very badly broken leg and is being ordered home to a "stateside" hospital. I started to mail my letter to you when I realized that it would have a hospital postmark and since I had not mentioned my proposed visit you probably would be worried stiff by the postmark! So I hung on to the letter and later mailed it at the yard post office, but I am so glad I did not do a thoughtless thing!

I have been checking Clipper schedules and I find the next one due in on Sunday. I hope it is not delayed for that would mean a long wait. Your letters are so interesting that I hate to wait for them.

⁸¹ Peter Hugh Reed (1892–1969), music critic, radio commentator, and publisher, founder in 1935 and thereafter editor of the monthly *American Music Lover*, a collection of reviews of recent recordings of classic music. It still appears, as the *American Record Guide*. What connection HEE had with Reed, as seems implied here and in chapter 5, is unknown.

⁸² A device that recorded voice for later transcription by typists. Invented around the turn of the twentieth century, these machines had been made since 1923 by the Dictaphone company and in 1941 still used wax cylinders.

⁸³ Capt. William Durward Leggett, Jr. (1901–77, USNA class of 1920), whom in his previous tour HEE had worked with, and presumably for, on diesel engine programs at the Bureau of Engineering. He would lead the Bureau of Ships from 1951 to 1955, when he would retire as a rear admiral.

Incidentally—ashore last Friday, Caroline Wolff told me that "Doctor Macy" (or Mochie) had written her that you combined all the charm and stability of all the McCords! Of course that is no news to me but I was just as pleased as I could be to have her say that in front of a lot of nice people!

[5 PM, continued]

We just ran into Olongapo, transferred observers and mail to the 59th [Destroyer] Division, and are now going to sea to meet the target. A radio [message] has been handed me, asking me to dinner with Admiral Hart Friday night—it should be pleasant. The coming week end in Manila will be my last for at least a month—then comes the long stay at Cavite—it really isn't long but I know it will seem that way. Incidentally I am quite enthusiastic about my present voyage on the "Beer Wagon"! I find that I sleep much better and am not putting on any more weight and have just as good a time. Also my current practice of lots of golf Saturday afternoon and back to the ship early, then a lazy Sunday morning, is very relaxing.

Oliver Wiswell⁸⁴ is a remarkable book and well worth reading. Most of all it is a caustic castigation of the English military and political leaders. I believe that the writing of the book and the reader's reaction to that phase of it are both greatly influenced by the conduct of British affairs in the last ten years.

I am convinced that no post war settlement will be worth a bit if the so-called English upper classes are left with any power or position other than that gained by merit. One of the most encouraging things has been Mr. Roosevelt's establishment of close relations with Ernest Bevin⁸⁵ the English labor leader. Winant⁸⁶ should make an excellent ambassador because of his background. I don't know about Lord Halifax. 87 Churchill is of course an exception, he is magnificent. The colonial British are a different type and in them I have much more confidence.

As you well know, the English have always puzzled and intrigued me—they still do. Individuals I like very much but they still haven't removed the doubts I have as to real attitude of their minds. A lot of them firmly believe it is the "duty" of the United States to help them out—and those same people will feel at the end that we

⁸⁴ Oliver Wiswell, by Kenneth Roberts, 1940, is set during the Revolutionary War and is told from the viewpoint of a Loyalist.

⁸⁵ Ernest Bevin (1881-1951, not to be confused with the Welsh politician Aneurin Bevan), having been a founding leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union and a member of Parliament, was now the Minister of Labour and National Service and would be throughout the war. In 1945 he would become foreign secretary under Clement Atlee and then, a month before his death, Lord Privy Seal.

⁸⁶ John Gilbert Winant (1889-1947) had been the Republican governor of New Hampshire three times (two terms during the Depression), the first chairman of the Social Security Board, and head of the International Labor Office in Geneva before being appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James's by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1941, succeeding Joseph P. Kennedy Sr. He would remain in the post until March 1946.

⁸⁷ Edward Frederick Lindley Wood (1881-1959), first Earl of Halifax, was a British Conservative politician. He had been viceroy of India and foreign secretary before being appointed ambassador to the United States, where he would serve until 1946.

should be dominated by British policy in any future world alignment or settlement. I feel that our interest makes it imperative that the British Dominions [illegible] and are very friendly—even allied—with us but I don't think that England will survive in any thing like the status of the past. Our great problem will be to develop the leadership that will enable us to dominate by our own strength and ability. And that will be quite a problem! I don't know whether I make sense or am consistent—but I don't see how we can escape the load. More later—probably in a different vein—I have just been "talking on"!

Midnight—We are anchored again—all thru the evenings work I have been thinking of My Darling. Good night Sweetheart.

I love you.

[Thursday, 17 April 1941, 6:30 PM, continued]

We are on our way out to the operating area and in a few minutes will take position the shooting will start at about eight o'clock and by ten we should be on our way back to Manila. I slept very well last night and had a rather uneventful morning. This afternoon I played golf with Charlie Weeks, both getting 81 on the short course at Olongapo. It was a nice chatty game and very enjoyable. I was relating to him the story of our famous five dollar bridge game with Tom and Mary in New London [in Connecticut]! It brought back so many memories.

It is such fun to live with you (and fun to write to you too). I wish you would write the story of our times in New London[:] Al Perkins, Mrs. Spear, the rich old man that bought iron, the horrible painting, Mrs. Daly, "Roger," "Whisky" Kate and Joe, Rainy Day Bert Klaking, 88 Carey and Frances, Tom and Lou, Mr. Jerome, "The Little House" (that might be the title!), your fishing experiences, Bruce and Ruth, Ed and Betty [Graves]—the pond and skating in front of the house—when the pipes broke in the bathroom—Mary and Stanley [housemaid and boyfriend in Connecticut]—a book of sketches with your touch and feel would be swell!

[Friday, 18 April 1941, 1:30 AM, continued]

We are alongside the Whipple in Manila Bay having secured five minutes ago and at 7:30 we get underway again to go alongside the tanker *Trinity*⁸⁹ for fuel—I hope I get a nap this afternoon—Good night my Isy.

[11 AM, continued]

Up again at seven, we went alongside the Trinity, fueled and are now back with the Whipple after taking off two of the stanchions⁹⁰ and a bit of paint, as we came

⁸⁸ Thomas Burton "Burt" Klakring (1904-75, USNA class of 1927), a submarine officer, was to win the Navy Cross after a 1942 patrol (one of the most successful in the war) in command of USS Guardfish (SS 217). His boat would receive a Presidential Unit Citation after its next patrol. In 1944 Klakring would lead a seven-boat "wolf pack" to the Japanese home islands. He would be promoted to rear admiral on his retirement.

⁸⁹ USS Trinity (AO 13), commissioned 1920, a Patoka-class tanker (16,800 tons, 477 feet, speed 11 knots, named for the Trinity Rivers in Texas and California), laid up in the interwar years. Trinity was now

in. The most nerve wracking thing I know of is watching some one else handle your ship—the period of waiting just before they do something always gives me a gone feeling inside and yet I must present a calm and silent manner. As in so many other things it is easier to do it yourself but that won't train junior officers and the young ones of today are the older ones of tomorrow—as you well know having lived with one during the two stages! I got a grand fitness report this last quarter and I have a tough job living up to the fine things said. There is so much that I should know, that I don't, and I can see so many deficiencies in the way I handle things and the results I get that it is encouraging to know that I have a good reputation. In time like this, the job must be done well. So much depends on the ability of officers and men to do their duty as well as it possibly can be done. And that is a large order.

[Saturday, 19 April 1941, 9 PM, continued]

The Admiral's party was rather dull but last night was very hot and I didn't sleep very well. Today I had inspection [i.e., he inspected his own ship, likely with some formality] then went ashore to play golf starting rather late. I did not feel very well but I played the best golf I have in years, getting a 74 on the course at Fort McKinley, snaring two birdies. However I feel as if a cold is starting so I have had a light supper and some aspirin and hope to sleep it off tonight. Tomorrow we have the ready duty, and the Clipper gets in so I'll finish this letter in the evening.

[Sunday, 20 April 1941, 10 PM, continued]

Last night I sweated quarts—twice I had to change my pajama tops and finally ended up with my undershirt on. I had a quiet day and my cold is not too bad but I suppose it will hang on a while.

I am so glad that I can send you a little extra money. I am not skimping myself any and will continue to save a bit. Of course when we go to the yard my expenses will mount due to being on shore but I'll still be able to help out. Actually about all there is for me to spend money on consists of golf, which is cheap, taxis also cheap, from time to time a movie—beer (I save by being on the beer wagon) and an occasional meal at the Club. I have no interest in the things that cost much such as night clubs and gambling—they both bore me to distraction.

refueling (at anchor) Asiatic Fleet units. The ship would escape under escort from Manila the day before the city was first bombed and operate in the Pacific throughout the war.

⁹⁰ Small metal posts supporting the lifelines along the ship's sides and other deck edges. HEE means that the ship's 'hulls had scraped together. The damage was minor (a pair of stanchions had caught on fittings on *Whipple's* side and broken off) but embarrassing, because his ship's approach had patently been clumsy—inevitably a professional reflection on him as commanding officer, whoever happened to have "had the conn." Thus the unhappy introspection that follows.

⁹¹ Fort William McKinley, founded in 1901 immediately southeast of Manila as a U.S. military reservation, is today Fort Bonifacio and the headquarters of the Philippine army.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 23 APRIL 1941, 9:30 PM Iloilo, Panay, P.I.

Darling,

It is too hot to sleep even though I am tired. My cold isn't bad but there is just enough to make me uncomfortable at times and to keep me quiet. Tomorrow I hope to go ashore for some golf—I think this will be the last town we shall see for three weeks since we are due to be in the wilds of the Sulu Sea.

We have had a dull cruise so far and unfortunately I feel rather low in my mind. I shall have to get used to sleeping in a pool of sweat but it isn't pleasant nor is it refreshing. Frankly I am well fed up with these islands and sincerely hope that when I leave them I never see them again! Forgive me Sweetheart for being so disagreeable but above all I miss you. I shall be better in a day or so but I will be missing you just as much....

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 26 APRIL 1941 Tutu Bay, Jolo, P.I.

My Darling,

We arrived here about noon and we find it a beautiful bay without any apparent place for recreation. We can't swim because of sharks, the fishing is not very good and we may not be able to go ashore because the Moros⁹² are in a state of unrest and have been killing off a lot of people they don't like including quite a few of the Philippine Constabulary.⁹³ I think we shall be operating from here for about two weeks or maybe more. My cold is better but still troublesome but my morale is a lot better even though I have been losing to the phenomenal luck of my opponent at Acey Ducey⁹⁴...

Apparently there will be very little to write about down here. I had a very good time Thursday afternoon at Iloilo—we played golf on a very nice nine hole course and then dropped in at the Swiss Club where we met some extremely interesting and hospitable Swiss and Americans. The evening passed very pleasantly and the moderate amount of gin I drank was good for me. Iloilo was hot and humid—about 100 degrees or more [—] but further south it appears, and is, much cooler—in fact it has been only a little over 90 degrees and there is a nice breeze. We aren't shivering but it does feel nice not to sweat all the time.

⁹² The Moros, Sunni Muslims of a number of Filipino ethnicities, had resisted the Spanish since their conquest of the islands in the sixteenth century and then the Americans upon their takeover after the Spanish-American War. During World War II the Moros would fight the Japanese, driving them off Mindanao and Jolo.

⁹³ Founded in 1901 as a colonial gendarmerie under mostly American officers, since 1935 it had been part of the armed forces. In 1942 it would participate in the defense of Bataan; in late 1944, as the islands' liberation began, it would be reconstituted. In 1991 it would be incorporated into the newly formed Philippine National Police.

⁹⁴ Or acey-deucey, a variant of backgammon that since World War I has been a favorite pastime in the U.S. Navy, especially in officers' and chief petty officers' messes—if it has not now been displaced by electronic games.

We got the State Department radio bulletin giving the [Secretary of State Cordell] Hull and [Secretary of the Navy Frank] Knox speeches delivered today.⁹⁵ The change in attitude is interesting to note. I feel so completely impersonal about it. Two years ago I was disturbed but not many other people were. As you can imagine I like the speeches very much. . . .

[Sunday, 27 April 1941, 11 AM, continued]

Sweetheart,

I slept well last night and this is another quiet Sunday. My cold is still improving and should be gone in a day or so. This morning I feel quite chipper. There will be plenty of planning and work to do next week and probably we shall settle down to a fairly enjoyable routine while here.

I have been planning a bit for the months of May and June—of course here in the southern islands there is really nothing on which to spend money so I can get ahead. However the Navy yard will be working 24 hours a day on the ship and that together with the heat will make it pretty awful. Charlie Weeks and I have discussed renting an apartment in Manila where it will be cooler and where we can live decently. As a matter of fact I haven't slept ashore since November—except for my trip to Baguio—and I am a bit fed up with my narrow bunk which is not more than a few inches wider than my shoulders. So I believe a little extra expense for six weeks is in order. Ordinarily there is so little out here that I want that money can buy and therefore I am not depriving myself by sending you extra funds.

[10:50 PM, continued]

Apropos of nothing, Comdr Wiley the former skipper of the Macon⁹⁶ is to be our squadron commander. Do you remember meeting them in Long Beach when he was in Pensacola? Capt Kingsman will be going home next month. No more news tonight Darling.

[Monday, 28 April 1941, 10 PM, continued]

... The war situation is of course very discouraging but it is not surprising. Walter Lippmann's articles of last spring are now justified and I am afraid will be further substantiated. We of course have been too slow and will have to pay a very heavy penalty for our own lack of awareness. Protection of shipping is the only salvation

⁹⁵ The Frank Knox papers at the Library of Congress contain no speech delivered on 25 or 26 April 1941. However, on the 25th (Washington time) President Roosevelt had announced that the Navy was "guarding arms convoys" and "checking acts of aggression" in the hemisphere. In this speech the president referred to earlier calls by Secretary Knox for just such measures. Arthur Sears Henning, U.S. Seen near War as F.D.R. Deploys Navy," Chicago Daily Tribune, 26 April 1941.

⁹⁶ Herbert V. Wiley (1891-1954) had been commanding officer of the airship USS Macon (ZRS 5) when it crashed, killing two, on 12 February 1935. He had already survived (one of only three to do so) the crash of USS Akron (ZRS 4) in 1933. Promoted to captain, he would serve as a destroyer squadron commander for three years before commanding the battleship USS West Virginia (BB 48) in 1944-45. He would retire as a rear admiral in 1947. See Ian N. Ross, Such Is Life in the Navy: The Story of Rear Admiral Herbert V. Wiley-Airship Commander, Battleship Captain (Raleigh, NC: Lulu, 2016).

Britain has and whether or not that can be provided is problematical. It is a shame that the evacuation of children 97 was checked because of the sinking of a few ships. It should be started again even though many will be lost. All along governments have failed to realize and act on the realities of the situation, and one of the major realities of today is that every noncombatant or non-producer removed from England is one less person to feed and provide for and also represents one more person who will be available for the future rebuilding of the world. For every life lost in the process at least one and probably many more will be saved from starvation or other death. It is a somber prospect but it's there just the same and ignoring it won't help.

Out here news is scarce and none of the local developments are known to us. We just guess and keep on working. This isn't a very cheerful ending but we aren't worried or nervous—there is a rotten situation that we must face and we are doing on the whole pretty cheerfully.

And now to bed. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 2 MAY 1941 Tutu Bay, Jolo, P.I.

Sweetheart,

Life is going very pleasantly here in Tutu. We have started visiting around the other ships in the evening and have had some very nice wardroom 98 poker parties. Last night I got beautifully framed. I had asked Denny to come over for dinner and he had arrived quite early so as to have some Wagner—just before dinner Charlie Weeks and Bill Lalor arrived and I couldn't remember whether I had asked them or not! In any event I tried to be casual—the steward scurried, fortunately it was hamburger night and there was plenty to eat. We had the lovely Annabella—my old heart throb from Wings of the Morning99 in the movies—and a very nice poker game later. My cold finally left yesterday so life is picking up somewhat.

The weather has been quite cool—the rains have started and the country in the hills is lovely to look at. From where we are anchored it looks very Hawaiian—there is even a "Punch Bowl" to remind us of Honolulu. I remember so well when Honolulu seemed far from home—and now any allusion to it or memory makes it seem close to home and I always think of it as cool!

⁹⁷ Between 1939 and 1944 almost 1.5 million civilians, especially children, were evacuated, most of them internally, by the government from areas endangered, first, by threatened German invasion, thereafter by bombing. Some 2,500 children were sent overseas by a government-sponsored organization until September 1940, when seventy-seven were lost in a torpedoed ship. Thereafter some ten thousand would be evacuated privately, about half to the United States.

^{98 &}quot;Wardroom" refers variously to a dining and lounge space on board ship for the officers' exclusive use; the organization by which the officers' "mess," or dining arrangement, was operated and funded (by regular dues known as "mess bills"); and the collectivity of a ship's officers.

⁹⁹ A 1937 British (Twentieth Century Fox UK) period drama, set in the 1880s, directed by Harold D. Schuster, and starring Henry Fonda and Annabella (as the French actress Suzanne Georgette Charpentier, 1907–96, was known). They may alternatively have watched *Suez* (1938), the only other English-language film Annabella had made to date.

Speaking of memories—I am glad that I used to pester you a lot and make a fuss over you about little things and kiss you without any apparent reason—

I have been going over some of my old papers—getting some retyped etc. and I think that finally I will have something of a coherent nature that may be of interest to Skip at some later date. My old scrap book has filled considerably and when there is no more room in it I shall send it home and start another one. Now for some morning office work—this afternoon we sail for a weekend in Zamboanga¹⁰⁰ then back again to Tutu next week.

There are a dozen bancas (outrigger canoes) alongside the ship filled with young Moros diving for coppers and chattering away at a great rate. The Moros are quite different from the Tagalogs¹⁰¹ and are contemptuous of them. The kids are amusing many have their teeth filed. It is hard to tell what will happen to the race; the northern Filipino, or Tagalog, has political control and the Moros are not allowed to have fire arms. In spite of that, they make blunder basses [blunderbusses, short-range small arms with large bores] out of old pipe, make their own powder and fill the guns with all sorts of junk etc. and then frequently lick the devil out of a much larger group of armed Filipinos. They are wonderful fighters, and being Moslems like nothing better than to die swinging a kris or a bolo. 102 They are very proud despising their inferior masters who they consider pimps and grafters.

The Spaniards used to have a rather loose hold on these southern islands but scarcely ever went far from their forts. Iloilo was raided once by about 7,000 Moros (about 150 years ago) and practically every Filipino and Spaniard [was] killed. 103 Pearl diving, slave trading and fighting all were common occupations. Usually their raids were for the purpose of capturing women slaves and also just for the fun of chasing off their nominal rulers.

Most of their towns are built on piles or stilts on the reefs on the [illegible] of the islands. The bancas have striped colored sails and look like water bugs as they skim across the water.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 3 MAY 1941, 8 AM Zamboanga

Darling,

We anchored a short time ago and breakfast is over. I have no idea when the mail is going out so I shall finish this up and then start another one.

¹⁰⁰ A city on the island of Mindanao, at nearly the southern extreme of the Philippines.

¹⁰¹ The Tagalog people form one of the major ethnicities of the Philippines, constituting the majority in Manila and southern Luzon. They are largely Christian; a minority is Muslim. Their eponymous language is today one of the nation's two official languages (the other being English); about a quarter of the population is native speakers.

¹⁰² A kris is a Southeast Asian dagger with a distinctively patterned, often wavy, blade. A bolo is a large, single-edged knife—a machete.

¹⁰³ This is probably a reference to the attack on Iloilo by Muslims in 1600, but in that event (of course, well over 150 years before) the city successfully defended itself.

We left Tutu at five yesterday afternoon and had a beautiful cool trip up to Zamboanga. I suppose it will be hot today but even then it won't be as bad as Cavite.

At the moment there is little to write about. I hope to play golf this afternoon and probably will also look the shops over again.

I am beginning to be encouraged about the strike situation—it is so much better to have had the coal strike 104 settled without bloodshed of a major nature, even though a certain amount of delay was involved. Possibly some of delay practical, sensible, fair method of handling labor troubles will be evolved that may be permanent. Our capacity for adjusting our internal strains is of vital importance and the whole picture must be viewed before we reach conclusions. In any event it looks better—

And now to close—give my love to Nan [Nancy Roome, a niece] and tell Dad I'll write before leaving Zamboanga. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 8 MAY 1941 **Tutu Bay**

Darling,

Life has brightened a bit but it is still overcast because apparently we shall have no mail while south. However by the end of next week we shall be back at Cavite and there we shall have heat and mail both!

We finally decided that it was better to take a chance on sharks rather than let the men die of boredom so now we have swimming call twice a day and it is greatly enjoyed. We keep a couple of riflemen on deck and also a patrol boat so there isn't much cause for concern. I haven't been swimming since Singapore last September and even though the water is very warm, 82 degrees to 84 degrees, it is nice to get in again and the exercise is very relaxing. This morning we sent a big hiking party ashore up to Crater Lake, which overlooks the bay. Five officers and fifty men went and now at six o'clock they have just returned, dripping wet, sun burned and tired but very enthusiastic. They were well armed just in case they ran into any hill Moros that might get tough but they reported that the natives were very friendly. However the villagers did warn them to be on their guard in the hills. Last Saturday there was a big raid near the town of Jolo—Harry Slocum told me that twenty one were killed.

This all may sound fantastic and foolish but it is much better to take a chance with trouble than it is to let the crew go stale and with endless repetition of drills, no liberty, heat and confinement to a small crowded ship.

Last night Dick Herms and I had dinner on the Whipple then we played poker till 1 a.m. I had rather bad cards but managed to break exactly even by playing

¹⁰⁴ In April four hundred thousand Appalachian soft-coal miners had struck in support of a United Mine Workers demand that hourly wages paid by southern mines be made equal to what was paid in the North and that both rates of pay be raised. After a month the Roosevelt administration arranged for work to be resumed while negotiations continued. It would be July before the final group of miners agreed to a new contract.

carefully and had a very enjoyable time. This afternoon I had a fine siesta, a good swim and then an hour of music. For a movie we have Bette Davis in The Old *Maid*. ¹⁰⁵ We saw the play in Long Beach.

Tomorrow we go to Jolo for the weekend.

My cold is all gone and my morale is good.

Mr. Stimson's speech 106 would indicate that the Navy will soon have some fine convoy work to do. There is a lovely bit of irony in the Secretary of War urging that the Navy do the dirty work! We mustn't let "our boys" go to Europe, just let the Navy do the work! It was inevitable of course and before we get thru there will be plenty of work for everyone. Thank goodness the Navy really is in pretty good shape for whatever comes. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 19 MAY 1941

Cavite

My Darling,

We are now in a complete and very hot mad house. I have cotton stuffed in my ears and am surprised that I can concentrate at all. The yard started in on us with a will yesterday and now the ship is torn up and sounds like the inside of a bass drum. The Navy yard is jammed, the number of employees having been tripled in the last twelve months. There is no place for either officers or men to live except the ship but we hope that shortly, when the Henderson¹⁰⁷ leaves, we will find room for half our crew in the barracks. Just at present it is a bit hectic, for the Henderson draft is quartered there under quarantine for dysentery, about 70 cases out of 700 men.

I have moved up to the Army-Navy Club in Manila—catching a 9:30 ferry in the morning and a 4:15 in the afternoon. Actually there is little for me to do on the ship. So I expect to live ashore for the next five weeks. I think that in a few days Charlie Weeks and I will go to Baguio for a week. I am trying to send as many officers and men to the mountains as possible but it is a little hard to do. (The electrical current went off. My fan stopped and I am pouring sweat!)

¹⁰⁵ Warner Brothers, 1939, directed by Edmund Goulding, starring Davis and Miriam Hopkins; it was based on a 1935 play, based in turn on an Edith Wharton novella.

¹⁰⁶ Henry L. Stimson (1867-1950) was secretary of war from 1940 until 1945. The reference is probably to a radio address of 6 May: "So long as [the Atlantic and Pacific] are under our own or friendly control their broad waters constitute an insuperable barrier to any armies which may be built up by would-be aggressive governments. . . . Furthermore we have only just begun to build up our military and air defenses. At least a year will pass before we can have an Army and an air force adequate to meet the air and ground forces which could be brought against us if the control of the seas passed into Axis hands. . . . [Meanwhile, supplementing] the efforts of the British Navy, [the U.S. Navy] can render secure all of the oceans, North and South, West and East, which surround our continent. In that way it can help to hold in check the onward rush of the tide of Nazism until the other defense forces of all of the democracies are completed."

¹⁰⁷ USS Henderson (AP 1) was a 12,400-ton (full load) transport, commissioned in 1916, and had been in the Far East for the preceding fourteen years. In 1943 it would be converted to a hospital ship, renamed and redesignated USS Bountiful (AH 9). It would be decommissioned in 1946 and scrapped in 1948.

Actually my major job is to keep in as good shape as possible—to study up a bit professionally, and to keep general supervision of the yard work. But I have no specific jobs to attend to. I sent my phonograph up to the Club and have a comfortable room. The Club is very dead now that the Army wives have left. I see Sam Berger¹⁰⁸ frequently....

Thanks for sending me Lippmann's comments. It is the clearest and best statement of the present situation that I have seen. Although I have moments of concern and doubt as to what will eventually happen to the country, those moments do not last long—my faith is much stronger—I feel that so many people are now doubtful and uncertain because a few years ago they did not realize what was actually happening. Furthermore I feel more confidence in my own judgment than I do in theirs, because at that same time I did realize what was happening and was certain that in general affairs would take the course they actually have. Of course you remember how many times I commented on the fact that the people weren't really "scared"—and that when they got scared the fur would begin to fly—well that time has come—some are scared of shadows, some of Hitler, some of Roosevelt and some of labor. But I feel that the majority will buckle down to work and produce splendid results. We probably will have to fight to maintain ourselves but I think we are worth maintaining and that when we fight we shall win and in the long run we shall have a better country and very possibly a better world. I think the very rich will be practically eliminated and in spite of the screams of some of them, it won't do any harm. I think labor will go too far and will consequently get kicked in the teeth—and certainly that will be splendid.

I think that sexual intercourse will continue to be the favorite relaxation of men and women—and I certainly shan't object to that!!! (Even though I am definitely out of practice.) And furthermore I think that the younger generation is O.K., that men and women who are honest, capable and willing to work will get along and that people with faith, intelligence and have love in their hearts and a perception of the beauties of life will be able to achieve full, real lives and be rewarded by knowing that they are not isolated individuals alone in a world of complete sin and evil but will find many others of like faith and belief.

Sweetheart—if I did not believe what I have been writing I could not have continued in the midst of the chipping hammers and rivet guns that are pounding a steel bulkhead next to my room.

¹⁰⁸ Unidentified but other references in the letters reveal that he had a wife, Rebecca, and grown daughter or niece, Esther, who both resided with him in Manila. An oblique comment in chapter 4 suggests that he might have worked at Station CAST, the radio-intelligence facility at Cavite. The evident warmth and long standing of HEE's friendship with the Bergers suggests that Samuel was a regular naval officer, not a civilian analyst, and of comparable seniority. Berger and his family are last mentioned before the outbreak of war. He, at least, would then have been evacuated with the station itself, first to Corregidor (see chapter 5), ultimately to Australia. However, since at last mention he was gravely ill, the whole family may well have already gone.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 24 MAY 1941 Camp John Hay, Baguio, P.I.

My Darling,

I know it is Saturday but I can't remember nor care for the date—(Incidentally this new paper is lousy!). Don Kneedles drove me up yesterday afternoon—his mother was very nice to us on our last trip here—he has a charming wife and two beautiful and well trained kids about 4-6 years. His brother's wife knew Jean Bucklin quite well in Chicago—and looks something like her too.

We arrived at 9 p.m. but I was very tired having slept hardly at all Thursday night—so tired I couldn't eat—so I tumbled into bed and though I woke frequently I did not stay awake long and this morning at 8:00 I was beautifully refreshed. This last week Manila has been really sweltering, running from 90-95 everyday til yesterday, when it jumped up to 101. So to be in the 70-75 degree of Baguio is a wonderful relief and I am glad I can have a whole week of it! Actually I need it. My morale and nerves do pretty well when I am busy, but the last week at sea was very dull, my nerves got edgy and all in all I felt very low and disgusted with myself. When I moved to the Club I was much more comfortable—it was quiet but hot but knowing that I was coming up here I didn't really relax. The ship is doing well, the overhaul is well organized and the only reason I am only staying a week is that I want to give the other officers a chance to come up for they need it just as much as I do. However, if things are stable I will try to get another week here before July 1st.

This will be an expensive month but it is the best investment I know of—I should have a couple of more small insurance dividends that I can send you but I don't believe I can forward any of my own money till July because my Club bill will be big.

This morning I played golf and enjoyed it greatly—after lunch I dozed a bit and this evening I will [go] to the steak fry at the Club.

Barbara Agnew has been visiting the British consul general in Baguio for the last month but returned to Manila on the morning train so I missed her.

It rains here nearly every afternoon and now it has clouded over and the wind is blowing in the pines in a very threatening manner. The mornings are glorious! Charlie Weeks came up on the morning train so tomorrow we shall start our serious (?) golf.

The little Igorote caddies are so nice—cheerful and smiling. This whole independence nonsense is tragic—I get more convinced every day I am out here. This is another example of what lack of real statesmanship and vision can do. All the same elements that were the basic cause of Europe's collapse are present. Selfishness, i.e., advancing one's own position thru advocating an unsound scheme—talking patriotism for ulterior motives—graft, inefficiency. All are characteristic of Puazou's 109

¹⁰⁹ As transcribed. Probably Manuel Quezon (see note 53), the first president of the American-established Commonwealth of the Philippines (see note 110).

rise to power and present strength. Issues have been evaded or solved on the basis of expediency—and there have been scores of examples of shilly shallying around.

The result will be that the Tagalog, which is the least admirable of the Filipino tribes, will have political control—the politicos will stay rich and the country will be economically ruined by the breaking off of economic relations and preferences in the United States. That of course being forced by the sugar and tobacco interests at home. The Tagalog will oppress and make every effort to ruin the two minority but fine tough tribes—Igorotes and Moros—that or else bloodshed will sweep the islands. The Igorotes and Moros both like and respect and trust the Americans and mistrust and hate the Tagalog. Dishonesty and theft were unknown in the hill country until the low-country people came up here.

The Commonwealth¹¹⁰ will be a bust yet I don't see how we can avoid it even if we do remain responsible for the defense of the islands. I have been there only six or seven months and possibly shouldn't reach such definite conclusions so soon but I feel convinced. The petty thievery around Manila is disgusting, chastity is a curiosity—girls' schools have to be heavily fenced and barred.

The Moro is honest, chastity is a virtue and seduction frowned on heavily—in Manila seduction is an acceptable custom—the Moros and Igorotes are tough—savage and square dealing—the Tagalog is worse. The Igorote probably is the best of the lot—oh, he throws in a bit of casual headhunting sometimes but there is usually a good reason.

So I've gone on enough—now to dress for the party. . . .

[Sunday, 25 May 1941, 5:30 PM, continued]

Darling,

The steak fry was rather fun—the food was excellent but there were about six men to every woman—I danced once but it seemed too confusing to try again! What women there are around here certainly get more attention than they have ever had before. For about an hour Dutch Cheever and I had a long argument about the war and we ended very much as usual by agreeing on most of our facts but by disagreeing on our interpretations and conclusions.

After the party at the Club we wandered down to the Pines Hotel out of curiosity to watch the dancing there and found it a rather miscellaneous crowd so we did not stay long. Lieut. Lindenmayer, an older man in the Supply Corps, is in the room with Weeks and me and was with us at the party. When we returned he and I

¹¹⁰ A governmental arrangement set up in 1935 by the United States, of which the Philippines were then a colony, as an intermediate step to full independence. It was to be interrupted by the Japanese occupation of 1941–45 and would end with the nation's declaration of sovereignty in 1946.

¹¹¹ Lt. Louie Ludwig Lindenmeyer (1893–1952). Born in Mississippi, he would eventually be promoted to lieutenant commander and die in Florida in retirement. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

sat out on the edge of the canyon for a while before turning in and he talked on trivialities. I did not sleep well—probably because of extra coffee, scotch and mulling.

This morning we started golf right after breakfast and for some reason I was playing very well. The par for this course is only 65 but there are plenty of good holes. I got a 74 and did not lose a single hole! Colonel Horan 112 the post commander and Major Ketchum¹¹³ came in for a drink before dinner and we had a very pleasant discussion then a swell turkey dinner which I relished (rather rare for me in this country!). Afterwards I started Douglas Southall Freeman's life of Robert E. Lee. 114 (I had started Sandburg's Lincoln in Manila but packed so hurriedly that I forgot to bring it.)¹¹⁵ Then I had a grand sleep and now feel relaxed and very well. It is raining a little cool drizzle which reminds me of Puget Sound. In another few weeks the heavy rains will start.

People's minds, how strangely they work! I have tried to keep my own ideas clear and to be logical in my thinking. I can't accurately express the quality of my own thinking or how well I have been able to keep free from prejudice and maintain logic. But I see such obvious flaws in the reasoning of many people. In college I studied one excellent book written by my philosophy teacher—Willet's old friend Adam Leroy Jones' Logic, Inductive and Deductive or How to Think. 116 Since then I have lost two copies of the book, to my regret. In it there is an excellent and clear discussion of the syllogism and of fallacies. Actually these classic fallacies occur very frequently in ordinary discussions and thus logic is defeated. As you know I have pounded Skip with the importance of straight logical thinking. The study of logic cannot ever be undertaken until a certain degree of maturity is reached but I feel it is tremendously important that he get some formal training along that line. Dr. Jones' book is quite short and elementary and while certain phases of it are quite involved there are several chapters that are readily absorbed and are very valuable in the analysis of thought.

The discussions of Socrates as written by Plato are of course the great classics and in particular the Socratic Dialogue¹¹⁷ is a thing of beauty. I believe that so many people are now in doubt and are suffering fear and uncertainty because they

¹¹² Leo Francis Sylvester Horan (1883-1956) had retired in 1936 but had been recalled to active duty. His permanent rank was captain, U.S. Marine Corps. In 1942 he would be temporarily promoted to major.

¹¹³ Probably Maj. Hubert Whitney Ketchum, U.S. Army, who would be killed in combat on 21 December

¹¹⁴ Freeman's R. E. Lee: A Biography won the Pulitzer Prize when its four volumes were published by Scribner's in 1934-35.

¹¹⁵ Carl Sandburg's Abraham Lincoln: The War Years, a companion to his Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years (two vols., 1926), had appeared in four volumes in 1939. Both titles won the Pulitzer Prize.

¹¹⁶ Logic, Inductive and Deductive: An Introduction to Scientific Method, published by Henry Holt in 1909. Dr. Adam Leroy Jones (1873-1934) was for the last twenty-five years of his life director of admissions at Columbia University, where HEE's brother Willet studied.

¹¹⁷ Not a specific work but a genre of fourth-century BC pedagogical literature in which a moral or philosophical point is laid out in dialogue format, with Socrates typically represented as an interlocutor.

have not thought this present situation through clearly. Of course there are many other reasons too involved to go into. Walter Lippmann is the clearest writer and thinker—keep reading him, for more than anyone else he has presented a consistent continuity thru the years of confusion. He has not been 100% right but his average is remarkably high.

One other great factor in the confusion that has been in people's minds has been that of wishful thinking. This, as a part of and supplementary to both conscious and unconscious propaganda, has resulted in grave errors of individual thinking and opinion multiplied—it results in mass opinion. For that reason the newspaper headlines are very deceptive for so often they fail to present the actual meaning of the dispatch on which they are based. On top of that the dispatches themselves are frequently prejudiced. That makes Time so very valuable because its editors present, I believe, the most accurate statement of the ascertained facts that is possible.

Then again, where the most dangerous aspect of wishful thinking comes in is the refusal of some people in authority to believe facts which are contrary to their own opinions and desires. The greatest example of that was the refusal of British leaders to believe the accurate reports they actually did receive in large numbers from their own intelligence service in Europe—especially Germany. Lindberg's reports were discounted for that reason. While I disagree with his conclusions and his apparent philosophy I regret very deeply that his knowledge of facts has been so bitterly attacked.118

Engineering training is the best thing I know to combat this type of thinking and when the engineering point of view is really achieved, a person has made definite progress in learning to think. Dr. Lucke, 119 at Columbia, used to stress that to us very strongly and the obtaining of that point of view was actually the major purpose of our postgraduate course.

But to revert to wishful thinking and its dangers—it seems that people in high political positions or in other positions of great authority are particularly prone to resent hearing things that are contrary to their opinions—actually they should form those opinions on the basis of fact—but still they frequently play up the aspects that favor their opinion and belittle the facts which are contrary. And then

¹¹⁸ Charles A. Lindbergh (1902-74), famous for his solo transatlantic fleet in 1927 and the subject of intense publicity since the kidnapping and murder of his son in 1932, had been living in Europe since 1935. A member of the America First movement, he held strong isolationist opinions that had drawn public criticism from President Roosevelt. His anticommunism and anti-Semitism, his views on race generally, and his daunting and admiring descriptions of the power of the German air force (the Luftwaffe) were bringing widespread suspicion of sympathy for Germany, Adolf Hitler, and the National Socialist (Nazi) regime. His views would reverse themselves with Pearl Harbor; unable to reenter the military (he had been an Army Air Corps reservist), he would fly fifty combat missions in the Pacific as a civilian, an aircraft manufacturer's technical representative, credited with one air-to-air

¹¹⁹ Dr. Charles E. Lucke (1876-1951) was Stevens Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Columbia University until his retirement in 1941. An expert in internal combustion engines, he held patents on 120 devices and published four books, as well as seventy-six papers on thermodynamics.

they follow that up by attacking the person who presented or developed those facts. In legal terminology it is called Argument ad Hominem.

So Darling there we are—let your feelings be warm and friendly and let your thinking be cold blooded and clear cut. It is a terrific problem, I will grant, but it merely emphasizes the need for trained thinking. And the world to come and all worlds to come will always have need for clear thinkers who can also act.

We are up against grim reality—I am not afraid because I have faith—and in spite of all my discussion of cold blooded thinking, faith is and must be based on something more than logic. . . .

[Monday, 26 May 1941, 2:30 PM, continued]

Still quiet and pleasant—I am well relaxed and thoroughly enjoying the vacation. This letter has been very serious but it is difficult to miss you so much and then write gay trivialities. I do feel much more normal here, however; Manila is depressing and just naturally builds depressing thoughts.

This morning we had a very cheerful foursome in which there was enough good golf to make it interesting. We have toyed with the idea of playing 27 or 36 holes but since this is a mountain-goat course I doubt if we do it. The best thing about it is that we feel like trying it! . . .

Henry Luce and his wife Claire Boothe are visiting High Commissioner Sayre 120 in Baguio now—I wish I could meet them!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 6 JUNE 1941 Manila, Army-Navy Club

My Darlingest Isy:

This has been a funny sort of week with a typhoon or so playing around a few hundred miles away, just close enough to keep the rain almost constant and the wind gusty.

The result is that everything is damp and muggy—all clothes, shoes, sheets, paper, people, everything indeed. I expect the mold to start forming on shoes soon. Strangely enough I have been quite comfortable and while disappointed at not being able to play golf have managed to have a rather enjoyable time. I have blown myself some good meals at the Club and one splendid movie—The Great Lie with Bette Davis¹²¹—and several very satisfying concerts in my own room where I could stretch out comfortably with a tall drink and listen to the phonograph

¹²⁰ Francis B. Sayre Sr. (1885-1972) was Woodrow Wilson's son-in-law; the post of high commissioner, or personal representative of the president of the United States, had replaced the governor generalship on the institution of the Commonwealth in 1935 (see note 110). Sayre, whose term would effectively end with his evacuation in 1942, was to be the last high commissioner. Henry Luce (1898-1967) was the founder and editor in chief of, at this point, Time and Fortune magazines. Clare Boothe Luce (1903-87), Luce's second wife, was an author and playwright in her own right and in the 1950s would be appointed ambassador to Italy.

¹²¹ Warner Brothers, 1941, starring Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

without an obbligato of external voices, bells, conversation and whirring but distant machinery.

And I have slept well—Baguio did more to restore my nerves than I dreamt possible and it is so grand to feel human and relaxed rather than mean and frustrated as I did before I got away. How long the good effects will last I don't know but at least I have had real rebuilding.

The work aboard ship is going well although the steady rain has been a handicap. I have left my officers pretty much alone to get their work done on their own initiative and they have responded in excellent fashion. I don't know if and/or when war for us will start but if it does at least one ship will be relaxed and not torn by anxiety and tension. From all accounts the ships on other stations are being run ragged, which is silly. . . .

[Saturday, 7 June 1941, 10 AM, continued]

Sweetheart,

Breakfast is over and in an hour I will wander downtown for a few errands then go out for golf in the afternoon.

The storm seems to be over and we shouldn't have more than scattered rains. The Clipper has been delayed three or four days but should leave for Hawaii tomorrow morning.

As the stormy season approaches Clipper delays will occur more often.

Swede is anxious for you to get in touch with Miriam, whose address is 735 Margarita Ave, Coronado. She wants you to come out to the West Coast next fall. I think it would be a grand idea and well worth doing.

Sam Berger had a very bad heart attack—coronary thrombosis—and is in the hospital. I haven't heard how he is today except that he can have no visitors—sounds like very bad news. He is a fine man and the family is a devoted one.

And now Darling I shall dash—

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 14 JUNE 1941, 10 AM Manila

Darling Isy,

This is probably the last Saturday I shall have a chance to loaf in the morning so I am taking things easily. I am playing golf this afternoon and this evening I am going to a dinner party where there probably will be quite a bit of rank.

Manila has really been lovely this week. It hasn't been really hot and the recent rains have brought out a lot of color. The Lurreta¹²² is a big open park and the grass is very lush and the flame trees surrounding it are in full bloom and fully justify their name. It would be delightful if it stayed this way but unfortunately it won't.

¹²² Probably Rizal Park, locally known as Luneta (sic) Park. Today its 133 acres offer gardens, woods, monuments, and museums.

Last night I went to the Wolffs' as usual and there was a big crowd with quite a few youngsters. It is a most interesting group: Jimmy Redfern (English)¹²³ is my particular partner in kidding and bowling—Incidentally the two-ball foursome I introduced is quite popular and produces much laughter.

G. G. Gordon and Alex McLeod married two of the seven MacGavin sisters, Monte and Jermie, and all are attractive and full of fun. Mr. Fairchild is 70–75, big fine-looking American with a splendid big wife about the same age who is half Hawaiian—they are called "Father and Mother." Their daughter "Baby" is about 40-42, fine looking and big—married to a tremendous black-headed Scot, Gordon McKay—her daughter by a former marriage, Lydia Vaughn, is a beautiful youngster about 21. Ewald and Flora Selph 224 are about 50, fine people from San Francisco. General Yuincet¹²⁵ is in command of the army here. Col. Williams [is] a big easy-going fine cavalry colonel—Cols. Smith and Ward are frequently there and some of the younger Army officers—Van Zandt comes out from time to time—Mr. and Mrs. Peters are nice too—both big—golfing types, he from London, she from Honolulu—their daughter Peggy about 16 or 17, fine handsome and intelligent really swell kid—"Blinch" Hidalgo—part-Spanish spinster about 40, homely, athletic, and given to strange clothes and singing Scotch songs.

Usually I have been rather quiet but last night I got out some condensed milk tins and showed them how to walk on three of them—it took on quickly and soon the party was quite hilarious as Jermie, Monte, and the youngsters started falling all over the place—Monte's niece about 17 or 18, a dancer, was fine on them but the others didn't do so well—all the men practiced outside where they couldn't be seen! Now the older gals say I have given them a good reducing exercise!

So we bowled and laughed, played ping pong, sang a bit and talked—ate and drank and all in all had a fine evening. The group has a good effect on me for it clears my mind of dark introspective thoughts and longings which can and do get very tough to take sometimes. I came away feeling tired but clean and fresh. Caroline is grand—wonderful poise and charm—always even and sweet. Tom is boisterous rough and tough—very sure of himself and very interesting when he talks of his experiences and old times. People mingle around a lot and it really is something that you would enjoy thoroughly and they would be very fond of you!

¹²³ Richard James Redfern (1920?-2002?), a British subject with a Spanish mother and Italian wife (and recalled by a French tenant, on whom he had just all but forcibly quartered his mother, as "more despicable than the lowest Filipino"—Robert Colquhoun, ed. and trans., A Free Frenchman under the Japanese: The War Diary of Paul Esmérian, Manila, Philippines, 1941-1945 [Kibworth Beauchamp, U.K.: Matador, 2015], p. 34), was to be interned in a camp near Iloilo throughout the war.

¹²⁴ The Selphs would be interned by the Japanese but repatriated in 1944.

¹²⁵ As transcribed. Probably Maj. Gen. George Grunert (1881–1971), then commanding the Philippine Department, which comprised both U.S. and Philippine troops. In October he would be relieved by Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who had been recalled to active duty. Grunert would return to the United States, remaining there in various command positions until his retirement in July 1945.

And so for a while—

[1 PM, continued]

I read for a while from Sandburg's Abraham Lincoln: The War Years then took a very relaxing nap—and played the lovely Beethoven Quartet #2 that Miriam Bryant gave us. I feel very well and shall enjoy the afternoon.

It is wonderful how half an hour of complete relaxation and snooze helps out....

[Sunday, 15 June 1941, 10:30 PM, continued]

Sweetheart,

This has been quite a day—the dinner party was nice—interesting people and good conversation, but we adjourned to the Club and then stayed up very late because after the music stopped some youngster broke out an accordion and we sang etc. till very late—finally I left a few of the die hards and turned in at 4:30 a.m. and teed off at 9:30. Swede Bryant persuaded me to play 18 holes more which I did with a very good score after a very erratic morning round. We came back to the Club, took a nice hot bath and rubdown with bay rum and prickly heat powder, rested for half an hour—went down had a few cocktails and have just left the dinner table after a fine healthy day, sunburned and nicely tired which isn't bad for 36 holes after a long night—of course the secret is I didn't drink after dinner last night and that meant nice relaxation and good though brief sleep.

And now I am sleepy again—I shan't want [write?] more because I'll start on deep introspection and too-serious comments on people and my reactions—too much of that sort of thinking and introspection is bad so I shan't indulge. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 27 JUNE 1941, 7:15 PM

The interesting things that are happening I can't write about, and not much else has been going on. We have been working steadily all day with lots of study and planning late at night. Tomorrow night I expect to be going from sunset till dawn tonight I am going over to the Whipple for some recreation. I feel well and not worried, just rather curious. I no longer have my phonograph aboard having left it in Manila¹²⁶—I hope I see it again sometime—however, it can be replaced and records are much cheaper now than they used to be.

[Saturday, 28 June 1941, 2 PM, continued]

The news of the freezing of Japanese credits¹²⁷ on the United States has just come in over the radio and long before this reaches you, you will have known whether

¹²⁶ Where HEE is now if not in port in Manila, or if in Manila why he could not retrieve the record player, is unclear. As hinted below, Edwards might have been making a classified movement, perhaps leaving the machine at the Army-Navy Club for safekeeping.

¹²⁷ On 17 June President Roosevelt had also frozen the assets of Germany (which had seized Crete earlier that month) and Italy. Japanese credits would not be frozen until 25 July. See, on this subject, Edward S. Miller, Bankrupting the Enemy: The U.S. Financial Siege of Japan before Pearl Harbor (Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 2007).

or not it was the signal to start shooting or just one more step in the long way of waiting and preparing. Of course out here we are in no position to take a chance on anything. There are tremendous uncertainties, one being the question of my own pay. I shall keep American cash aboard and even if things don't break, as I accumulate a surplus I will convert it to check[s] and send [them] to you to hold. Therefore I am enclosing a check for one hundred and forty dollars which is part of the money I have saved here.

Even at the best, mail from me will come at irregular intervals and even if you should guess where I am under no circumstances mention your guess to anyone. I can't suggest any change in my address, so you might just as well continue using it. Incidentally, please let me know what your prospective fall and winter address will be so that there won't be any unnecessary delay in my letters to you.

This is a very matter of fact letter. But Darling, I have written my heart out to you too many times and we know and understand each other too well for anything to be said.

I have faith and I love you.

I enclosed the check to the bank to guard against possible complication due to mail interference.

LETTER TO WILLET, SUNDAY, 29 JUNE 1941

Dearest Will [HEE's brother; see chapter 1, note 4],

A year ago today I left New York and I hope that I never have a day like that again. Needless to say, this year has brought tremendous changes and what is yet in store is impossible to predict. Actually when I left New York I thought that my chances for reaching Manila were about 50-50 and I guess that was a fairly good guess. The officer next to cover a large part of the ground I did has been missing in Iraq for the last three weeks according to a news despatch from the Navy Department and I suppose he is all washed up.

About a week ago I started a rather long letter to you but in moving back from the Club to the ship most of it was lost. The last few days have been rather hectic and uncomfortable as we had to get out of harbor & anchor out while a typhoon played out to the eastward of us. We got no really bad winds—just nasty, wet and gusty up to 50 or 55 knots at times. Last night we came back to our normal berth in the midst of a bad squall and since I had made an error in judgement in ballasting the ship to compensate for lack of fuel oil in our bottoms [fuel tanks] she had a very bad trim [i.e., either bow down or stern down] and was hard as the devil to handle. The result was about a three hour session in the rain and dark trying to spot her in a close anchorage so as not to be too close to the other ships. I was tired and disgusted when I got thru and it was mostly my own fault. Wed[nesday] Thur[sday] and Friday were all complicated days where one thing would be arranged and planned and then thoroughly screwed up by circumstances. You have had the same kind of days!

Skip sent me his marks for the final exams and I am delighted with the way he handled his work. . . .

I have been somewhat disturbed about the last letter I wrote you because I fear I may have had too critical an attitude. Certainly the complications of life are not susceptible to simple solutions. I have been extremely lucky and fortunate in so many ways that it ill behooves me to try to solve the problems of others. And furthermore I have enough problems of my own (including that of preventing myself from making the silly sort of mistakes that I did this week!). Apparently it was my week to go sour. Last Saturday I turned in early and slept late—which apparently was bad dope because I mixed things up beautifully arriving one hour late for an afternoon golf date after being *one week* early for a luncheon engagement and not be wide awake enough to realize it until much too late! So I have been rather depressed with my own performance.

I can't figure the Russo-German situation at all—two days before the war broke out between them I offered 3 to 1 against any real trouble. I can't see the picture—certainly Russia has been far from friendly towards us and yet anything that tends to weaken or delay Germany is to our advantage. . . . Certainly the R.A.F. should be able to do a tremendous amount of damage to transportation in Western Germany while the Luftwaffe is occupied in the East. Transportation, coastal bases, ship building and submarine bases are the major targets for them. Well it's a hell of a mess and I don't know the answers! . . .

Tell Dorothy that I enjoy her voice in the Bach Cantata more and more[;] it is lovely and it is grand to have something so alive and personal. Give my love to her and to all the kids. Take care of yourself.

(Everything is damp & sticky especially envelopes. Soon we will be fighting the summer mould!)

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 29 JUNE 1941, 1:15 PM

So much space is wasted for letter heads that this letter is not as long as it seems—I'll get better paper in Manila. My next letter will probably be pretty thin!

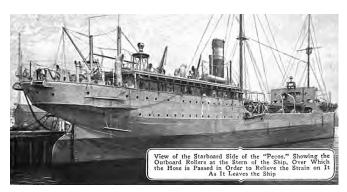
My Darling,

In a short time we are getting underway to fuel from the *Pecos* and then we go on to dock [i.e., dry dock]. The typhoon missed us and we had no severe weather—just wet, blowy and nasty. It has been an uncomfortable and uncertain week with many changes of plans and uncertainties, all in all not so hot.

I have written to Skip, Dad and Will this week so I feel better about that.

[4:20 PM, continued]

We are heading out the bay at 20 kts [knots] bucking a moderate head sea which gives us a nice lift from time to time—we have plenty of fuel aboard so the ship rides nicely—much better than she did before, when we were very light. Just as we started to approach the tanker *Pecos* to take fuel a hard squall came in with a



(Popular Mechanics, 1921)

driving rain—I made a nice landing 128 just before the hardest part hit us but I did not have any time to spare. My morale, however, is much better than it was because most of this last week I have had a rather futile and indecisive feeling. Now that we are at sea, even if for only a few hours, I feel much better. Thank goodness I am not on shore duty out here!

The Asoma Maru, a big Japanese liner, 129

is just ahead of us travelling at about the same speed. She is headed for the N.E.I. to pick up German internees, etc., and probably they think we are trailing them! However, in a few hours we will separate and go on our respective courses. The ships of the fleet have painted over all the hull numbers and names and so now it is very hard to tell one destroyer or submarine from another. 130

[6 PM, continued]

It is time for dinner but most of the mess boys are ill 131 and furthermore I doubt if the dishes will stay on the table very well. Coming out the channel entrance we were bucking some good seas, in fact we took green water ¹³² over the foc'sle several times—we slowed to 15 knots and changed course up the coast, so now we have a

¹²⁸ Although "landing" suggests mooring alongside, that method of refueling, then used routinely in port, would have been difficult in calm seas and impossible, as well as dangerous even to attempt, in the weather HEE describes. Thus, he uses the term figuratively, to mean positioning his ship properly for refueling. A photograph of Pecos shows that it was fitted for at-sea refueling astern, wherein the oiler, proceeding very slowly ahead, paid out a hose with attached buoy over its fantail (Pecos had a crane and rollers for the purpose) to be picked up, manhandled on board near the bow, and connected by the receiving ship, following perhaps a hundred feet astern. This slow and inefficient technique was soon abandoned by the U.S. Navy in favor of alongside underway replenishment (but not by the German or Japanese navies, which continued to refuel astern). Astern refueling, practiced long after World War II in the Soviet navy, is now rare. See Thomas Wildenberg, "Chester Nimitz and the Development of Fueling at Sea," Naval War College Review 46, no. 4 (Autumn 1993), pp. 52-62.

¹²⁹ In 1927 the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line launched its first passenger liner, for the transpacific trade: Asama Maru (16,975 tons, length 583 feet, beam 71 feet, 1,152 crew and passengers, in three classes). Japan's first liner with diesel propulsion, it had a service speed of twenty-one knots. In January 1940 Asama Maru became a cause célèbre when the light cruiser HMS Liverpool stopped and boarded it and removed twenty-one passengers suspected of being sailors from a scuttled German liner. In 1941, the liner was taken up as a troopship, first repatriating diplomatic staffs and then (as one of the notorious "hell ships") transporting Allied prisoners of war. Asama Maru would be sunk in November 1944 by a U.S. submarine with the loss of 474 of the 1,850 on board.

¹³⁰ This was done specifically to make it "very hard [for an enemy] to tell one destroyer or submarine from another" and thus to compile, and thereafter detect changes in, one's "order of battle"—that is, what forces are where and, by deduction, subordinated to whom. Later in the war the U.S. Navy would restore the hull numbers, painted very small.

¹³¹ The "mess boys" to whom HEE refers—(seasick) stewards in the wardroom (see note 98)—will almost certainly have been either black sailors or Philippine nationals. The latter category had enlisted in the Ú.S. Navy since 1901 but at this time could serve only as stewards (in the wardroom or, on board ships large enough, the commanding officer's own separate mess or even, if an admiral was embarked, the "flag" mess) or as cooks or attendants in the "general," or crew's, mess. HEE would not have had his own mess but would have eaten in the wardroom with his officers.

¹³² That is, solid water, the wave itself, not merely spray. "Foc'sle" is the nautical pronunciation of "forecastle," the bow section of the hull, especially the forwardmost part of the main deck—on Edwards, that forward of the bridge structure.

beam sea¹³³ and are rolling quite steadily. A few minutes ago I took a walk around the topside looking for loose gear—some of. . . . [text incomplete]

[11 PM, continued]

We are anchored in Olongapo and at 6:30 we get underway to go in to dry dock, the *Whipple* making fast to us first and then I am taking the two ships in together.

Dinner tonight was sparsely attended because we were rolling quite heavily—32 degrees one time ¹³⁴ and we then found out that some of our gear had not been properly secured with the results that there was a great clatter but fortunately no damage. We had a delicious dinner of fried chicken, rice and gravy, and string beans finishing up with ice cream. Buzzetti had never been on a ship acting that way before and was quite miserable—but now all have recovered and we had a grand movie—James Stewart and Claudette Colbert in *Life Is Wonderful*. ¹³⁵ So now to bed—good night Isy—I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 30 JUNE 1941, 11 AM

Sweetheart,

We started at six this morning and ran into many difficulties. Just as the *Whipple* was making her approach to us we found one of our boats alongside getting gas and we had to tell the *Whipple* to wait thus making her anchor and delaying everything half an hour—just plain stupidity—and I got quite sore and for the first time bawled out three officers promptly and publicly—that is the first time I have done that [i.e., reprimand with others present] but it was certainly rated. Then we found an unusually strange and strong current off the entrance to the [dry] dock which spoiled my first two approaches and incidentally I did not perform any too expertly myself.¹³⁶ It began to rain like hell and soon we were all drenched. The third time I made it after a little trouble with a tug which kept doing the opposite of what I ordered him to do. A little after nine we

got squared away—we landed on the keel blocks¹³⁷ about ten and now I have had a cup of coffee—it is still raining and with a few brief respites will probably continue

Pope rests on keel blocks in dry dock. The narrow fantail and broad propeller guards are visible, as are the widely separated propeller shafts. The propellers themselves have been removed for refurbishing. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)



¹³³ A ship's "beams" are the zones beyond its sides, and something "on its beam" is on a bearing perpendicular to one side—that is, if the bow is considered 000 degrees, either 90 degrees (the starboard beam, on the right hand) or 270 degrees (the port beam, left). In some contexts, a ship's "beam" is its maximum width.

¹³⁴ The *Clemsons* seem to have rolled badly, especially when lightly loaded, but at least one reportedly survived a fifty-two-degree roll. See Kent G. Budge, "*Clemson* Class, U.S. Destroyers," in *Pacific War Online Encyclopedia*, 2013–14, pwencycl.kgbudge.com/.

¹³⁵ HEE means *It's a Wonderful World*, directed by W. S. Van Dyke and released in 1939 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

¹³⁶ It is striking both that HEE handles this highly specialized and high-stakes operation (consider the fate eight months later of USS *Stewart*: see chapter 5, note 71, and the account in chapter 6) with no docking pilot and that he seems to take that for granted.

¹³⁷ That is, came to rest on keel blocks as the water in the dock was pumped out. The wooden keel blocks are sized, shaped, and arranged beforehand on the dock floor as required to support safely a ship of a given class.

to rain till October and I haven't any idea when or how I shall get dry again. I think boots can be bought in the yard.

What places I have been during the past year! Places where it never rains and places where it rains 200 to 300 inches a year! When I get thru with this tour I doubt if I ever want to see another strange place again. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 1 JULY 1941, 1 PM

Isy,

Last night Charlie and I met Doc Pratt [see note 74] and Peterson¹³⁸ (both classmates of mine) at the Club for cocktails and then had a fine dinner with Doc on the aircraft tender *Childs*¹³⁹ of which he is skipper. We saw a good movie in the yard and turned in about 10:45 to get up at 8:30 this morning after a grand night's rest.

If you can imagine the play Rain and Land below the Wind¹⁴⁰ it will help you get a picture of the atmosphere of Olongapo. The yard is all very flat, thickly wooded hills and mountains surround it and the bay and in the yard the trees are thick, big and beautiful. Everything is wet and lush, pools of water stand all over the golf course and the parade ground and on all the lawns. There is a big long gardenia hedge running along the water front and a delightful fragrance comes from the flowers. Our cottage overlooks the bay and in the evening a nice breeze blows in from the sea and rustles the palms outside the window. The eaves of the corrugated iron roof extend far out to keep the rain out and of course the house is set on concrete stilts with little oil basins around them to keep the ants out. We have a nice big living room, a rather small bedroom with two comfortable beds; and a funny bathroom about in the middle of the house; a combined dressing and dining room and kitchen with frigidaire. A nice house boy named Pedro cares for the grounds and house and my steward Ralutin gets our breakfast for us. 141 We eat the other meals aboard ship.

As we walked thru the dripping yard last night, we could see the lights glistening on the water on the lawns, and as we parted [passed?] the officers' quarters we saw that all but two were dark. In one a group of aviators was playing poker and in the other the commanding officer of the yard was listening to a rather muffled news broadcast. In all the yard—dark houses and great trees, a wet heavy fragrant

¹³⁸ Norman Arno "Pete" Pedersen, USNA class of 1922.

¹³⁹ Built as a Clemson-class destroyer, DD 241, in 1920, Childs was in 1938 converted to a seaplane tender, redesignated first AVP 15 and then AVD 1. In December the ship was to escape damage in the Japanese bombing and, after supporting patrol aircraft in Manila for four days, begin a long withdrawal to Australia, arriving in February. Childs would support aircraft in and near Australia until 1944, then return to the U.S. west coast. It would be decommissioned in 1945 and sold for scrap in 1946.

¹⁴⁰ The 1923 play Rain, written by John Colton and Clemence Randolph and based on a W. Somerset Maugham short story, had been filmed in 1928 and 1932 and would be again in 1953. For Land below the Wind, see chapter 1, note 25. The former is set in Pago Pago, the latter in Borneo.

¹⁴¹ Stewards were routinely assigned such extracurricular duties by commanding officers, typically receiving unofficial cash compensation. The house "boy" Pedro might have been of any age.

atmosphere, not a woman on the whole station, not a woman in any house—even the lavanderas (wash women) must leave the yard by 7 p.m. and thereafter may not enter again till morning. Our cottage is next to the main gate and beyond that is the funny town from which the usual voices drifted in.

During the night squalls came up from time to time, the wind lashed the palm trees and the rain came down in torrents. I awoke and listened a while and then went back to sleep. This morning it was clear and cool but everything was very damp—now it is hot and rainy and I suppose it will stay that way till night.

Have you ever watched a lizard catching flies and mosquitoes? It is wonderful how still they stand for minutes—then a quick skittering as they move a little and then another period of frozen waiting—suddenly an almost invisible tongue shoots out an unbelievable distance and pop! There's another bug down the hatch. At the Club last night, one watched a wasp or hornet for the longest time, but evidently decided it was too big and besides, the lizard's belly was so full it was all swelled out! . . .

I am writing aboard ship—it is raining steadily, the hammers and scrapers keep up a steady noise as the men work under huge tarpaulins spread over the sides of the ship.

A new typhoon is reported between here and Guam so I suppose the Clippers both incoming and outgoing will be delayed. The typhoon that passed us last week hit Hong Kong hard....

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 3 JULY 1941, 7:15 PM

All day the edges of the typhoon have been throwing rain and wind at us making everything wet and uncomfortable. I ate too much lunch, for the cook had made a delicious chop suey—in any event at 3:30 I still felt very stuffed and so decided to ignore the rain and take a walk. Charlie Weeks joined me and for three quarters of an hour we tramped thru the mud, rain and wind and finally returned to the cottage very wet but nicely relaxed and generally feeling much better. After a bath we both stretched out on settees and read. I laughed and chuckled at the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Cugat¹⁴² while the rain whipped by and at times the cottage shook as a heavy gust hit it. The problem of course is to keep our clothes and shoes dry—each closet has a big electric light in it which helps a great deal but there is still a soggy damp feeling to everything.

[Friday, 4 July 1941, 5 PM, continued]

How it blew last night! I thought some of the big trees would come down on the cottage as the wind howled. The rain has been intermittent but hard and the whole place is full of pools of water. The telephones don't work because they are grounded out. This is the ninth straight day of rain! And I suppose we will get plenty more in

¹⁴² Mr. and Mrs. Cugat: The Record of a Happy Marriage, by Isabel Scott Rorick and illustrated by Floyd A. Hardy, was a best seller at its publication by Houghton Mifflin in 1941. A modern online reviewer likens it to I Love Lucy, the famous Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz television series of the 1950s.

the next two or three. I hope another typhoon does not come by soon. However, this is the typhoon season and we should expect three or four a month.

This morning we woke early then went back to sleep and finally had a ten thirty breakfast. Since then I have been reading and loafing.

My exec—Dick Herms¹⁴³—is being transferred to the *Paul Jones* and I assume Billy Giles [see note 8] will fleet-up 144 to his job. It should work out well but it will present some problems.

The Clipper is delayed again—we shall be lucky if it gets in tomorrow. It has been almost two weeks since we had mail and that is too long.

I have finished Mr. and Mrs. Cugat and I hope you enjoy it as much as I have. Now I am back again with Abraham Lincoln. In about two or three months, with luck, I shall finish that.

[Saturday, 5 July 1941, 10:30 AM, continued]

The storm seems to be over, but I suppose we shall have a few squalls before it finally disappears. Last night just as we had returned to the cottage and settled ourselves with our books a very strong gust came out of nowhere and shook the cottage—then came the rain again. It only lasted a short time and this morning it is quite calm and is drying off a little even though there is no sun. Tonight we are having a ship's party at a cabaret in Olongapo—roast pig, roast chicken and beer with trimmings—I am going but it doesn't appear to be so hot [i.e., the prospect, not the weather]! However, we must do something to break the monotony of work and rain for the men. Of course during normal times the ships are all up in China during this season and there used to be interesting times 145 and fine weather. This is the first summer in many years that the Fleet has spent in the [Philippine] Islands and we shall all be well sick of them by the time winter comes around. I shan't try to write any more till the mail comes in—maybe that will be this afternoon!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 6 JULY 1941, 2 PM

Sweetheart,

The mail finally arrived this morning and another Clipper is due tomorrow on time...

¹⁴³ That is, executive officer (the current shorthand is "XO"), a ship's second in command, directly involved in discipline, administration, upkeep, personnel matters, and the like. Lt. Cdr. Charles Richard Herms, USNA class of 1930, was to take command of the Clemson-class destroyer Paul Jones (DD 230) in March 1942, in Fremantle, Australia (where it had withdrawn after participating in the battle of the Java Sea), and in 1944, presumably after promotion to commander, of the Allen M. Sumner-class destroyer USS Collett (DD 730).

¹⁴⁴ Officers ordered (by, at that time, the Bureau of Navigation, today the Bureau of Personnel, in Washington, DC) to billets senior to their present ones within, especially, the same commands or units are said to "fleet up."

^{145 &}quot;Interesting" enough—Chinese nationalists had for years been fighting Chinese communists, both variously supported and opposed by warlords and both also fighting the Japanese, who had launched a full-scale invasion in 1937. The U.S. Navy's gunboat squadron on the Yangtze River and the 4th Marine Regiment in Shanghai would be withdrawn in November 1941.

Incidentally, some light reading would be good for you too and I have a further recommendation: The Countess to Boot by Jack Iams 146 is delightful and will give you many good laughs.

This letter is very long and rambling but it has been written at odd times and varying in moods.

The ship's party last night was a great success and I had lots of fun. It was held at a road house outside of Olongapo and as usual it was raining hard from time to time thru the evening. There were about thirty taxi dancers [whom men paid, by the dance, to dance with them] there and we provided many cases of beer and yards of dance tickets in addition to a good dinner. I had intended to come home early, but it was too much fun to leave. Finally about midnight I came back to the cottage full of beer and very, very sweaty. There were three fights, none too serious, but there was quite a bit of blood and mud splattered around. No one was badly hurt and no one got into trouble and all seemed to expect and enjoy the fights. 147 The men brought their girls up for me to dance with and I found them remarkably good dancers and very cheerful. One slender part-Chinese girl with a big patch of tape over one eye (where she had apparently been recently socked) and dark glasses, was recommended as the best dancer on the floor; and she was as light as a feather—but what a sight! One girl who had acquired quite a bit of prestige and the nickname of "Shanghai Lil" from one season's work in a dive at Shanghai was most enthusiastic about me and was on my tail most of the evening. We tried to have some square dances but while everyone was enthusiastic, the confusion was too great for them to be properly called. "Shanghai Lil" was no bother, however, and I danced with a lot of rag tag and bob tailed ballerinas—and watched some high-grade sailor jitterbugging. Enlisted men poured out their woes and opinions over their beer to me—and once they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" at me while I was dancing with one girl. One kid told me he always listened by the wardroom ventilator when I played my good music and he was very anxious to hear Stravinsky's "Fire Bird." Another lad told me how much good the five days bread and water, 148 that I had recently given him, had really done. Another said how glad he was to be on a ship where the men felt they could really talk to the Captain and get some good out of it. All in all it was a crew of fine youngsters thoroughly relaxing with each other and a group of rather frowsy, brown, and mostly ugly tarts; in

¹⁴⁶ Jack Iams (1910-90) was a journalist, editor, and novelist. His thirteen books were in the mystery and comic genres; The Countess to Boot appeared in 1941.

¹⁴⁷ A sudden glimpse, perhaps, into the world of 1941 America: what strikes this genteel, rather aristocratic officer as good, clean, even therapeutic fun would likely in today's Navy be a catastrophe, of which no officer or chief petty officer involved would ever hear the end.

¹⁴⁸ That is, nonjudicial punishment (see note 65) of diminished rations (perhaps literally bread and water), likely in conjunction, in those days, with brief incarceration in the ship's "brig," or jail cell.



A ship's party in Manila: the crew of the destroyer Pope, late 1941. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

most cases in a spirit of good clean fun. One youngster wore himself to a limp wet frazzle merely helping the orchestra leader lead the music!

Damkier, my big young boatswain's mate, took one fighting drunk back to the ship—had to subdue him again on the way back and finally arrived at the ship barefoot, bloody and black with mud (he had left his shoes under the table when the fight started), turned the drunk in, cleaned himself up and came back to the party all inside of an hour!

Well—the men have needed something like this for a long time, the two typhoons of the last ten days have made life very uncomfortable, and I am delighted that it went well.

What contrasts there are in Navy life! . . .

IV Between Peace and War

14 July-6 December 1941

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 14 JULY 1941

Saturday, Sunday and today come under the category of "some of those days"! The final touch up to now was when the Whipple, which is alongside us fueling, overflowed a tank and sprayed our entire port [left, facing forward] side with fuel oil. It is still running over and the wind whips it into a fine spray and my clean white shorts and shirt are well speckled and rather smelly. I judge that Charlie Weeks will be rather annoyed, to say the least, when he returns to the ship and finds the mess! Saturday started off with a bang: I couldn't get to sleep on Friday night and then, since we were supposed to undock at 7 a.m., flooding the dock at 5:30, I was a wreck when I finally got up about 6:30—my disposition was bad and my cold worse, with a nasty cough. A leaky rivet held up the flooding and undocking till almost noon. Then a defective, even though new, steam gasket on the Whipple blew out so she couldn't use her engines, then a dumb tug boat captain held us up trying to do a simple thing the hard way. Finally we towed the Whipple out of dock to a good anchorage and shoved off for Manila. The gyro² behaved badly when we anchored and we had to shift berth,³ and both boats broke down. I had a nice visit with the squadron commander and found out that even he could not tell me what the ship would do after this week. The doctor gave me some very effective cough medicine and I got turned in early.

Sunday I went ashore about 1 p.m. after a very sound night's sleep, visited a while with the Agnews then had lunch with the Wolffs (having a pleasant chat with the Selphs—my hosts of the early luncheon date some weeks ago) then had an

¹ That is, through two overlapping hull plates. Welded construction would soon begin to replace riveted hulls in the U.S. Navy.

² Gyrocompass, indicating true, as opposed to magnetic, headings.

³ That is, move from one mooring within a port to another, typically as the knock-on effect of another ship getting under way or needing to be placed directly alongside the pier (vice "nested outboard") to load stores or ammunition or for repairs. Even if the move is made "cold iron" (exclusively with tugs, with boilers secured), the disruption to the ship's routine is considerable.

interminable wait on the dock in the rain for a boat. I got back to the ship in time for an hour's rest before going ashore again to have dinner with Rebecca Berger only to find a telephone message that Sam was worse and she could not come. I had dinner with Dutch Cheever and then another long wait for a boat, and back about 11 last night. My gig⁴ engine won't be running for another three or four days at least and the other boat is acting up too. This morning we came over to Canacao Bay, Cavite to fuel and found the dock blocked off by a small ferry which delayed us for two hours and in the meantime I learned that our one remaining boat had, by bad handling, been bashed in a bit. Actually I was so disgusted and angry that I lost my appetite and could hardly eat. Constant squalls were making ship handling alongside the dock uncertain and so I was fit to be tied. However about 1 p.m. I made a good landing and now at 3:30 we have finished fueling and we shall stay here overnight and possibly tomorrow cleaning up a lot of odds and ends (incidentally I caught the point of my good fountain pen on a chair and now have to get it repointed!) and I sincerely hope our troubles are almost over. The yard is repairing our boat in a hurry and we are working on the other; other things seem to be falling into line rather well, and the oil is being cleaned up. I did not blow up and curse except once when I stumbled and fell over a bunch of stray deck mats on the bridge and I managed to cheer up for lunch—the Clipper should be in soon—and so I shall wait. My cough has gone and my sniffles are very slight and all in all I feel pretty well. But it has been quite a period of annoyance.

Incidentally my selection board [for promotion to commander] meets 8 September, about three months early. I suppose the results will be published about 15 October. If the dice roll favorably I'll be selected, if not I will be a good sport about it but I am not going to worry.

[7:15 PM, continued]

We are still waiting for the Clipper to come in—apparently she has hit head winds but she should land soon and near us too, for we are only about a mile from the Pan American landing. I hope she hasn't had to turn back. How important her landing is to all of us!

[9:30 PM, continued]

The Clipper came in; and a little while ago your letter was delivered. . . .

The Lippmann article is very interesting and I suppose it is true enough too! It reminds me very much of some of the criticisms directed at Lincoln during the Civil

⁴ A small powerboat reserved for the use of the ship's commanding officer. It was stowed in davits (by which it was lowered into and hoisted from the water) and was operated by a coxswain, assisted typically by an engineer and a deck seaman.

⁵ Presumably oil spilled on the deck while refueling, not that sprayed in Whipple's accident the day before. Either would today be considered a serious environmental incident, requiring extensive reporting and response.

War! Especially the articles of Horace Greeley of the N.Y. *Tribune*! Sandburg's book is fascinating and gives such a wonderful picture of the conflicts and confusions during that period. The book is hard reading but it presents such a wonderful and understanding picture of one of the greatest men the world has seen. And it does it in a detailed, objective, manner without argument—it merely presents all the available facts. I am not at all sure that Mr. Roosevelt has not done the best possible job. Of course many things have been allowed to go on that I heartily disapprove. Things are done with an indirection that I don't like but when dealing with such a complex mass of people and opinion it may be the most effective method. It is a relief to me that I really don't care very much. I have my own job to do and I am sure that I can never be too good, or for that matter good enough to do the job in the way it really should be done. So there is a curiously distinct feeling of fate—the politicos and statesmen are running the show and making the decisions and I am not worried about the final outcome. In the meantime Lippmann's criticisms are pungent and valuable.

It is hot and muggy—I use two sets of pajamas—one to turn in with, the other to change into after I have sweated for a few hours. The men sleep topside on cots the boilers make a good part of the ship hot, ⁷ especially those places that are protected from the rain, and the men are sprawled out almost naked. . . .

[Wednesday, 15 July 1941, 8 AM, continued]

The nights are strange—the winds rise and fall as the rains come and go. If we leave the windscoops in [place], the rain blows in over the bunks; if we take them out the rooms are very hot; so usually several shifts are made each night and we sweat in any event.

Today is pay day but since our own paymaster⁸ is not now in this area I won't be able to get a check to send you, but I hope to do it on August 1st. . . .

[10:30 AM, continued]

More trouble!—a leak in a line passing thru a fuel tank⁹ makes it necessary to pump out 9000 gallons of fuel and we have no place to put it—we have no boat—we are

⁶ Horace Greeley (1811-72), a onetime congressman, a cofounder of the Republican Party, and in 1872 an unsuccessful candidate for president, was famously the editor (from 1841) of the highly influential New-York Tribune. During the Civil War, though largely a supporter of Lincoln, he grew restive at early Union military setbacks, pressed for the emancipation of slaves much sooner than the president was willing to act, and opposed Lincoln's nomination for reelection in 1864.

⁷ Though the engines are secured, one of the ship's four boilers is "steaming auxiliary"—fired at a low rate to provide steam to the galleys and to a generator supplying electricity.

⁸ Assigned to the squadron (as were medical officers), or perhaps the division, but not the ship itself. Naval pay was the province of pursers until 1860, then paymasters; today, Supply Corps officers are assigned to individual ships as disbursing officers.

⁹ That is, a pipe, likely carrying freshwater. The leak in this inaccessible space will have been detected by tank soundings—in effect, "by inventory"—and then by a process of successive elimination of the runs of pipe that could be visually inspected. The urgency is that leaking water will contaminate the fuel, and vice versa. If, as is apparently the case, a ship's other fuel tanks are too full to accept the fuel that must be removed to allow repairs, it would have to be transferred to a barge brought alongside. HEE does not mention how the drama ended.

anchored in the bay and goodness knows when we will get squared away! This is one of those times when I am almost glad that you are not around because there is no talking [saying] when we will get all these small things cleaned up and they build up so—no one thing serious but just a lot of things in a hell of a mess! Bad weather forecast too. I suppose it is up to me to keep my shirt on and be patient! Well—I get paid to do that. It is so damned annoying because every one of the mishaps was avoidable.

[11:30 PM, continued]

I have a 6:30 call and in the morning we shall shift berth and start getting all the loose ends together so that we can be a ship again instead of a pile of apparently endless detail. It is fun when things click well and it is so frustrating when they get out of phase. About 3 o'clock this afternoon we began to get squared away and lots of good work was accomplished. During dinner we could hear the men swearing as they worked stowing our ammunition (which has been ashore during the overhaul). It was such a cheerful sound for the tone of the men was encouraging as they sweated and cursed. At noon I had given them a talk on checking on details to make sure things were right at the Sound [the start?] rather than wait till things went wrong. I have a fine crew and when things get strenuous I like to stroll around to give them a smile and an individual word. There is nothing much better than to get a smile and a response from a group of dirty, sweaty men. It warms you up so much and makes so much discomfort and loneliness worthwhile.

Billy Giles has responded so well to his new responsibility—his attitude has lost its sharpness and he has relaxed. All his good qualities are growing and he is so much happier. It tickles me because my faith in him is being amply justified. . . .

[Wednesday, 11:30 PM, continued]

This has been a busy day and a lot has been accomplished smoothly—there is still a tremendous amount to be done, but the way things are going I feel no concerns. My cold is considerably better but it is still with me and I am being careful. I had wanted to go to Manila but it seems out of the question. However tomorrow should be all right. The mail closes tomorrow—Goodbye till next Clipper. That is, if I am anywhere in touch with outgoing mail! I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 17 JULY 1941, 2:30 PM Isy Darling,

Many things are happening including, as you have undoubtedly read in the papers, the mining ¹⁰ of the entrance to Manila Bay. Tomorrow we go to sea and I

¹⁰ That is, defensive mining—a minefield protecting the entrances to Manila Bay and Subic Bay was begun at dawn on 17 July 1941. Incoming vessels would be conned in through the unmarked clear ("swept") channel by a harbor pilot or led through it by a pilot boat; outbound ships were given the necessary navigational information ("U.S. Plants Mines in Philippine Bays," *New York Times*, 17 July 1941).

suppose it will be a month or possibly more before we return to Manila. Aside from the inconvenience of mail not leaving or coming except at uncertain and very irregular intervals, I don't mind particularly.

It will be good to get to sea and shake all the kinks out of our systems. Interesting things are happening all along the line. If the Russians hold or even make it tough for the Germans the whole situation can change very rapidly for the better. Since I haven't a good reliable crystal ball to tell me the future I shan't attempt any guesses....

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 19 JULY 1941

At sea

Darling,

We finally got underway at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the crowning climax to our week of troubles came when four men held up the ship for about twenty minutes by not getting back from the Navy Yard in time. Now, however we are pretty well squared away and after a few more days we should be decently shaken down.

Thursday afternoon was slightly terrific. I had been staying very close to the ship for quite a while, my cold was a nuisance, etc., and I had a dinner date with the Agnews, so I told the officer of the deck to have the gig ready at four o'clock in order that I might have ample time to catch the ferry. At about 3:45 I told him I would leave at 4:05. At 4:05[,] I came on deck to find the gig still at the boom and no engineer.¹² The regular engineer having gone ashore early to draw small stores [clothing, uniform items] and the relief engineer having gone on watch in the engine room. After some delay an engineer arrived but he did not know how to handle the engine properly and couldn't stop [it—i.e., to halt the boat alongside the accommodation ladder]—so it [the gig] made another attempt and this time I jumped aboard as it went flying by. We had only a short trip to the ferry landing, but it was nearly 4:15, ferry time, and the boat was going only about half speed. We finally approached the landing, I leapt across some four or five feet of water, my hand bag was thrown after me, all while the engineer was making frantic but

¹¹ Operation BARBAROSSA, the massive German invasion of the Soviet Union, had begun on 22 June. Taken by surprise—owing to Stalin's refusal to heed numerous warnings and to his extensive purges of army leadership—Soviet forces had been driven back precipitously and with high casualties all along the line. By this time, although the defenses were solidifying, the Germans were threatening Leningrad, Moscow, and Kiev.

¹² Warships in port, especially at anchor, typically put boats in the water and leave them there, mooring them to lines hanging from temporary "booms" extending from the ships' sides. When "called away" by the officer of the deck (i.e., in port, the duty officer at the quarterdeck), the boat's crew clambers out onto the boom (which has a low lifeline) and down a rope ladder into the boat, prepares it, casts off, and proceeds as ordered. In this case HEE should have found the gig waiting for him at the "accommodation ladder," a removable ramp or stair leading down to a temporary platform at water level. The officer of the deck, having been alerted beforehand, should have seen to all that and has conspicuously failed to do so.

unsuccessful efforts to back [reverse] the engine. I caught the ferry with 30 seconds to spare amid the applause of all the passengers and as we pulled away from the ship I saw another boat start towing my gig back to the ship!

I had a quiet evening at the Agnews' and a good night's rest at the Club. Last night I was up late but slept very well later and now I feel very well except for what appears to be a small boil on the end of my nose! I shan't have any more pictures taken until it has healed! It has, as you see, been quite a week with many funny aspects—Oh yes—at dinner last night just as I started to put sugar in my coffie (Isy's spelling, which I like from time to time, to vary the regularity of correct spelling—Please don't ever change it!) there was a nice fat cockroach running around inside the sugar bowl. I was able to restrain myself and simply ordered fresh sugar but when I heard the mess boys in the pantry laughing about it I did get mad, called them in and told them I would put them all in the brig and disrate 13 every one the next time I found a roach in my sugar. I really was madder than a wet hen and today they are all very industrious and subdued. I think it would be wise for me to stay mad for a few days just for the general effect, but writing to you makes it rather difficult to stay angry—the week has been funny and nothing serious has happened....

[3:45 PM, continued]

For a while this afternoon it appeared that we were going to run close to a big waterspout. It started to form in a squall about five miles ahead of us, starting in a big black cloud several thousand feet above the sea. The twisting black funnel was reaching down from the cloud, bending slowly from side to side—while we watched expecting it to meet the surface of the water or to see a column come up from the water level to meet it—suddenly it disappeared and in a few minutes the rain squall reached us and then passed on. It would have been fun to really see one close. Last November, we saw a complete one several miles away on a night when there was a bright moon in back of a squall, but it did not pass close enough for us to hear it.

[5:50 PM, continued]

Tonight we have some special exercises and tomorrow morning, if my guess as to our destination is correct, we shall probably anchor about ten o'clock. We bought an outboard motor for our wherry ¹⁴ and it will probably come in quite handy for use in

¹³ That is, would as their commanding officer remove their "ratings" as petty officers (in this case, stewards) by demoting them to the seaman pay grade; the incident happened on board ship, not the just-mentioned Officers' Club, and so was HEE's problem. Their laughter would have occurred in the small galley adjoining the wardroom and would have been clearly audible through the open serving window. The Steward rate was discontinued in 1975.

¹⁴ A small boat, probably stowed on deck upside down, launched and recovered with a small crane and used for utility purposes.

calm waters. We will probably be very busy during the day next week but at anchor at night. "Chow is down" as the expression goes so more later.

[7:45 PM, continued]

We have been exercising our lookouts at darkened ship and it will continue for an hour or so more. It is grand to be at sea again—it is calm and pleasant topside and as I look into the darkness trying to spot the approaching ship my eyes are completely concentrated, but my mind is nice and relaxed and I can think of you and how much fun you are, without any interruption. There isn't the feeling of futility that I have on the beach nor do I wonder what I shall do next or anything of that sort...

[Sunday, 20 July 1941, 11 AM, continued]

We anchored a short time ago. The air is fine—hot, but not nearly so muggy as we have been accustomed to and for the first time in a long while the men's bedding is up for a good airing. After lunch I shall go over to see the squadron commander to get the dope on the next week's work. There are so many details to be cleared up and quite a few new things to get lined up and operating smoothly.

[Monday, 21 July 1941, 9:30 AM, continued]

Yesterday was such a beautiful day—breezy and bright with nice clouds scooting around and squalls in the distance but not coming close enough to wet us. There was quite a long conference aboard the *Paul Jones* 15 and the squadron commander gave us quite a bit of dope. In the evening Bill Giles and I went over to the Whipple for the movies and there we saw and roared at Ninotcka¹⁶ I remember your talking [to] me about it—it is delicious! Later we had a session of poker at which although I won only five hands all evening I still came out five pesos [Philippine currency] ahead. We have lots of fun at poker when the ships are together and the stakes are not high enough to hurt anyone. I slept beautifully and now general work is going along—tomorrow we shall be underway working on new equipment and with submarines. It is such a relief to be away from docks and muddy water—no one cares to go ashore for there is no place to go. Of course before long we shall need exercise, but biking parties should take care of that.

Observations on a cold—no matter what I do the darn things behave the same way-[lasting] ten days to two weeks. I am all over my latest one but still rather annoyed that I had it. However, to keep me from forgetting my body, a touch of prickly heat seems to be spreading nicely, thank you! But the [illegible: referring to the boil] on my nose is about well. Please excuse the clinical notes.

¹⁵ USS Paul Jones (DD 230) was a Clemson-class destroyer, commissioned in 1921. It would be decommissioned and stricken in 1945.

¹⁶ Ninotchka (sic) (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1939, directed by Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas, was Garbo's first comedy.

[10 PM, continued]

It turned out to be a rather dull day; we had this *Hound of the Baskervilles*¹⁷ at the movies which was nice and blood curdling, then a few games of Acey Ducey and now to bed.

[Tuesday, 22 July 1941, 10 PM, continued]

Percifield came aboard today and we ran target 18 for his submarines—it was quite rough and we bounced around a good deal. There is nothing quite so woebegone as a sick Filipino mess boy! Tomorrow we operate more or less independently. Things seem very complicated. The more I try to study up on what I am supposed to know, the more I become amazed at the amount I don't know and every day new masses of information or restrictions come in! The longer we stay in a period of peace and emergency the worse it will be. If we went to war it would be greatly simplified! We may have to do it in any event just to stop the flow of papers. Rather a dismal commentary born of a state of confusion. I was thinking that it would be fun to see Jerry and Madge again.

[Wednesday, 23 July 1941, 5:30 PM, continued]

We are taking fuel now, shortly we shall get underway and return to the anchorage and tomorrow we will continue our work in this locality. So far we have received no word as to when mail will come in or go out so this letter will probably be quite fat before it leaves. Just before lunch I took a "two minutes," or as mother used to say, "forty winks." . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 30 JULY 1941, 10 PM At anchor

My Darling,

Yesterday we went from 6:30 a.m. to 11 p.m. with about an hour's break at 5 p.m., then again this morning till just a short time ago. Tomorrow will be another day and night affair. From time to time I do get rather tired but usually I sleep well. However, I don't accomplish all the details I should, but that is impossible.

I haven't the vaguest idea of what is going to happen: a few days ago I was convinced that the fighting would start here within twenty-four hours—now I think that there will be another period of comparative quiet before the next alarm. But I do know that it can break loose any minute but I don't think it will just yet. The whole situation is so complex, there are so many forces pulling in various directions that I don't know what to expect. So I shall sit tight, expect nothing and prepare for everything. But Darling it is exasperating and I don't enjoy it.

¹⁷ The 1939 Twentieth Century Fox production, directed by Sidney Lanfield and with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes.

¹⁸ For Percifield, see chapter 3, note 15. Edwards has been assigned to steam on courses and at speeds previously designated or requested by radio to allow the submarines to practice positioning for and then conducting simulated torpedo attacks.

Incidentally, My Sweet, I am thinking seriously of using my grim expression and action on my chief commissary steward who by failing to check on his food orders and deliveries has caused us to be very short of many items—we ran out of fresh fruit and vegetables only a few days after leaving Manila and Mr. Bang¹⁹ may go into action very soon. When we will have the chance to stock up again I don't know. And on that cheerful thought I shall now start studying some dope on the Japanese Navy and then to sleep—but not too quickly for I'll take a good look at my array of pictures of you and Skip and that will improve my feelings greatly. Good night, Isy.

Haberdashery note—I so seldom use pajama tops that the bottoms are wearing out sooner!

[Thursday, 31 July 1941, 8 AM, continued]

I slept beautifully until 6:45, have had breakfast and a shave—the ship is underway standing out [proceeding to sea] for exercises and I have about twenty minutes before things start. This morning it is practically cold—82 degrees and in the breeze it is positively chilly. What has happened to my blood stream!! . . .

[3 PM, continued]

A pause in the day's occupation, but not the children's hour—at 4:30 we shall start again to go till about 11 p.m. and then again at 7:30 in the morning. At least we are not idle! The day's news is as usual confusing. It seems to me that there should be no uncertainty about our attitude toward Japan. It is possible that the behind-thescenes maneuvering makes the present doubt as to an oil embargo wise but I have rather strong prejudices in the matter. I haven't any desire to get sunk or blown up but I have a distinct aversion to my own country supplying Japan with the oil with which to do the job. It does not seem quite bright. If the Japs intend to fight us, being nice to them won't help. They do need oil. Why not make a clear cut issue of it, cut off their oil completely and find out if they intend to fight? But why, in the name of heaven, should we build up these [illegible] reserve petroleum supplies?

[Friday, 1 August 1941, 1 PM, continued]

Last night I kept going til midnight, then again from 4 to 5 this morning and from 7 until now—there will be about an hour break and at 2 we start til 5 and after that things should be quiet till Monday morning except for the weekend inspection and conferences to plan next week's work and to catch up on the papers, etc.

Have you seen the beautiful National Geographic maps? We have just mounted two in the wardroom, one giving the Pacific Ocean and the other the Indian Ocean. The latter is very good indeed and gives practically all the places I covered on my trip. It was published in March 1941—and if you can locate one it might be fun to check it with my diary and my letters.

^{19 &}quot;The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang" was a character in the nationally syndicated comic strip Toonerville Folks, which ran 1908 to 1955. HEE, Isabel would recall many years later, "threw things when he got

My mind has been so crowded with strange things that I find I am beginning to forget many of the smaller places, people and incidents. The diary was a good idea.

[5:50 PM, continued]

We finished fueling and are now anchored; in a few minutes I will bathe and eat and I hope go to sleep very soon after dinner for it has been strenuous. While we were alongside the tanker, Clipper mail arrived bringing your grand letter started 15 July. . . .

[9:15 PM, continued]

We had a nice blood-curdling Sherlock Holmes movie again tonight and it is cool and pleasant below decks. So very shortly I shall be in the bunk and asleep. I love you so much, Sweetheart. Goodnight, my Dearest.

[Saturday, 2 August 1941, 7:10 AM, continued]

It was grand to get a full night's sleep even if I did have to jump up to close my porthole when a squall hit us. But in any event nine hours' good sleep is wonderful. Has Skip ever read *Don Quixote*?²⁰ That remark is a definite *non sequitur* but I can account for it. As I drowsed in my bunk after waking at about 6:30, I was thinking of how badly educated one of my officers is and how little knowledge he has of anything save the boiled beef and mashed potatoes of life. Then another officer so frequently does things, particularly ship handling, the hard way rather than the simple way. Then the picture of Angular Knight²¹ came to mind and I realized how much truth there is to Cervantes' story.

Breakfast is over and there isn't anything for me to do till inspection at 9:15. Of course you have noticed the shaky quality of much of my handwriting. There are two reasons for it, the vibration of the ship and the fact that so frequently my hand and arm are wet with sweat and so stick to the paper as I write.

Skip's comments on news [?] figures are on the whole justified—to reassure him you might tell him that I weighed 146 stripped last night and that I shall try not to get too much of a pot belly at least till I am past 50 years of age.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 3 AUGUST 1941, 10:30 AM My Sweetheart,

Mail closes at three this afternoon and I hope to send off quite a bit.

Yesterday afternoon I developed a rotten headache for no reason whatever and since we had sent out invitations to a poker party I had to stay up late. I took some

²⁰ Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra's The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha, published in Spain in two volumes, 1605 and 1615. One of the earliest Western novels, it is now considered one of the finest in the canon.

²¹ A reference to the character Don Quixote, famously a literary tilter at windmills. "Angular" refers to his exaggerated gauntness, as widely portrayed in art.

aspirins and Eno's salts²² and made out pretty well, but today while my head is fine I feel a bit on the droopy side. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 11 AUGUST 1941

Darling Isy:

I haven't written for several days simply because there wasn't very much to say and no news. The ship is having an upkeep period and that means I haven't very much to do except study and catch up with some paper work long neglected. But with ships of this age there never is an end to the work required to keep them in shape—no sooner do we think that we have everything well in hand than a group of new spots needing attention come to light and we go thru the same old process of trying to figure out when to do what and how.

Sometimes I do get fed up with the material problems of the Navy and envy the Harley Copes²³ who have so successfully avoided them for so many years.

In many ways I am glad that there is so much work to do because it tends to keep the men tied to the extent that they don't have the urge for the non-existent liberty and recreation that otherwise would cause trouble. Now they hold out the prospect that possibly in three weeks we shall go to some port for a weekend! That is if peace still continues. So work is a good thing.

We are seeing many of our friends in the outfit, for there is a good idea of intership visiting, chiefly for poker, which is our only entertainment, and for movies. Thank goodness we did not have the movie habit in Washington for now we are getting the 1939-40 movies, very few of which I have seen before.

I broke down and went to church with Helenkamp [Helmkamp, see chapter 3] yesterday on the *Black Hawk*. There were the usual rapid extemporaneous prayers, which always leave me bored and puzzled, and a sermon with the coherence and logic of a first-year high school boy, but I did not come away mad nor do I know why. I did not stay for communion. How few people seem to be able to sense the treasure of beauty and inspiration that is available and fewer still can make others share their insight! Possibly we are too inclined to be impatient with the slow development of the human race. And now for lunch.

[5:45 PM, continued]

A very bored feeling—plenty to do but not very much that is interesting and time is beginning to drag—thank goodness it is relatively cool. Clipper mail is due in tomorrow so that is something to which to look forward.

²² An antacid, an effervescent fruit salt, invented in the 1850s in Britain by James Crossley Eno.

²³ Apparently referring to Harley Francis Cope (USNA class of 1920), a naval officer who in 1951, as a retired rear admiral, would write *The Naval Officer's Manual* (Military Service Publishing), a collection of such sage advice as "Don't use filthy or obscene language." He also wrote, with Capt. Walter Karig, *Battle Submerged: Submarine Fighters of World War II* (W. W. Norton, 1951). Why he merited this dismissive remark (unless the somewhat lofty flavor of his Manual is an indication) is not clear.

[11:15 PM, continued]

It is nice not to have to put in a call for 6:15 or 6:30 in the morning as I had to do for the last few weeks. Tonight I am mulling and probably will so continue—there being some personnel problems that require good judgment to decide. They are always unpleasant—personal likes and dislikes must be disregarded and only one criterion applied—what is best for the service. One officer, whom I like very well, has been consistently doing a rotten job for the last two months—he apparently has lost his ability (or never has had it) to grasp a situation. He never drinks, does not smoke and there is grave doubt as to whether or not he has ever kissed a girl! And lately he has been so drifty [absentminded; liable to "drift" off station or off task] and incompetent that I have had one consultation with the division medical officer. If the doctor says he is o.k. then I must crack down hard and give him six weeks to snap out of it or else a lousy fitness report on October first. It is no fun, but we have no room in the Navy for officers who can't take it when the pressure comes on.

Not a pleasant thought on which to turn in—so I'll read for a while—but first my Darling I'll look at your picture, for I love you.

[Tuesday, 12 August 1941, 9 AM, continued]

I slept well and feel more cheerful this morning—maybe the mail will be in before noon. Mail does not get in till tomorrow but this must leave now.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 14 AUGUST 1941

Darling Isy:

My last few letters have been dull and unexciting, but on the whole I have been leading a very dull life. We have run out of reading matter so that I have been deep in dry treatises on tactics, torpedoes, etc., which certainly don't put one in the mood for light gay letters home. As usual, there are many jobs to do that I can't quite seem to get around to doing—and my mental "Insulating Tape Box" is not being used as much as it should be. However, I am trying to keep other people busy even though I don't do much myself.

Saturday and Sunday may offer a chance to get ashore for a walk thru the sticks and next weekend we hope to go to some place where liberty can be granted but that is only a vague hope.

The other evening Charlie Weeks gave a dinner party to celebrate Bill Lalor's promotion to commander. Of course it was very quiet but we did have fun telling yarns after dinner and some very fine stories were told. Captain Wiley [the squadron commander], Commander Helenkamp, Louie McGlone, Lew Coley, Ed Crouch, Charlie, and Jim Meola of the Whipple were there.²⁴

²⁴ Edwin Mason Crouch (1900-45, USNA class of 1921) would be lost in the sinking of the heavy cruiser USS Indianapolis (CA 35) on 30 July 1945. Lt. Cdr. Lewis Elliot Coley (1899-1979, USNA class of 1924)

I try to get a walk in the afternoon—but the decks are limited. We play poker almost every night and I break about even at that—the movies now here are rather poor, but sometimes we have an enjoyable one.

A year ago I was in Durban waiting for the Swartenhondt and wondering how and when I was to get to all the places I had planned. Day after tomorrow is Skip's birthday and I am now wondering whether any mail will reach us before then. There has been a typhoon near Luzon and I believe that the Clipper has been delayed.

Dry dull facts all—and a rather good picture of my state of mind. I do not enjoy wars of nerves.

[9 PM, continued]

I plan to turn in very shortly—not even waiting up for Mr. Roosevelt's speech which will start in a few hours. What the result will be of his meeting with Churchill, ²⁵ I don't know, but I suppose momentous things will be announced. If we were operating from some decent place I wouldn't mind sitting tight more or less indefinitely, but uncertainty and isolation combined get very boring and depressing. It is very much like waiting for orders [to a new duty station] when you know you are to move but not where. So at the moment I feel well fed up—a good night's sleep will do me more good than anything else—so here's hoping.

[Sunday, 17 August 1941, 11 AM, continued]

I woke up at 10:20 and have had a glass of tomato juice and a cup of coffee, read the press news and soon I shall bathe and shave. (Clinical note—matches behave very badly out here; because fans are constantly running, matches must be carefully cupped in the hands else they blow out before use. Because of the moisture the heads of the matches are frequently soft with the result that bits of burning phosphorus drop onto the palm of the hand about an inch below the base of the little finger. There they continue to burn until extinguished. I have yet to develop a technique of putting out the small incendiary bomb without profane comments.

commanded the Clemson-class destroyer USS Alden (DD 211, commissioned 1919), in which he was to win the Navy Cross in the actions of the coming months; he would retire in 1954 as a rear admiral and lead a successful campaign to rescue the financially distressed Oklahoma City Symphony. Alden would survive the war and be scrapped in 1945. Louis Gerard McGlone (1898-1979, USNA class of 1921), then commanding officer of USS Barker (DD 213) (note 49, below), would in 1944 command the amphibious transport USS Arlington (AP 174); he would retire from the Navy in 1948 as a captain. Vincent James Meola (1908-91, USNA class of 1931) was to command Whipple from June 1942 until September 1943, then the destroyers USS Cassin (DD 372, totally reconstructed after Pearl Harbor), February-December 1944, and USS Gatling (DD 671), December 1944-November 1945. He would retire in 1960 as a captain.

²⁵ On 14 August (Newfoundland time), Roosevelt and Churchill, who had been meeting in Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, on board USS Augusta, issued what became known as the "Atlantic Charter," declaring eight "common principles," broad goals for the postwar world. While the meeting did not produce the specific and immediate commitments that either wanted—least of all, on Churchill's part, early U.S. entry into the war—it is considered (and certainly was at the time by the Axis governments) to have affirmed American/British solidarity.

The chief trouble now is that the palms of my hands have lost their golf callouses and the flesh is tender.) But to go back—I feel nicely relaxed—it is hot today and I think the afternoon will be worse—Bruce Garrett²⁶ has been badly bitten by the fishing bug and left at 5:30 to try his luck again. The other day he caught two nice barracuda about fifteen inches long and now he can think of nothing else. I have never seen barracuda before—last month the *Canopus*²⁷ gave us some extra ones they had caught which were about twenty-five pounds. I have never seen such sharp points and razor edges! The largest caught here so far weighed fifty-some pounds. They have a very fine taste and texture to the meat especially when small.

In order to break the monotony, we are having a poetry contest before the movies tonight—so far there are five entries, two officers and three men, and we expect to get a few laughs out of it.

[1:30 PM, continued]

A plane flew over and landed far down the bay while we were at lunch and the question is did it come from Manila and if so did it bring last week's mail?

We have received some preliminary dope on the purchase of National Defense Bonds by allotment. I am planning to buy one every month by that method, but I don't know just when I shall start—I'll let you know the details when I put it thru. I recommend that if you have any surplus cash you put it in those bonds—they will reach their full value at a good time for Skip.

[Sunday, 17 August / Monday, 18 August 1941, midnight, continued]

I feel very much more cheerful—our Amateur Hour went off very well and got a hearty response from the crew with some really good laughs. I acted as Master of Ceremonies so as to be sure things clicked the first time. At last my collection of amusing letters and stories is of some real value—I used three of them tonight and have many more in reserve for our next effort which will be in about two weeks. It has been a dreary month and it was grand to see and hear the men laugh. Later we had another good game of poker at which I lost five pesos, but there was lots of fun and the division commander won for the second night in a row, which pleased us all for he has been rather consistently behind.

²⁶ Floyd Bruce Garrett Jr., born 1918, a 1938 graduate of the Naval Academy and now a junior officer on board *John D. Edwards*, was to command the *Farragut*-class destroyer USS *Monaghan* (DD 354) from November 1944 until his death on 18 December when the ship was lost in a typhoon off Samar. Six survivors would be rescued four days later.

²⁷ USS *Canopus* (5,967 tons, 374 feet long) had been launched as a liner in 1919, taken up by the Navy as a troopship, and converted in 1922 to a submarine tender (AS 9). In Cavite when Pearl Harbor was attacked, it was to move to Mariveles in late December, repairing (and receiving) bomb damage and contributing crew members to the defense of Bataan until scuttled in April. Its remaining crew would join the Marine defenders of Corregidor and with its fall be made prisoners of war.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 24 AUGUST 1941

Darling Isy:

This has been a bum week and thru most of it I have felt somewhat under the weather. Mail that we expected did not arrive.

Yesterday morning we anchored in a place where we could grant liberty—the first in six weeks and yet during that time we haven't been out of sight of land for more than a few hours. I went ashore to play golf but at the end of nine holes had to stop—I was just plain pooped out and besides my throat was sore. I got back to the ship and after dinner had my throat treated and turned in. I got a good sleep and feel better this morning, but still not so hot so I shall stay aboard. It is disappointing to be in this shape but there is no use being foolish. I suppose that in another month or so there will be another chance to get ashore.

I passed my annual physical exam early this week so apparently there is nothing wrong with me. I am fed up on my constant colds—I suppose they will continue as long as I am out here.

[1:30 PM, continued]

I slept a good part of the morning and feel better, but my throat is still swollen and uncomfortable. However I haven't the fagged feeling that has been with me for so long. Later this afternoon I am going ashore to find out why the jewelry I sent you last May has not arrived. There must have been some sort of mix up, but I have all the receipts and believe everything will be straightened out.

I don't know what I shall do about Christmas presents this year—if my luck holds I should do very well for I have some excellent ideas for what should be very fine presents—however I must have time in Manila and I am not certain of the availability of material. At least I have ideas—here in the middle of summer. At least it is summer elsewhere!

This will be a short letter—I am sorry to be gloomy, but actually I don't think I have griped much considering the last year—I have felt like hell most of the week and am pretty fed up on being cheerful and bright. . . .

[Monday, 25 August 1941, 5:15 PM, continued]

I feel so much better today—in the last few days I have been struggling to write you a decent letter and yet all I could do was produce the foregoing moans plus four or five sheets that I tore up.

We went to sea last night after a rather hectic evening taking care of a lot of drunks—I can't blame the men for getting plastered but some got a bit out of hand—so it was quite late before things quieted down. I slept well if not too long and today we have had a busy day in which I picked up quite a sunburn and did a lot of work myself. I feel much better—my neck and throat are still stiff but the dopey feeling has largely disappeared and my morale is much better.

At noon I held mast over a variety of cases and there are several more to come up. Three men I commended for prompt action in rescuing a "SAP"28 who dove over the side after some floating bills in a strong current. The "SAP," who was on duty as engineer of the motorboat, I busted from Machinist Mate Second [Class] to Fireman²⁹—several others I warned, and handed out extra duty to another. One of the lads I commended had been sent back to the ship by the [Shore] Patrol the day before but no charges had been placed against him. However, when he appeared at mast he thought he was to be punished. His expression when he found himself being commended instead of punished was worth seeing! We are instituting a system whereby the unruly drunks of one liberty³⁰ have to care for the unruly drunks of subsequent liberties until they learn to take care of themselves.

My face is burning and red—and so are my arms and legs, but it feels rather nice and besides I have a washed-out look!

[Tuesday, 26 August 1941, 8 AM, continued]

I slept beautifully last night and feel fine this morning with just a few stiff spots in my neck—and my sunburn isn't bad either—comfortable glow only. This morning we should have squadron tactics then go in to fuel and get ready for a full power run.³¹ There should be mail too sometime in the late afternoon. Somewhere there should be a lot of mail for us but little has reached the ship in the last month. I haven't heard from Will or Dad in a long time. Lately I haven't been feeling in the mood for much writing so not many people owe me letters. I'll have to do something about that.

One nice thing about this lonely area is that the weather has been grand. Hot of course, but not wet and muggy and usually a pleasant breeze. Of course another thing is that there has been no way to spend money. However, the bigger income tax we shall have to pay next year will probably keep us from getting rich too fast.

There is a prospect that we may get to a decent liberty port within the next few weeks—I hope so for we rate it. I don't know how the Japanese will react to the present stand of the United States and Great Britain. If they have any sense they will

²⁸ Probably not an acronym as appears but a sap in the sense, dating from the early nineteenth century, in which HEE uses the word in chapter 3: a "sapskull," an idiot—someone with a head like sapwood, of a softness between bark and heartwood.

²⁹ A demotion of two pay grades and out of the petty-officer community.

³⁰ That is, "liberty party," enlisted personnel permitted after the ship's work ends for the day to go ashore "on liberty" (as opposed to formal, chargeable leave) until some announced time before the next day's work begins. The liberty party comprises the men not in the day's duty section and not restricted to the ship. What proportion could be ashore was at the discretion of the commanding officer or potentially that of the senior commanding officer or flag officer present if other ships were in the same port.

³¹ A formal engineering trial in which a ship steams a straight course for a prescribed number of hours (typically all night) at as high a speed as it can sustain, logging fuel and boiler-feedwater consumption, to determine whether the ship can make its rated maximum speed, what its maximum speed and its endurance at that speed actually are (at that load and in those conditions), and in practice, to cause hidden faults to reveal themselves.

fold their tents and shut up, but they are not built that way and may prefer national suicide. They lost their chance a year ago and now it is too late for them to win. If they fight it will mean a long tough war, but even if they do take part of the Dutch East Indies they won't get any oil, for the Dutch will destroy the fields. And oil will decide the issue and every week they delay makes us stronger—Indo China bases won't help them get oil. Of course many Japanese understand this, but how much they can affect the issue is unknown. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 29 AUGUST 1941, 6:45 AM

My Darling Isy:

This is a lovely, fresh, cool morning. I had almost forgotten how they felt. My fan is on as a matter of habit, but the small brass scupper inside my port is full of rain water and the sky has that nice swept and scrubbed appearance that comes after a rain, yet I have no idea when it rained. I was dog tired last night and turned in at nine o'clock with a bad headache—I slept very well and now feel refreshed and very cheerful.

Yesterday we went thru our full power run very smoothly and got back to the anchorage by one thirty. While we were fueling alongside the tanker I went over to visit with Eliot Bryant, whose ship was also fueling.³³ He sent his best to you and showed me some very attractive pictures of their new house on Glorritta [Glorieta] Boulevard Coronado.

A new officer reported aboard yesterday—Lieut. Williams of the Class of 1932³⁴—he is very welcome indeed.

There have been all sorts of complications this week, none of them serious, but all requiring thought and causing annoyance and loss of sleep.

Our mail has been badly mixed up—for example yesterday afternoon I received letters and bills from Maine which had been mailed July 19th in Manila! Personal mail was not the only thing delayed—lots of official mail was late too and that caused grief.

Tuesday night we had the outer patrol which meant that we anchored off one of the harbor entrances to prevent any strange ship from entering—we had been

³² The Dutch in fact would attempt to do so, but the Japanese had expected they would and planned for it. In the event, production was to be restored from the newly conquered region generally more quickly than anticipated and to remain in excess of targets until 1944. Shigeru Sato, War, Nationalism and Peasants: Java under the Japanese Occupation, 1942-1945 (Armonk, NY: M. E. Sharpe, 1994), p. 233 note 6.

³³ Eliot Hinman Bryant (1896-1955, USNA class of 1918), a submariner. In 1940 he commanded the gunboat USS Asheville (PG 21) but would soon become a submarine division commander. He was to participate in the defense of Cavite and Corregidor, be evacuated, and serve with distinction as a submarine staff member and submarine squadron commander. He would die as a vice admiral. Asheville (commissioned 1920, 1,790 tons, 241 feet, three four-inch guns and four of smaller caliber) would be sunk by Japanese destroyers on 3 March; its only rescued survivor would die in a prisoner-

³⁴ Either Paul Darwin Williams (1911-?), who would retire in 1960 as a captain, or Richard Claggett Williams Jr. (1910-91), a rear admiral at his retirement in 1952. He will have been a "line" department head—the operations, gunnery, or engineer officer—reporting routinely to the executive officer.

busy all day and the mail closed on an aircraft [seaplane] tender at 10 p.m. so I sent a boat over about 8:30 with our outgoing Clipper mail. On the way back the boat ran up on a coral reef and the tide ran out—we got word from another ship that our boat was in trouble and sent help, which was no help, because by that time our boat was perched as high as a virtuous eyebrow and so it stayed until daybreak when the incoming tide floated it off without damage—however, I got practically no sleep. Night before that I slept badly too and also could not rest during the day (that incidentally is a very badly constructed sentence, but skip it). However, this morning is grand and I am relaxed and as always love you. My neck [throat?] is all well even though I have no idea what kind of a bug it was.

[5:45 PM, continued]

This has been a good day in which much was accomplished and certain affairs adjusted. I suppose some people know so much about men, discipline and organization that they can get things to run without conflict of personalities and constant readjustments, but I can't. What I do try to do is to keep the conflicts from getting out of hand and keep things moving on an even keel. To do that I must camp on Billy Giles [the executive officer] frequently and keep him from going off on tangents and develop his best qualities, without spoiling his initiative and self confidence. And it takes patience on my part to develop it in him.

[Saturday, 30 August 1941, 11:45 AM, continued]

I have finished a long inspection and written several official letters disposing, I hope, of some troublesome matters and am looking forward to a quiet afternoon.

We just got unexpected air mail from Manila, delivered by a submarine, and it brought your letter of August 11th. Thank goodness I know when you are leaving.³⁵ I hope my mail is not unduly delayed in reaching you.

I hope the field day for Guy Chung [who had taught Isabel to play tennis] finally came out all right and that you were able to get a nice present for him. Of course Darling it is typical of the way your thoughtful mind works and that consideration for others is one of the many things that makes you lovable.

Your lovely yellow socks have arrived and fit perfectly—just enough extra room to be comfortable and allow for normal shrinkage. I at once called in Rosete, my boy,³⁶ and told him that if anyone ever sent those socks to the laundry³⁷ I would give him a Summary Court Martial—a Deck Court Martial, one hundred hours extra

³⁵ That is, for Boston, as indicated below, at least in part for "study." What the nature of that study was and what came of the plan are unknown; neither her oral history nor the couple's collected correspondence sheds any light.

³⁶ That is, the wardroom steward assigned to the captain's cabin. Rosete is presumably a successor of Ralutin, mentioned in chapter 3; the duty was rotational.

³⁷ That is, a laundry ashore—this class had no facilities for washing, drying, or ironing clothes. The options, for officers and men alike, were to send laundry ashore when in port, arrange the services of a larger ship that had a laundry, or resort to buckets on the weather deck.



Edwards in 1939 sending laundry for cleaning to, or receiving clean laundry from, the carrier USS Saratoga (CV 3). The bundle, being passed by "lightline," is visible at lower right. Note the original bridge front, the four (and higher) stacks, and the large peacetime hull number. (U.S. Navy)

duty—five days bread and water and three months restriction to the ship! . . .

I am anxious to get the copy of Time telling about the Manila Symphony—I haven't seen the Zippers in months. They were away part of the time I was in the yard—in the last five months I have been around Manila only six weeks so it is not surprising.

I learned the other day that I am not to be transferred to the staff of Comdesron³⁸ because Admiral Hart does not wish to change any of the destroyer skippers and I also learned that Captain Wilkes (Gin Styer's cousin) had asked for me to go as his lieut. aide in the submarine squadron.³⁹ That was turned down too and Pinkie Thorp 40 is getting that job. It is nice to know that people want me, but please don't mention it.

We got a lot of mail today including magazines and new books which are very welcome. It is rather tough to sit around in the wilderness with no place

to go and then run out of reading matter. Last Sunday when ashore I saw three white women—the first seen since July 17th! Not particularly attractive but a bit of a relief after looking at nothing but natives and pretty awful looking ones at that, at odd times for so long!

[Sunday, 31 August 1941, 5:30 PM, continued]

Sweetheart—I have just settled a little argument between three officers that for a while did not sound too well. As usual all that was required was a bit of quiet logic and appreciation of relative values. The logic consists of pinning down the major issues and getting a clear definition of what they are before arguing about them then you find that when the issues are actually defined most of the disagreement

³⁸ The staff of Commander, Destroyer Squadron (or COMDESRON) 29.

³⁹ The assignment would have drawn on HEE's early experience, including command, in the submarine service. At the time the only submarine squadron present was Submarine Squadron 5, comprising seven boats of the Porpoise class, of which the name ship, SS 172, had been launched in 1935. By "lieut. aide" HEE means flag lieutenant (not necessarily in the grade of lieutenant), the "aide"—originally aidede-camp, a personal and executive assistant and factotum—to an at-sea commander. Capt. John Wilkes (1895–1957, USNA class of 1916) commanded the submarines based at Manila; in December he would become Commander of Submarines, Asiatic Fleet. In 1943-44 he would, as a rear admiral, be active in Mediterranean amphibious campaigns. He would be promoted to vice admiral upon his retirement in 1951. His cousin, Charles Wilkes "Gin" Styer Jr., (1919-2012, USNA class of 1941), would become a much-decorated submariner, earning two Silver Stars and two Legions of Merit for wartime Pacific patrols. He would retire in 1972 as a rear admiral.

⁴⁰ Wakeman Blanchard Thorp (1901-71, USNA class of 1921), who would retire in 1953 as a captain.

disappears by itself! I know I am a lot older than my officers, but after all most of them are thirty years old or near enough to that to have good sense—but things crop up and away they go!

We are having another poetry contest tonight and so far we have some very good entries and one dirty one which I have thrown out. It should be fun!

[Monday, 1 September 1941, 1:30 PM, continued]

Today is a holiday [Labor Day], but down here it

is silly to observe it since there is no recreation to be had so we have been working hard ironing out some of our rough spots. Tonight we have the outer patrol and tomorrow we sail in the afternoon for a liberty port to get some much needed change. Last night our "happy hour" was brief, but successful, and the men got some really good laughs. We still have the next one in about three weeks and several more contestants will be with us. It is all based on the theory that you shouldn't take yourself too seriously. I have a fine crew and I want to keep their morale up in any way I can—so I don't adhere to too many rigid rules, but try to keep things flexible.

Wednesday is your birthday Darling and I wish I could be with you, but I do wish for you many happier returns. You are always my only sweetheart.

[6:25 PM, continued]

I am really appreciating the simplicity of women's dress because for the last few months I have worn nothing but tropical working dress—socks, shoes, skivvies, shirt and shorts [Bermuda length, khaki]—about the equivalent of what you normally zip into and out of so easily—no necktie, no undershirt, no coat or vest—no garters—dressing is so simple!

[Wednesday, 3 September 1941, continued]

Great rush. Arriving in port and mail closes soon. Feel well. No other dope.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 8 SEPTEMBER 1941

At sea

Sweetheart:

It was a busy weekend which I enjoyed very much, but I don't feel a bit badly about getting to sea again even though I know that weeks of isolation are ahead of us. My last note was such a hasty scrawl that I had better give you more details. We got into port Wednesday afternoon and I went ashore for a few hours just to get the lay of the land again. I dropped in to see Mrs. Berger and chatted a while then returned to the ship early. The next morning we were underway at six-thirty for a long day's work, which went very well but left me quite tired so I spent the evening aboard ship. In the morning while we were fueling I went ashore with two other



A USS Pope sailor washes his laundry in a bucket on the fantail, sitting on the platform of the 3-inch antiaircraft gun. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

officers and from the supply department got a large quantity of Navy percale sheeting and some toweling. Then after we had shifted the ship to the main harbor for the weekend I went to an embroidery shop, which had been highly recommended, to get the sheeting, etc., made up and embroidered sheets and pillow cases for you, Alice and Dorothy [sister-in-law and cousin, respectively]. Then I am having oversized bath towels made and marked for you and Dorothy and towel sport coats for Nancy, Larry, Willet and Skip. 41 The towel coats are worn universally out here and are grand for swimming, tennis, golf, etc.—they are short, and I am having the edges bound with dark blue with nice monograms in dark blue on the pocket. I have heard that Saks is selling them for about \$15 to \$18 [\$245.77-\$294.92 in 2016 currency] each. Of course they will arrive in the winter, but should be nice for badminton. I could, of course, have gotten more, but I spent about all that I felt was advisable. Unfortunately I had to hurry my selections of designs and allocation of presents because when I talked with the shop people I had to revise the plans I had made when I bought the material. The work will be finished in October and I hope to be back in time to send them on to you by November first. I hope nothing interferes with their arrival on time. It may not be fair to tell you about Christmas presents so soon, but I wanted you to know what I had done so as to help you plan your own shopping—and besides I feel a bit smug about doing Christmas shopping in September.

Saturday I played golf and had a quiet evening, and Sunday I loafed in the morning—saw Guy and Barbara Agnew about noon then went to a very nice lunch at the Selphs' where we all stayed till after five. I had a quiet bite to eat at the club with Dutch Cheever and funny Ray and was back aboard ship by ten. Friday afternoon I played golf and then went out to Tom and Caroline's for bowling and supper—however, I didn't bowl because I did not want to overdo the exercising after such a long period of no real exercise.

The Clipper was due in today and another one is due Thursday so I should have some mail to make up for the last two weeks.

[Tuesday, 9 September 1941, 3 PM, continued]

After a good trip we are back again and in two hours we leave for night maneuvers. The schedule for the rest of the week seems ample to keep us busy so time will pass quickly. I am still hoping for a letter from you before I mail this, but though the plane has arrived, our mail seems to be floating around somewhere where we can't reach it. The other day an important letter took three days to go eight miles so I suppose we must be patient. I have tried losing my temper, but that does not seem

⁴¹ It sounds here as if HEE has improperly (at least, it would be improper today) appropriated government material for personal use, but below he mentions paying for it; perhaps a Navy Exchange-like activity, using nonappropriated funds, was involved. Otherwise this would be an incongruous thing to mention, let alone as good news, in a letter home.

to work, so I'll sit on my ditty box to see if anything comes in during the next thirty minutes and then possibly add to this.

No mail!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 22 SEPTEMBER 1941

Darling Isy:

I am subject to rather mixed feelings just now. I have another sore throat and it makes me cross and mad and unpleasant and generally miserable and persnickety. A bit of dope has been drifting back from the commander in chief [of the Asiatic Fleet] and it now seems sure that CinC has recommended that the tour of duty be cut to 21 months. Scuttlebutt from Washington is that this will be done and if that is true I shall then leave here about April first or just nine months before I had expected. I shan't believe it until I see it officially. Where I might go for duty is, of course, uncertain, but under any conditions I should get a little leave in the United States before going to sea again. So my pet, we both should have enough ready cash to make fast trips so as to have the maximum time together. Last night I couldn't sleep because of thinking of it. I shan't make any guesses and I shall try to be matter of fact, but Sweetheart I am having a hard time thinking of anything else.

Tomorrow is to be a hard long 24-hour day and the rest of the week will be strenuous so tonight I will turn in early with the hope of feeling better tomorrow.

[Wednesday, 24 September 1941, 8:30 AM, continued]

Tuesday was a bad day most of which I spent in my bunk and most of the night I spent on the bridge. My throat is still sore, but it is better than it was yesterday morning and I hope that it will be clear by tomorrow. It is very discouraging to have these respiratory troubles keep hitting me. They make me so angry. I hope Skip's condition [asthma] has improved permanently. You have mentioned his wheezes so seldom that I have the feeling he is much better. When this clears up I will be able to write much better—we have just anchored for a few hours and I am turning in.

[8 PM, continued]

I have had a quiet day—the topside is cool and breezy, but my room is hot. My throat is feeling better, but I haven't much strength or pep. Tomorrow and Friday will be busy and not too interesting. Now I am dull and dopey—forgive me please Darling. I love you.

[Thursday, 25 September 1941, 5 PM, continued]

What a relief it is to be able to swallow without pain and to walk on legs that are not rubber! I slept well last night and have actually been able to feel the bugs leaving me all day! Naturally my morale has improved.

We shot a gun practice today and while we haven't seen the results it looked good and makes up a bit for the much better work the Whipple did last week. They did very badly today. Tomorrow we run for submarines [as a training target] and then fuel.

Everyone seems well relaxed—there is no news and no dope as to what the Japs are thinking about.

[Friday, 26 September 1941, 10:30 PM, continued]

I really have my health back and consequently feel much more cheerful. Last night I got very put out at what I considered some foolish orders and policies and at about 9:30 called away the gig and went over to express my views to the squadron commander (the orders and policies that annoyed me were not his) and found him very nice and quite in accord with the opinions I expressed.

Today was very satisfactory in that we cleaned up a lot of odds and ends, fueled, and came over to the patrol anchorage. We had a good movie followed by some good yarns and laughter in the wardroom and now have to turn in.

Apparently the Clipper schedule has been cut down so that mail is not coming as often as usual; whether this is permanent or what I don't know.

I have received the black coral jewelry from Zamboanga and I shall send it on to you next week. Good night Sweetheart. I love you.

[Saturday, 27 September 1941, 11:30 AM, continued]

By this time you should be settled in Boston with a good idea of what your winter work will involve. I hope that you don't have much homework. It seems such a cockeyed set up—for years Skip and I have been studying prescribed things and yet you with no work of that sort laid out for you have always been equally if not more busy. And now at a comparatively "ripe old age" are starting on regular study! And I really feel very badly about it. Oh my Darling I love you so very much! Take good care of your eyes and your whole self too.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER 1941, 10:30 PM Darling:

This has been a cool, quiet and generally pleasant weekend. Tomorrow we go to sea for the week and should end up in Manila for a tender overhaul.⁴² My thoughts haven't been very continuous. I have a new and extremely interesting book, [Semantics: The Nature of Words and Their Meanings], by Hugh [R.] Walpole. It is a discussion of a topic which is drawing increasing attention, i.e., the meaning of words. It is not too long, but it calls for very attentive reading. Some time if you get the chance

⁴² Not a major overhaul, involving dry-docking, but a scheduled period spent moored alongside a tender (presumably in this case Black Hawk) while an extensive list of maintenance and repair needs that are within the tender's capability and can be completed in the time allotted (apparently about two weeks in this case) is dealt with. The usual notice allowed for complying with sudden orders to get under way is substantially extended, so that temporarily disabling work on the propulsion plant and other major machinery can be carried out.

look at it in the library—you might care to tackle it. Incidentally it would make a very nice present for Dorothy or Dorothy Peterson, for both of them are interested in words and language. It has been very recently [1941] published by W. W. Norton and Co. of New York. . . .

[Monday, 29 September 1941, 10 AM, continued]

We got underway at 6:30 and have found the sea a bit choppy as we proceed with some useful but rather uninteresting maneuvers. I have been sitting on the wing of the bridge daydreaming as planes and subs go thru routine [simulated] attacks, and all the pleasant things that there are to do in the world started parading before my imagination. There are so many things to do if only we were in a position to do them. I have been very matter of fact in my letters lately partly because I usually had little to say and partly because I did not want to get all steamed up to no purpose. This morning I was thinking how fine it would be to listen to a good chamber group play Mozart in an 18th century setting. There are so many things that we can and will have—not all the things we can think of, but others that we haven't thought of that will be just as much fun.

[Tuesday, 30 September 1941, 10:30 AM, continued]

Last night was tiring and not particularly interesting and I did not get any sleep until after daybreak. Then I managed to get about two hours' good sleep so I don't feel too washed up. I was interrupted by having to go up to the bridge to correct an inexcusable blunder on the part of the Officer of the Deck [the watch officer in charge of the ship, on the bridge]. It is most exasperating when an officer who does know better balls-up a simple maneuver and then refuses to listen to good advice from another and more experienced officer, from sheer stubbornness. If only someone could invent an injection of brains and common sense that could be given! It upset a perfectly nice mood I was in and I shall probably spend the rest of the day mulling over it and regretting that I did not kick him off the bridge and send him to his room for five days [an informal punishment for officers sometimes known as being "put in hack"]. I expect inexperienced officers to make mistakes on difficult problems, but I don't expect experienced men to mess up easy things and make a show of the ship before all the fleet.

[Wednesday, 1 October 1941, 10 PM, continued]

About an hour ago I was called to the bridge to answer the [radio]telephone and when I answered the squadron commander, who was on the *Paul Jones*, congratulated me on my selection [for promotion to commander]! I was quite startled and actually felt a bit dizzy. I had rather expected that the list would be published this coming weekend. I wish, Darling, that you were with me to celebrate! Of course it means a great deal to me—so much that I had tried not to think about it.

It does not seem so long ago that Eddie Durgin⁴³ was trying to prove to us in Coronado that we should all be retired for age before coming up for lieutenant commander! I have no idea when the actual promotion will come. Normally it would be about 1 June 1942, but if temporary promotions are made it may be much sooner. There is a board now meeting in Washington to determine how many temporary promotions will be made and when, but they will not complete their report until all the selection boards have met, which will be in about two months more. I am very anxious to see the list; Van Zandt, Thorpe and McGlone were all passed over last year and I am hoping that some of them were picked up.

I miss you so much Sweetheart, now, because we should be able to share the good news together.

Yesterday I saw the most beautiful flying fish with bright yellow wings! I had never even heard that they existed. This evening, just before sundown, two big porpoises played under our bow for about 15 minutes. I have never seen any animals have a better time—we were making 15 knots and they swam along effortlessly with their tails only about six inches from the stem of the ship—sometimes their tails would touch the bow then they would turn on their side and almost grin with pleasure as their tails were tickled; they were like two beautiful dancers in perfect tune and rhythm, turning together in different patterns or rolling on their sides and then jumping clear out of the water in great smooth leaps that left hardly a ripple and I was directly over them, only about ten feet from their glistening smooth bodies. It was perfectly fascinating to watch them. I suppose they weighed at least two hundred pounds each and were about five or six feet long. I know of no living thing that seems to get such joy from life as a race! They were much better and exciting than the seal at the zoo.

And now my precious lamb—good night!

[Thursday, 2 October 1941, continued]

My Isy,

This morning as I woke up I was thinking what a grand wife you are and what a wonderful help you have been to me in everything I have done. Your whole attitude, the way you have made a home for us in some very strange places, your unselfishness and cheerful acceptance of hardship and responsibility, your wisdom and fine management have been combined with your love to help me, Darling, and I love you for it all.

⁴³ Likely Edward Robison Durgin (1900-70, USNA class of 1922), who by 1941 commanded the destroyer USS Niblack (DD 424). He was to be much decorated for combat service in the Atlantic and Mediterranean; promoted to rear admiral upon retirement, he was to join the administration of Brown University, in Providence, Rhode Island.

[9 PM, continued]

This afternoon, late, we had some heavy rains but now the moon is out and it is beautiful and clear. Early in the afternoon I had a wonderful nap waking up at about 3:30 completely rested and relaxed (but I did wish so much for you to be with me to wake me up—it has been fun to share our awakenings hasn't it Darling!).

Van Zandt was selected as best fitted—the only one out here previously passed over who was picked up. I haven't seen the whole list yet—Dennison and Max Keith 44 were selected. They went down almost to the bottom of the Class of '23.... 45

I see by *Time* that Princess Olga Trobestzskoi⁴⁶ [of the Philadelphia Social Register] pled guilty to vagrancy when [put on trial] charged with running a high-toned bawdy house in Manhattan! (Time, September 1st [1941], page 55 [completing the otherwise direct quote from the news item].)

I am not surprised. What tales that house could tell! But to whom could they be told? I am not referring to the Manhattan house either! It could be made the subject of a grand story but it would have to be written with a friendly and understanding touch that only a few people could fully appreciate. The aspects have been somber, gay, and tragic[;] it still contains letters that should be burned.⁴⁷ I read one once while going thru the safe (I had no business doing it but I saw the signature and could not resist it!). I don't suppose that I have told you that several times I have had vivid dreams of it burning to the ground. There would be something very fitting in that. I do wish that some day you would finish the bedspread. I can never forget too that it was there in the old big living room by the north radiator that I first got to know you on December 31st 1921! Just to list some of the things that happened in those rooms, church fairs, benefit concerts, Red Cross work room in 1916, etc., sales of pictures, etc., egg nog party, burglary, lovers, acey ducey games, composition of sermons, long hours of study, meals of all descriptions, sudden death, long

⁴⁴ Harry H. Keith (1899-1969, USNA class of 1923), commanding USS Peary (DD 226; for which see chapter 6, note 38), would leave the ship with wounds suffered in the bombing of Cavite on 8 December. Joining General MacArthur on Corregidor, he would be one of the last to be evacuated from the island. He would serve the rest of the war in Australia and Washington, DC, retiring in 1951 as a rear admiral.

⁴⁵ That is, the promotion board had considered for selection even the most junior members of the USNA class of 1923. Relative precedence, and thus seniority of members of a given class (all of whom have the same date of rank), is assigned by class ranking at graduation.

⁴⁶ Olga Pavlovna Demidova (b. 1895) fled Russia during the revolution still styling herself "Princess Olga Trubetskoy," although she had lost that surname and title when she divorced her first husband, Prince Sergei Gregoryevich Trubetskoy (with whom she had a son). In October 1918 she met in France and married an American, Maj. William Edward Royal Stoever, with whom she resided in Philadelphia until his death in 1930. Her arrival from Russia had brought her a degree of celebrity, and by 1941 Olga Stoever was apparently finding her former title useful for business purposes. She was to die in Canada in 1982.

⁴⁷ The house "not in Manhattan" (i.e., not "Princess" Olga's brothel) is presumably IME's parents' home in Flushing. Curiously, HEE's and IME's recollections of the date of their meeting do not agree: he recalls December 1921 (see also the 9 PM continuation of his 31 December 1941 letter in chapter 5), but her oral history, cited in chapter 1, note 1, gives spring 1922. Beyond that, the shared memories evoked and elliptically referred to in this paragraph are now lost.

quiet evenings in front of the fire, fierce struggles feeding an insatiable furnace, arguments about mortgages, all have gone on to our knowledge and many more things of which we can only guess! Music, laughter, passion, all of life.

I wonder darling if any but you and I have ever thought of it in all those terms!

[Saturday, 4 October 1941, 12:30 PM, continued]

We came into port with a flourish this morning and got a "Well Done" for our maneuvers. Now we are alongside the tender for an overhaul. Later this afternoon I am going ashore for nine holes of golf and maybe a quiet evening with more golf tomorrow.

I am rather tired after a strenuous but interesting week of exercises. My morale is splendid, the best part of it being due to the fact that I have and love the grandest and best wife in all the world.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 7 OCTOBER 1941, 10 PM Hi Darling,

I don't want any evening to pass without writing a few lines to you even though there may not be so very much for me to say. I hate being away from you when you need me most, but you know how I love you.

This afternoon I went ashore again on a shopping trip to get pajamas and air mail paper. I don't seem to be very well organized in my shopping because I always forget something and then have to go back later. In addition, many things are becoming hard to get out here—for instance there are no pipe stems to be had which means that a broken pipe is out completely, plain white socks have disappeared from the market and certain types of shirts and underwear are not to be had.

Tomorrow I am playing golf and will probably stay ashore for dinner. People have been very fine about my selection—it really has been a grand feeling to know that many people are glad that I made it. I imagine that there will be quite a few shifts of personnel soon and it is possible that I will "fleet up" to a bigger job—I don't want to leave the ship—destroyer command is a fascinating thing but I am quite sure that I won't keep it for all my cruise [i.e., his time in the Far East]. There is a remote chance that I move up to division commander in another few months and although I should love that, I think it very unlikely.

[Tuesday, 7 October / Wednesday, 8 October 1941, midnight, continued] I am just about to turn in—We gave Elmer Helenkamp a farewell dinner tonight. He sails for home tomorrow morning. A year ago tonight I was in Batavia, for a few hours, on my way to Manila. All this is happening to us. Sometimes it seems as if it were all going on some detached stage and I were merely sitting watching the players act their parts. When I am impersonal about my own desires and hopes it is better. Personal concern as to war and its possibilities is not good for any of us—there is a job to do every day—if war comes, the job is bigger and requires

more accurate thinking. There is a definite advantage in being a professional for then there is no doubt as to what your decisions will be under many circumstances, where the non-professional will wonder and doubt. Yet no matter what we happen to be doing—golf, eating or sleeping—the various possibilities come to our minds and we consider them pretty cold bloodedly. And back of every thought Isy, is the feeling that whatever I do I must justify the faith and love you have for me. Other things seem small in comparison to that. I am very proud of you and proud that you love me. God bless you always.

[Friday, 10 October 1941, 11:30 AM, continued]

The tender overhaul goes on busily. This morning I crawled thru boilers, bilges, condensers, 48 etc., while making an engineering inspection of the *Barker*, 49 then spent an hour in the dentist's chair while I had my teeth cleaned and my periodic preventive treatment for my gums, then I went thru a heavy morning mail—dropped over to the *Whipple* to deliver aspirin tablets to Charlie Weeks and Bill Lalor (who would not return to the ship early with me last night and apparently need[ed] said tablets), went back to the *Barker* and got an anti-yellow fever shot to add to the typhoid, cholera, small pox and other bugs in my system—after lunch I shall pack up my Christmas presents and mail them to you. The sheets really are beautifully embroidered and I hope they reach you in ample time. Lots of paper work this afternoon and bowling at the Wolffs' this evening.

There have been several incidents which have pleased me a great deal. There has been [illegible] sincerity in most of the congratulations on selection that I have received from other officers and from civilians and it made me feel it very deeply.

For some reason, my name was omitted from the list published in the Manila papers, but Colonel Williams⁵⁰ got the straight dope about me and Van Zandt and telephoned to the Wolffs' and Selphs'. The whole week has resulted in a very wide range of moods—There has been lots of work and I am taking plenty of easy exercise to make up for my long confinement to the ship. And I know Darling that you understand the combinations of feeling that I have. Lunch now.

[4:30 PM, continued]

The package is all made up—as I was packing I noticed that another monogram was wrong so I put in enough extra towel material so that proper pockets may be

⁴⁸ A condenser is a heat exchanger fitted under a set of propulsion turbines to collect, in a tank known as a "hot well," the spent steam and condense it to water so it can be pumped away for ultimate reuse in the boilers. The cooling agent is seawater, drawn from outside the hull and sent through tubes in the condenser and back overboard.

⁴⁹ USS *Barker* (DD 213), another *Clemson-c*lass destroyer, was to serve during the war in both the Pacific and Atlantic and be decommissioned in 1945. HEE has apparently been assigned to a formal inspection party by the division or squadron commander.

⁵⁰ Col. Everett C. "Cliff" Williams, U.S. Army (1897?-1962): see note 79.

put on later. I am enclosing a copy of my statement to the Customs which I attached to the outside of the package. I hope that everything is intact when it reaches you.

[Saturday, 11 October 1941, 9 AM, continued]

Of course you will have to make a complete reconsideration of financial things. As I see the future we should have first a home to go to, free from mortgages, and in good enough condition so that it is comfortably habitable without a major cash cost. And that house should be in such a location that we can settle there with a reasonable expectation of permanency. Then there should be a fund invested in the highestgrade obligation U.S. govt bonds as a permanent backlog [backup] and foundation. Depending on circumstances we should maintain savings accounts totalling one thousand to two thousand dollars [in 2016, \$16,000-\$32,000] and a checking account surplus of at least five hundred dollars and probably a thousand dollars for emergency use. Don't be too concerned about inflation—a good home is the best hedge against that—Remember, one of the great advantages of a naval station is a financial safeguard. From a purely investment point of view the best inflation hedge is a group of common stocks representing strong firms with fine progressive policies and good research facilities. General Motors, DuPont, General Electric, Air Reduction, ⁵² National Carbon ⁵³ and affiliates are representative. Therefore a portion of the total should be in that category. Sound preferred stocks should also be held.

As a rough guess I would think that the best apportionment of funds for us would run—about as I give in the table below [see the table]—the percentages are of course approximate. With that as a general guide of a situation to be achieved you won't go far wrong. No matter what you do it won't be perfect—the home is primary. Government savings bonds can now be purchased very advantageously and the U.S. govt is not going broke. Don't dispose of anything you now hold unless there is a definite and specific reason—we haven't had much luck in shifting and there has been a lot of worry. Good advisors are rare and most of them have an axe to grind and are persuasive!

And now Sweetheart I am pretty well written out—Don't worry about finances—if in doubt follow your basic instincts rather than advice from others. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 21 OCTOBER 1941

My Darling,

We are anchored in a beautiful small bay on the coast in the midst of a busy week. Last night a typhoon threatened us but it was small and did not come close so that we really did not have any bad weather.

⁵¹ Perhaps HEE has in mind the possibility of saving money by living in government quarters.

⁵² Formed in 1916 and later renamed Airco, the company separates oxygen and other gases from air for industrial applications.

⁵³ Founded in 1886, the National Carbon Company has undergone numerous mergers and name changes. It survives today as Eveready, a battery manufacturer, part of Union Carbide.

U.S. Govt. Bonds	25%	At least 25%
High Grade bonds	20-25%	
Common Stock	20-25%	Not more than 25%
Preferred Stock or Grade B Bonds	20-25%	Not more than 25%
Cash	10%	

The outgoing Clipper mail was quite confused—at first it was scheduled to go out Monday, then on Saturday it was changed to Sunday, then back again to Monday etc.; finally I believe it went out today but in the meantime people were frantically trying to catch up on letters.

Saturday I had a good game of golf and a quiet evening sleeping at the club. Sunday morning there was a golf tournament against the golf club. I played my best golf for months and was one of the few to win for the Navy. I got an 87 with two out of bounds and three shots to get out of one trap. In the afternoon I played again and on Monday morning was pleasantly surprised to find myself feeling very well indeed—not over tired. The two weeks of overhaul gave me a chance to get into pretty good shape again. Now I'm sleepy. Good night Darling.

[Friday, 24 October 1941, 11:30 AM, continued]

How time has flown! Yesterday started at 0645 and continued until past midnight during all which time I was on the bridge except for about two hours. Then again at 0530 this morning as we came [in] to anchor. I had to do quite a bit of broken field running as I came thru the channel thru the mine field this morning, for lots of ships and towed barges were coming out so there were no dull moments. However, Darling, I am really tired. I think after lunch I shall try for a nap then tackle my paper work later in the afternoon, for the brain isn't any too bright and some of the work is really involved. There are so many times when I can't write and then when I get the time to write I may be very tired or lack the feeling of detachment necessary for good expression.

Thursday afternoon Swede, Giles, Buzzetti and I took the wherry and went ashore on a tiny island on the bay in which we were anchored, and as I strolled along the beach looking at pretty shells and coral the thought hit me hard, of how often we have shared the fun of strange shells, and sand and color and water and how wonderful it is for me to be able to love you and to find the small excitements that are waiting for those who are in tune with each other and with life. The States too have given us so much—and I know that "Star Bright," etc., will always be ours, for our wishes for love together and forever are true wishes. And you are always my Isy. And now for lunch—snap out of it H.E.! . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1941

Darling Isy,

I have made several attempts to write this week but I have been either too tired or the ship has been rolling or some interference came in. It is hard to say anything when I know that there will be two weeks of mail waiting when we get in to port tomorrow evening and there is so much that I am waiting to hear about.

It has been a busy week and I haven't had much sleep but it has been interesting. The organization has been shifted about a bit and some things need smoothing out.

I keep well, and really have my life in an acceptable groove. It seems years since that morning when Skip brought the paper into our bedroom and told us that Holland and Belgium had been invaded. And still, we cannot see more than the general pattern of fate; what we anticipated has been largely true—we saw it much more clearly than most people. More than anything else, the faith that we have has been our strength. Rather than wavering, faith has become stronger because we have been able to feel it more actively. Can you or anyone else differentiate between faith and love or define either? I can't. But we can and do feel them and we know what they will always bring us. Good night my Isy. I love you.

[Friday, 31 October 1941, 5:15 PM, continued]

Today has been full—torpedo runs, high-speed chasing around, a quick trip thru the mine fields, fueling from the tanker and now quietly at anchor, reading mail and getting ready for a trip ashore—with all the various things such as boats, pay day, laundry, hair cut, etc., all going on. We had a fine morning in that we put on an exhibition of snappy seamanship and coordination that pleased the div com [division commander] very much—later we made a fast landing alongside the tanker and I had to take charge [i.e., from the junior "conning officer," who had started the approach] and think fast to prevent a smashing of various metal gadgets, propellers, etc. So my darling, being a bit shy of sleep I feel very tight and wound up—I tried to take a nap but couldn't relax so I will go ashore in about an hour to get a few beers and I hope I have sense enough to get the ten o'clock boat back to the ship. I feel fine however, because things went with precision and dash.

I was so glad to finally get a letter from you even though it was almost three weeks old—another Clipper is due in Sunday afternoon and I hope it is not further delayed....

[Saturday, 1 November 1941, 9 AM, continued]

Isy,

I had a quiet evening at the Wolffs' and got back to the ship early and had a much needed good night's sleep. Today will be busy but I hope to get in some golf.

The sinking of the Rueben James was an inevitable thing (she was the destroyer which was operating at Annapolis when we were there in 1932). I know Ken Edwards very well indeed and I hope he was saved.⁵⁴ No matter what it is called it is war—and has been for a long time. Whether it will involve this area actively soon, I don't know. I am not worried about anything. I am in fine shape mentally and physically, my morale is high and whatever comes I can take it and like it too. Take care of yourself Darling—I know you can't relax and get fat very easily but don't let things drag you down. . . .

[Sunday, 2 November 1941, 1 PM, continued]

For some reason—probably because we ate so late last night—I didn't sleep well last night and woke up very tired. Just as I was getting squared away for some work and writing, fire broke out in the after fire room. ⁵⁵ It could easily have been very serious but fortunately no one was hurt and the damage appears to be superficial. But I can assure you that we had a difficult problem to get the [burning] oil out and get at the situation. As usual carelessness appears to be the cause and I feel quite sunk because yesterday I was so pleased with the way things had been going. As it was we were very lucky and I hope have learned our lesson.

The squadron commander was very nice when I went over to see him after the fire was out and indicated that a routine administrative report with my own investigation aboard ship will be sufficient to cover the case. So there is nothing to be concerned about unless some major damage, as yet undisclosed, turns up. But nevertheless it was a discreditable performance and I feel tired and rather blue. Of course I shall snap out of it and be all right after I have had a good sleep. . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 6 NOVEMBER 1941

At sea

This has been a busy and tiring week, each day starting at 6:00 or 6:30 and continuing on til 10 or 11 p.m. But I have been sleeping well and so like it this way. I am by no means caught up with my own work and it will be some time before I am.

I have no idea when we will begin to get mail promptly but it has cramped my style as a letter writer quite a bit to be anticipating a letter upon a weekend only to find that the Clipper has been delayed. And Darling sometimes I get and stay in moods where it is hard to say anything other than how much I love you and how

⁵⁴ USS *Reuben James* (DD 245) was a *Clemson*-class destroyer that had been operating in the Neutrality Patrol since September 1939 and had been since March 1941 among the U.S. destroyers escorting United Kingdom-bound convoys as far as Iceland. On 31 October *Reuben James* was hit and sunk by a torpedo fired by *U-552* apparently at one of the merchantmen. Only forty-four of the crew were saved; all the officers, including the commanding officer, Lt. Cdr. Heywood Lane (apparently "Ken") Edwards (b. 1905, USNA class of 1926), were lost.

⁵⁵ That is, boiler room, and, of the two in this class, the one closer to the stern. Each fireroom (as usually spelled today) in the *Clemsons* contained two boilers (thus the original four smoke stacks, one per boiler), ordinarily supplying steam jointly to one of the two main engines (each in its own "engine room") driving the ship's two propeller shafts. The machinery spaces were so extensively (and inconveniently) subdivided to help the ship resist fire and flooding. This fire was likely caused by fuel oil leaking from a faulty valve or gasket and spilling onto hot machinery.

much I miss the daily presence and fun of living with you. And it doesn't do me any good to dwell on those things too much.

I am very well fed up with all the yapping that is going on. Possibly it may be desirable or even necessary but why when affairs are taking their natural course there should be so much nonsense spouted on both sides of the argument, I can't understand. We have stated that it is our firm intention to bring about the defeat of the Axis. With that intention I am in firm accord. However that makes us the declared enemy of the Axis. If the Germans did not sink any and all of our ships, with or without warning wherever they could strike us, they would be soft headed incompetents. The Germans have been rightly called many things, but that is one accusation that no one dares bring. On the other hand, Senator Taft⁵⁶ says we should aid Britain but we should not protect ourselves while so doing. That is exactly the same type of muddled thinking that was applied in Manchukuo, Ethiopia, Spain, etc., and [it is] that type of thinking, plus the cold blooded, stupid selfishness of the so-called aristocrats of England that is responsible for the present mess. As Heavy and I have so often remarked, "Make up your mind!" Just think of all the muddleheaded stuffed shirts that spout about this and that! I am still convinced that the American people are intelligent enough to recognize a situation where [when] a frank and honest quality of leadership is given them.

And Darling, please forgive me for spouting and glaring—you know all these things as well as I but I want to get them off my chest from time to time and I am fed up with cant, pretension, and stupidity.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, FRIDAY, 7 NOVEMBER 1941

Darling,

We anchored at about three p.m. but while Clipper mail was delivered there was none for me and I hope that nothing is wrong. The next Clipper won't be in till after we go to sea so there is another week to wait for news.

Yesterday was tiring and we did not do any too well, however I feel better about it than I did last night. There is a lot of work to be done and time seems hard to find.

The latest Army-Navy Register⁵⁷ says that a good many promotions will be made on January 1st, so possibly I shall make my number⁵⁸ then. Charlie Weeks has his orders home and Fish Karpi³⁹ will relieve him in a short week. I had a nice note with

⁵⁶ Robert A. Taft (1889–1953), a leading conservative noninterventionist and opponent of the New Deal.

⁵⁷ The Army and Navy Register, a military-interest periodical, was founded in 1879. In 1962, by that time renamed The Army-Navy-Air Force Register, it merged with The Army, Navy, Air Force Journal. That in turn appears today, online only, as Armed Forces Journal.

⁵⁸ That is, be officially promoted to the new rank and authorized to wear its insignia and receive its pay. Services can select for promotion as many officers as they expect to need, but, because the services are restricted by law as to how many they can have at each grade at any one time, selectees typically waited (and still do) weeks or months to "put on" their new ranks.

⁵⁹ Perhaps Eugene Simon Karpe (1904-50, USNA class of 1926), who would retire as a captain.

regards to you from Winnie Nagle on my selection and a very nice letter from Swan Weber of Westinghouse. "Little" Lair was selected for Lieut Commdr. as was Spencer Butts. Clipper mail closes in ten minutes—good bye for a while Darling—I love you.

[Monday, 10 November 1941, continued]

My Sweetheart,

I had such a grand night's sleep that my whole point of view has changed and I feel very well relaxed after a busy day. There isn't any news but I feel like talking to you at least to the extent of letting you know that I am well and cheerful and that I love you very much. I wanted to telephone you last night but I haven't heard from you for so long that I had very little background from which to talk. I shall be at sea for our anniversary so I can't do it then.

The station has grown tremendously since I arrived—some officers who left here less than a year ago are back again. Of course with so many more Army officers on duty here the Club is quite crowded. The Pacific Air Station Company has brought out a big staff including quite a few secretaries and stenos—so that with the Army and Navy nurses and the local talent, the young bucks seem to find plenty of dancing partners. I haven't had the slightest inclination to dance since the ship's party at Olongapo but I do enjoy watching it. Esther Berger had a job as an announcer for KZRH, a local station, but now is working in the Naval Intelligence Office. One interesting aspect of life in Manila is the number of women who work part time in their husbands' offices.

Friday night, if in, I expect to have dinner with the Bergers and the Zippers and possibly some others. And now dinner is ready—The mail will probably go out again before I can get our incoming mail this week but I hope not. . . .

[Tuesday, 11 November 1941, 11:30 AM, continued]

We had a nice poker game last night with lots of fun and no serious losses. It was more or less a farewell game for Charlie Weeks and an initiation for Ed Crouch, our new div com. I was doing very well until I filled a flush playing Bone Crusher [high-card flush?] and found that I had tangled with four aces—that took all my winnings—so I ended by winning two pesos only.

Doc Pratt told me that Al Moorehouse⁶³ was an observer in the Battle of Crete, was missing for a long time and finally turned up in Lisbon. Savoy

⁶⁰ Possibly the Lt. Cdr. Rodney B. Lair who, as engineer officer of the heavy cruiser USS *San Francisco* (CA 38), would distinguish himself during the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, 31 October 1942.

⁶¹ Possibly Whitmore Spencer Butts (1907–59, USNA class of 1929). A naval aviator, he would retire as a rear admiral.

⁶² Presumably one of the firms established to ferry military aircraft, under contract, from the United States to the Pacific.

⁶³ Albert Kellogg Morehouse (1900–55, USNA class of 1922) would retire as a rear admiral and holder of the Navy Cross.

Huffman, 64 Frank Watkins and Johnny Vest all are apparently still in London. Joe Grenfell⁶⁵ is in Honolulu. John Crane⁶⁶ has applied for E.D.O.;⁶⁷ his health has been bad—I believe it is a hernia with complications and probably disqualifies him for sea duty. He is the last man that I would suspect of that sort of thing. It is too bad.

I am sorry my last few letters have been so dull and short. But Darling I haven't felt that I have been doing a particularly good job lately, and so many little things have been difficult and disappointing. The result of course was that my sparkle disappeared and it was hard to work up even a dull glow. I have a better perspective, have had a bit more rest, and my job has smoothed out in that I have completed some boring and difficult paper work. It was just one of those situations where I missed you so badly because no one else can possibly give me the "lift" I need.

The weather has been fine. I don't sweat anything like as much as I did last year even though the temperature is about the same. I should hate to be ordered to Greenland, etc., now for I would freeze. Incidentally, if you happen to run across any skivvies like the nice ones you bought me in Washington I would appreciate a few. They still fit me but are beginning to show signs of wear and I can't find any in Manila. The tight "jockey" type are all right at home but here they cause prickly heat in a bad spot!

[5:40 PM, continued]

I had about an hour's rest after lunch and since then have been busy until 30 minutes ago. I have just finished a bath and shave and feel in fine fettle for night exercises—they don't appear to be very exciting but of course you never can tell at night—a few weeks ago Froggy Pound⁶⁸ and Max Keith had a smash up [that is,

⁶⁴ Leon Joseph "Savvy" Huffman (1898-1974, USNA class of 1922), who was to retire in 1957 as a rear admiral. Frank Thomas Watkins (1898-1980, USNA class of 1922) would retire in 1961 in the grade of vice admiral. John Pinckney W. Vest (1901–93) would retire in 1952 as a captain.

⁶⁵ Almost certainly Elton Watters "Jumping Joe" Grenfell (1903-80, USNA class of 1926), who had just returned to Hawaii (injured in a plane crash en route) from Washington, DC. He was to be awarded the Navy Cross and Silver Star for being the first (as was then thought) to sink, in command of the Tambor-class submarine USS Gudgeon (SS 211), a Japanese warship, the submarine I-73 in late December 1941—the target, he later recalled, was stopped on the surface holding "swim call"—during what was also the first U.S. wartime patrol in Japan's home waters. He was now on the staff of the Pacific submarine force; later in the war he would command a submarine division and a squadron. After the war he would command Submarine Force Pacific Fleet and Submarine Force Atlantic Fleet, in succession, the only officer to have done so to date. He was to retire in 1964 as a vice admiral.

⁶⁶ John Joseph Crane (1904-43, USNA class of 1926) would reach the rank of commander.

⁶⁷ Engineering Duty Officer, a "restricted line" community of the naval officer corps whose members are assigned solely to ship and system design, repair, construction, etc.

⁶⁸ Lt. Cdr. Harold Clay "Froggy" Pound—presumably an example of a venerable nicknaming tradition involving near homonyms, here "frog pond"; cf. Dusty Rhodes, Chalky White, Gunga Dean, and many others (but not "Frog" Low, for which see note 74). Pound, commanding officer of the Clemson-class destroyer USS Pillsbury (DD 227), had less than four months to live. He and his entire crew would be lost on 1 March 1942, when Pillsbury was caught and sunk by Japanese cruisers while attempting to retire after the battle of Badoeng Strait.

their destroyers, Pillsbury and Peary, respectively, collided] which fortunately did not hurt anyone. But the ships got banged up a bit. It's no secret, for it was released to the papers the other day. . . . ⁶⁹

[11 PM, continued]

The dope unfortunately seems to be that no Asiatic cruises [tours of duty] are to be cut short which would mean my staying here till next December—seventeen months gone and thirteen to do is the way it looks now. I am sorry I ever mentioned any other possibility, but everyone seemed so sure!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 16 NOVEMBER 1941

Darling,

... Your report of Mary C's⁷⁰ comments on the British Navy was interesting and it confirms my own observations. The Royal Navy must have been taking a terrific hammering and many of their best officers must have been lost. Their replacements are not up to the old quality. Thank God we have had the benefit of several years of development and training of our own reserve force. I am very proud of our own officers and men—in spite of the fact that I have seen many officers who I believe are inferior; in comparison to any other organization I have ever known, they are tops. And the real spirit permeates the whole organization and is being absorbed by the new ones.

Friday night I had a quiet and enjoyable evening at the Bergers and met another officer who came out here from Boston recently who is also very interested in music. He had read my letters in the American Music Lover and wanted to meet me!

Saturday the Commodore [squadron commander, as addressed, whatever the actual rank] gave us a surprise inspection and appeared to be well pleased with conditions, particularly the clean and well scrubbed corners and paint work. I was delighted with the way things looked and the appearance of the crew. It couldn't have been much better if we had had a week rather than two hours to prepare. . . .

[Monday, 17 November 1941, 11 AM, continued]

Yesterday was pleasant. Bill Giles and I ended up at a buffet supper given by a newspaper man and there we met some very interesting people among them Vincent Sheean the famous correspondent. ⁷¹ It was a peculiar set up in some respects in that Sheean came with two very cheap appearing little Jews that were quite out of line with the rest of the party. One was a local doctor and the other connected with a

⁶⁹ The collision, which occurred during the night of 1 November 1941, was picked up by the Associated Press on the 2nd and was printed in the Washington Post on the 3rd.

⁷⁰ If this is a slip for "Mary G.," then it likely refers to Mary Gibson, a neighbor in Flushing.

⁷¹ James Vincent Sheean (1899-1975), a journalist, novelist, biographer, and nonfiction writer. His most recent book at this point was Not Peace but a Sword (1939), a personal account of events in Europe the preceding year.

native moving picture concern. I tangled hard with one when he kept interrupting my comments on some nasty remarks he had made about Douglas MacArthur. I really did lose my temper because he was twisting everything I said in a smart alecky way. I really did some of my best and sincere glaring and was just about ready to poke him when he subsided after I had asked him if he knew any of the facts of the case. As it happened both my host and hostess are great admirers of MacArthur as were several other people present and they agreed with my stand, particularly in the question at issue which was the way he handled the Bonus Army in Washington in 1932.⁷²

The egg left shortly thereafter and we had a fine time.

Today is quiet, the first Monday of this kind in over a month. The week should be easy but there are quite a few uncertainties which may upset it. . . .

The whole situation out here is most interesting and I wish I were in a position to keep a diary, but so much of the interesting matter should not be written down that I am not trying to keep a record. The changes in the Far Eastern situation in the last year are really amazing and since we are just beginning to see the effects of our national program [it is easy] to imagine that the next few months will show even great[er] progress. I still see no reason to doubt my earlier conclusions that while the immediate future may have some very difficult aspects, and we will have to absorb a great deal of punishment, there is no reason to lack faith in the long range outcome.

I can't reiterate too much that the reading of *Abraham Lincoln* by Sandburg is of great help in understanding America. Even though it is a very big job to read the whole book, a few hours with it at the library from time to time will do anyone much good.

Incidentally my hosts last night are also great Lincoln fans. (Mr. & Mrs. David Boguslav⁷³—he was born in Russia, she in Michigan.) . . .

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 19 NOVEMBER 1941 Darling,

The last few days have been rather uninteresting. I slept very badly over the weekend possibly because I had taken several vitamin pills on general principles.

⁷² Gen. Douglas MacArthur (1880–1964), who was to play a prominent role in the Pacific War and after, had recently been recalled from retirement (to become military adviser to the Commonwealth of the Philippines) and was now commander of U.S. Army Forces in the Far East. In 1932, when MacArthur had been Chief of Staff of the Army, 10-25,000 World War I veterans and their families had marched on Washington to demand immediate redemption of service certificates issued in 1924 in lieu of cash. MacArthur, ordered by President Herbert Hoover to clear the camp they had set up, had accompanied in person the infantry—bayonets fixed and supported by tanks—that did so, largely with tear gas. One veteran had been killed. The episode had quickly become bitterly controversial.

⁷³ David Theodore Boguslav (1895-1962, wife Margaret, "Peggy") was editor of the Manila Times from 1940 to 1949.

However, last night I turned in early and slept very well and now feel fine. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, 74 but like so many things of that sort it is hard to get in the mood in this climate. I have wanted to get up to Baguio but I don't feel like getting that far away from the ship and would be very uneasy were I there. So I shall stick out the climate here and make the best of it. But I think of the grand times when we felt the sparkle of the New England countryside at this time of year and how much more enjoyable it was because we could share it. The feeling for those things can't ever die and once you have it nothing can take its place.

This afternoon we are going in to fuel and possibly stay a few days—a Clipper is due in today so I hope for mail. Steamer mail [that is, carried by ship] came in on Monday and I received several nice notes of congratulations from Frog Low,⁷⁵ Bill Sullivan, Elliot Pete, Austin Kahns and Capt Shoemaker, who used to be on the Northampton and New York. 76 Also the letters you forwarded from Mary and George Codington.

I have an itchy sort of feeling inside of me of wanting to get a new job. The old division is pretty badly broken up in personnel [that is, fellow senior officers] and I had so much fun that I don't look forward to another year with new people, very much. Yet there is nothing to do but sit tight and I don't even know very clearly what I should like to do.

[5:45 PM, continued]

The mail is due aboard in a few minutes and after dinner I shall go ashore for a while. We are to be in for a few days so I shall try to arrange for some golf. I have a funny sensation of being all caught up with my paper work and I don't know just what to do with my spare time aboard ship. Of course there is always studying to do but I get fed up with that. Oh Darling, it would be such fun just to be able to talk to you—the dozens of things that you would enjoy hearing that are rather trivial or difficult to write about—the personalities you would enjoy hearing about.

⁷⁴ In 1939 President Roosevelt had, by proclamation, shifted Thanksgiving one week earlier (thus, in 1941, to November 20) as a Depression measure, to lengthen the Christmas shopping season. The resulting disruption, uproar, and uncertainty, compounded by the refusal of sixteen states to comply, explains HEE's seeming confusion of dates in his 27 November letter. On 26 December 1941 the traditional fourth Thursday in November would be established in federal law. "Congress Establishes Thanksgiving," Center for Legislative Affairs, rev. 25 July 2019, archives.gov/.

⁷⁵ Francis Stuart Low (1894-1964, USNA class of 1915), so nicknamed for having captained the academy's swim team. A submariner by training, he was at this point a captain, on Adm. E. J. King's staff in Washington, DC, where he is believed to have made the suggestion that would produce the April 1942 "Doolittle Raid." He would return to the staff as a rear admiral after commanding the heavy cruiser USS Wichita (CA 45) during the North Africa invasion. He would retire in 1956 as a vice admiral.

⁷⁶ USS Northampton (9,200 tons, 600 feet) had, like the other units of the class of which it was the name ship, been launched, in 1929, as a light cruiser but, having eight-inch guns, had soon been reclassified as a heavy cruiser (CA 26). It would be lost in the battle of Tassafaronga in late 1942. The battleship USS New York (BB 34; 28,822 tons, 573 feet, 14-inch main battery), also the name ship of its class, was commissioned in 1914. After service off North Africa early in World War II and in the Central Pacific much later, New York was to survive the 1946 nuclear-weapons tests at Bikini Atoll and be sunk as a target in 1948.

Incidentally I have some conflicting personalities to reconcile; Giles and Williams are both able and aggressive and they disagree on many points. My job is to interfere as little as possible but every so often I simply have to jump on them both to keep the peace—so I go around giving people hell in one case and a pat on the back in the other, as I think they deserve—some need stimulating and others calming down and in all cases pleasant or harsh I must handle them so as to keep their loyalty. Many things are easy to handle—and others very complicated but I find it very difficult to handle them according to set rules—so I go mostly according to instinct. One thing I really attempt to do—and that is keep far enough ahead of the rest of the ship that the others can't outguess me! Of course I can't do that all the time. But I miss your interest in and reactions to my daily life.

The Kainsu [sic] Mission would be funny were it all not so serious. How anyone can expect the United States to back down now is beyond imagination. For so many years, the importance of "face" has been so emphasized that I think everyone is as fed up with it as I am. I see no reason why any attempt should be made to make anything easier in any way for the Japanese government. They have brought this situation on themselves and there is no reason why they should not commit national suicide, if "face" is that important. Of course it will mean a tough hard war and a long one. But we have conceded too much and retreated too far. So let's stand pat and let them worry or fight.

As for the British—I want no part of them from a military point of view. When peace comes I hope the English ruling class is completely finished. Only a few of them are capable of learning anything—not enough to really bother with. The colonials have possibilities but the casual attitude of the English high command is hopeless. So enough—time is going and the mail should be here soon. But I do love you.

[10:30 PM, continued]

The "Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang" is angry. The Clipper got in on schedule but for some reason as yet unexplained Cavite did not send all of it over to the ships so God only knows when it will arrive. I have sent a dispatch to the Commandant [of the naval district] requesting delivery but tomorrow being a holiday it may be that several days will elapse before the stupid incompetents at the Navy yard get around to sending it—in the meantime I am in a rotten humor and I can't get my mind off the nasty things I want to say. . . .

⁷⁷ Saburō Kurusu, previously the Japanese ambassador to Germany, had arrived in Washington on 15 November as a special envoy from the imperial government. He and the ambassador to the United States, Adm. Kichisaburō Nomura, had been escorted by Secretary of State Hull to call on President Roosevelt, to whom he would deliver on the 20th (Washington time) Tokyo's demand that the United States cease its aid to China, with which Japan was at war. Roosevelt would reply a week later with a counterdemand that Japan withdraw from China entirely. It would be Tokyo's response in turn to that note, rejecting it and cutting off relations, that Kurusu and Nomura would-famously and unwittingly—deliver to Cordell Hull just as Japanese aircraft were attacking Pearl Harbor.

[Thursday, 20 November 1941, continued]

I stayed aboard to get the mail and about half an hour ago it came and now I feel relaxed and better. It is a rotten feeling to know that there is a letter from you only seven miles away and not to be able to get it!

[Friday, 21 November 1941, continued]

I had a nice golf game yesterday then dinner with Denny Cheever and Capt. Ray, the chief of staff of 16th Naval District, 78 and Ham Stone who is now in command of a sub⁷⁹ out here. It was interesting and fun both. In a little while I am going ashore to get my new pictures framed and then the rest of the day is uncertain. Tonight there is a blackout so there won't be much point in trying to do much.

I got a very nice letter from Jim Gray who sent his best regards to you and to Skip. Their daughter is two years old! Al Fleming is still an instructor at [Naval Air Station Pensacola! Jim is in the *Enterprise* and just about due for shore duty.

[9:30 PM, continued]

All Manila, except for several docks where some Army transports are unloading, is blacked out, and there did not seem to be much point in going ashore. This morning I went ashore to get my new picture framed and to buy some new records for our ship's phonograph for the men. I had lunch at the club with General King⁸⁰ and Col. Williams, which was enjoyable. I have a lovely story about three Australians which you might embroider a bit and try out on Will—I won't write it to him or anyone else.

It seems that three Australians went to Bengal on a tiger hunt. While two of them were unpacking their gear in a cabin in the tiger country on the afternoon of their arrival, the third picked up his rifle and went to the edge of the jungle to look for a tiger and he found a big one[. H]e took careful aim, fired and missed, then his gun jammed and the tiger charged him. Naturally he ran for the cabin but just as he reached the door he tripped, falling flat on his face. At the same time the tiger

⁷⁸ Herbert J. Ray (1893-1970, USNA class of 1914) would be evacuated to Australia with MacArthur, serving on the latter's staff and then that of the Chief of Naval Operations. In 1943-44 he would command the battleship Maryland (BB 46), winning several combat decorations. A nominal commodore at the end of the war, he would be promoted to rear admiral upon retiring in 1949.

⁷⁹ Lt. Cdr. Hamilton Laurie Stone (1902-93, USNA class of 1925) was to retire in 1947 as a captain. He now commanded the Salmon-class submarine USS Snapper (SS 185), commissioned in 1937, which would after hostilities commenced evacuate from Java American cryptanalysts who had been extracted from Corregidor. Having made eleven combat patrols during the war, the boat would be decommissioned in 1945 and scrapped in 1948.

⁸⁰ Edward Postell King Jr. (1884-1958) was a brigadier general commanding at the time the artillery of the Philippine-American ground forces. As a lieutenant colonel he had been an instructor at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island (1934-36). In March 1942 he would be made commander of the forces defending the Bataan Peninsula, which he would finally surrender in April, going into captivity for the remainder of the war. When the general made his decision to surrender the force, Col. Cliff Williams (note 50 above) and another officer would volunteer to go into the Japanese lines to arrange it. They too would spend the war in prison. Retiring from the Army in 1951, Williams would become vice president of the Security National Bank & Trust in Lawrence, Oklahoma. King would retire in 1946 as a major general.

sprang at him, skimmed right on over him, thru the door and landed in the middle of the cabin where the other two hunters were unpacking. With great presence of mind the hunter jumped up, slammed the door shut, stuck his head in the window and said "All right, you blokes skin the bastard—I'll go back for another!"

I hope you have as much fun with the yarn as I have had! But Sweetheart, practice it a bit before trying it in public!!

FROM "COMMANDER H. E. ECCLES ON 'THE JAVA SEA BATTLE,' DICTATED AUGUST 30TH, 1942 IN NAVAL RECORDS & LIBRARY, ARLINGTON ANNEX [VIRGINIA]"

On November 25th, 1941, a major portion of the destroyers and cruisers left Manila Bay for points south. The 57th Division, consisting of the Whipple, Edwards, Alden, and the Edsall, together with the [tender] Black Hawk, were in Balikpapan, Borneo⁸¹ up to Sunday, December 7th.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 25 NOVEMBER 1941, 4 PM At sea

Darling,

We are on our way somewhere but we don't know yet just where we are going and the guesses are fast and furious. It was quite unexpected and lots of things such as laundry and unpaid bills were left in port. Unfortunately my new photographs were ashore being framed and I had no chance to get them. However, Bob Dennison will pick them up at the end of the week and mail them, so eventually they will arrive. I am quite sure that unless a very unexpected solution to the Pacific problem is reached we won't get back for a long long time if ever. When this letter will start to you or when we will receive mail are purely matters of conjecture.

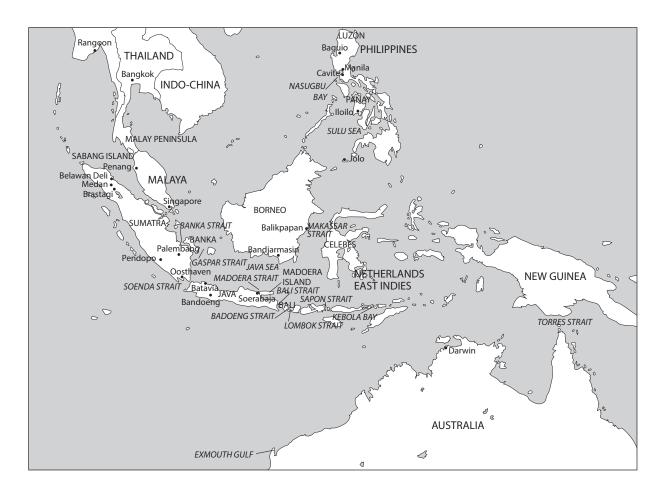
I made a rather hurried decision last night; I asked Bob to ship my phonograph and records to Will. I am sending them to him because it will take some months to arrive and I have no idea as to where you will be then. First he is going to try to sell them for one hundred fifty dollars. Of course that is taking a loss but I feel it is the right thing to do for by the time we are again in position to enjoy them better phonographs will be available and in some cases better recordings and the trouble and wear and tear of shipping will be avoided. If they are sold I can put the money in your music fund and with what I can add, we shall be all set. I feel badly about the decision—you know the feeling, Darling, where there is little time to make up your mind and after it is all done you feel that you have made the wrong move.

⁸¹ A seaport on the east coast of the island of Borneo, in what is now Indonesia, on the Makassar Strait. Oil had been refined near Balikpapan and shipped from its two harbors since 1897, for which reason it was now an objective of the Japanese. Today the city is a major petroleum production center.

[Wednesday, 26 November 1941, continued]

We are in a quiet formation and there are prospects for a quiet day—however the Officer in Tactical Command⁸² may change his mind and keep us busy.

At last I have finished *Abraham Lincoln*. The interest holds all the way thru even the dry parts. But Sandburg's discussions of the remarks, letters and speeches made during the last two weeks of Lincoln's life leave one with the conviction that had he lived, the horrors of reconstruction days would have been avoided. Every rabid Southerner should read, in particular, Lincoln's thoughts on such subjects as Negro suffrage, compensation for slaves and the reorganization of the southern states. I know of no book to compare with it—even the dry parts are worthwhile and many parts are inspiring to those [who wish to know] how it is possible to guide and reconcile people who have such passionate conflicts of opinion. The book is a restorer of faith. In addition it furnishes such interesting sidelights on the other men who played important parts in that period.



82 The senior unrestricted line officer present, on whom automatically devolves (if it is not formally assigned) command of a force.

[Thursday, 27 November 1941, continued]

I wonder whether you are all celebrating Thanksgiving today. I assume that you are. As I wrote last week, it is almost impossible to get any feeling of atmosphere in the tropics. So many things seem unreal to me now. The details of my trip last year are fading out and I feel very glad that I kept a diary. Yet at the same time the feeling of life at home with you and the atmosphere of that becomes intensified and that is actually what is so deeply ingrained in me that it can't ever fade.

[Saturday, 29 November 1941, 2 PM, continued]

The days have been long and tiring and my eyes frequently feel fagged from using binoculars for long periods. Censorship has gone into effect so far as we are concerned so that there is little about which to write and furthermore, we know nothing about where we are going to end up and for how long. However, I really don't care. From what I can learn of conditions in the Atlantic, the people there are in for a tough cold winter with plenty of concern on the parts of the wives who hope to see their husbands every now and then. There must be many wrenches as occasional visits and partings take place. From the news reports, which are our only sources of information, it would appear that opinion at home is pretty solid for no compromise for Japan and these source reports indicate great strength on our part out here. Even though Japan may be very worried, I don't see how she can back down and every day's delay counts in our favor unless Russia should cave in. There again we have so few real facts upon which to base our guesses.

[Sunday, 30 November 1941, continued]

This has been a long and rather tiring day but we are all settled down. We were unable to hear the broadcast of the Army power[?], 83 but the first score was satisfactory. I hope Skip enjoyed it.

Later—I have lots of prickly heat now and it is so scratchy—it makes me long for snow! Wasn't it grand those days and nights we spent at Sequioia? 4 It is hard to write under censorship regulations but we must get used to it, but it is cramping.

[Monday, 1 December 1941, continued]

Last night we went ashore to the very attractive club here [presumably Balikpapan] and met some very hospitable people who seemed to enjoy having us around. It was a beautiful moonlit night, with bright stars too, there was a nice breeze which chased white clouds across the face of the moon. A funny band was thumping out marches etc.—there were lots of jolly girls and nice men. Young Buzzetti had the time of his life and for a while I sat next to him as he talked about how as long as

⁸³ Presumably referring to the annual Army-Navy football game, played that year on 29 November (local time at Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia). Navy won, 14-6.

⁸⁴ Seguoia National Park (established in 1890) in California.

he lived he would always remember that scene and that evening—just a cheerful enthusiastic Iowa farm boy having a grand time in the far corners of the earth. He is beginning to realize how much he is changing too. He will be a revelation to his folks when he does get home. You would enjoy him too, darling, for his manners are nice, his humor always bubbling, he is very unsophisticated, short, stocky, black curly hair.

We haven't as yet learned anything about the mail situation, the more optimistic think it will arrive and depart about once each week, but that is still guess work.

Coming into port yesterday it was quite cool—so much so that I noticed two men had put a blanket over their shoulders as they sat waiting [for the ship] to approach the Channel—I looked at the thermometer—it read 80°! How the red blood thins out!

[3:45 PM, continued]

In five minutes we are going ashore for a walk for I feel a bit logy. I remember last year on the *Swartenhondt* when we stopped at Mahé in the Seychelles how I was dizzy with the heat and I was so tired after a relatively mild walk that I really was afraid something was wrong with me! But Darling, I don't think you would ever be happy in your heart in the tropics for the heat would drag you down and dim your sparkle by making things an effort. The other day I had a strange bit of thinking about you years ago. . . .

[Tuesday, 2 December 1941, continued]

Mail may be closing soon—I had a nice long walk yesterday ending at the club for a beer and then back to the ship for dinner, movies and long conversation. I slept well but still feel I could enjoy a few hours more.

The recapture of Rostov by the Russians is of great importance for it should mean that no attempt to invade the Caucasus can be made for many months. Most important it proves that German troops can be defeated. If the Russians are able to follow up the Germans effectively, it may transform the whole front. The Libyan front is still uncertain but if the British can really smash them there it will be of almost equal importance. And they should be able to do it. Two major defeats of the Axis would strengthen Russian-English morale—weaken Italy and Rumania, who don't like the war very much anyhow, and give Japan something else to worry

⁸⁵ On 2 December the Soviet 37th Army retook Rostov-on-Don, which had fallen on 21 November to German forces striking toward the Caucasus oil fields. It was the first significant German withdrawal in the theater, and it did in fact delay the Caucasus operation for months. But when the German advance on that front resumed in July 1942, Rostov would quickly change hands again. It was to be finally liberated in February 1943.

⁸⁶ On 27 November a British, New Zealand, and Australian force had arrived to relieve the port of Tobruk, where a garrison of, at various times, Australians, British, Poles, and Czechoslovaks had been besieged by Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps since April. The Germans and supporting Italians would withdraw on 9 December. They were soon to return to the offensive, however, and would seize Tobruk in June 1942.

about. Japan, I am afraid, is too deeply committed to draw back, but when a nation is in her position, predictions are not accurate.

To pick up where I left off yesterday thinking about you. I sometimes try to get inside your mind as it was twenty years ago and think about what you were thinking at various times—24 hours later—I was interrupted again and lost the train of thought.

At about 5 p.m. J. J. Nix, skipper of the *Edsel*, 87 Lew Coley, and I went ashore for a walk and stayed on for a very enjoyable quiet dinner and chit chat at the club and it was very relaxing.

[Wednesday, 3 December 1941, 3 PM, continued]

Mail closing—I am well and in good spirits thruout—my love to all—tell Skip I'll try to write soon but it is hard to write under censorship conditions.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 3 DECEMBER 1941, 4 PM My Dearest Darling,

Two letters, Nov 16th and 17th, came in from you just after I had had to mail mine to you, and Darling, they made me very happy first because you are feeling so much better and I know you are in good shape, and secondly because you like the Christmas presents I sent. Isy, never feel that your letters are dull, the daily chit chat and your reactions to beautiful fall days, the swell of burning leaves and "Mickeys" 88 are all the things I miss the most and when you write of things we feel and love together it brings you closer to me than anything else. I get enough of the serious side of national affairs and war from other sources and don't need them. But you bring the joy of life and beauty and keep alive and shining all the things that are dearest to me, not only by what you say but how you say it. . . .

[Friday, 5 December 1941, continued]

I had some exercise yesterday afternoon then a late dinner aboard ship, turning in immediately thereafter for a good relaxing sleep. So today I feel well rested. Doing little always tires me more than hard work and during an overhaul period [speaking in general—the ship is not in overhaul now] there are so many times when there is nothing for me to do. The problem of discipline requires a great deal of thought.

⁸⁷ Lt. Joshua James Nix (USNA class of 1930) commanded, remarkably for a lieutenant, the Clemson-class destroyer USS Edsall (DD 219). On 1 March 1942 Edsall, apparently trying to reach the oiler Pecos, to which Edsall had the day before transferred 177 survivors of the sinking light carrier Langley and which now had itself been sunk, would be trapped behind a large Japanese surface force, including two battleships. After resisting with torpedoes and four-inch guns, Edsall would be disabled by bombs and then sunk by six-inch fire from a cruiser. Nix would be lost with the ship; perhaps six of the survivors in rafts would be rescued by the Japanese, and those six are thought (evidence is inconclusive) to have been murdered later, with other Allied survivors.

⁸⁸ If this recollection goes back to at least 1933 and the Prohibition era, it might refer to a 375 mL liquor bottle, so called in Canada, from where it would have been smuggled. It presumably does not, however, refer in this context to the notorious "Mickey Finn," a drink secretly adulterated by some poison or incapacitating agent.

We have been leading a very restricted and uncertain life and of course it reacts on the crew. On the whole, conditions are excellent but I don't believe in too many hard and fast rules. I try to award as little punishment as possible and to distinguish between misbehavior ashore and improper performance of duty aboard ship—in the first case I try to be as lenient as possible and in the second, very strict and yet I know of no subject in which it is harder to obtain a measure of one's success.

[5 PM, continued]

Just to make sure I got completely relaxed I had a nice nap—and for the last hour while waiting for the rain to ease up enough to allow a walk ashore I have been darning old socks. Most of my nice real silk and wool ones are pretty well shot. However, I am fairly good at the job so I can make them last a while longer. Usually I use your method of different colors. The sewing box you gave me is most handy!

[10 PM, continued]

I had a brisk walk—two beers at the club and then back to the ship for a good dinner and a bum movie. The rain has cooled the ship off so that it really is quite comfortable.

[Saturday, 6 December 1941, 10 PM, continued]

I tried another walk today but my foot hurt—bum arch I suppose, so I did not go far and have felt rather lackadaisical ever since. I really am fed up with out of the way places and inaction and hope that it won't affect my reactions and attitude. But Darling, it is hard to get any kick out of this situation where no one really knows what to expect.

At the moment there is so much rank on the Asiatic station in relation to the naval forces actually out here that it is funny. Of course any additional units that may come out will have their own organization. Of course there are rumors of changes, but I don't know of any basis they may have.

You haven't mentioned anything about Tinker Lodge and I have wondered what has been planned in that connection. I am not sure of the status of the lease on the ground, etc., so it is hard for me to guess. However, I should hate to see it given up. 59

⁸⁹ The reference is unknown. There is today a "Tinker Tavern Lodge," popular for salmon fishing, in Altmar, Oswego County, New York. Perhaps the property was "in the family" before the war.

V "This Fool War"

7 December 1941-18 February 1942

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

aturday night [6 December], we got word to get out of Balikpapan the following night and, in accordance with that order, Sunday afternoon we fueled to capacity and left Balikpapan about 9:30. Allowing for the difference in time between Balikpapan and Pearl Harbor we actually left Balikpapan about 5 or 6 hours before Pearl Harbor was attacked.

At that time all of us felt that war was a matter of hours or days. So it was no great surprise to us at about 3:00 o'clock in the morning to get the signal "Japan has commenced hostilities, govern yourselves accordingly."

The 57th Division left the *Black Hawk* and proceeded at high speed to Singapore where [we] were supposed to act as anti-submarine screen for the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*. We had a rather uneventful trip to Singapore, stopping several times to warn merchantmen or to investigate merchantmen. One of the interesting aspects of the trip was the fact that every mast that came over the horizon looked like an enemy mast.

We had no idea what the disposition of the Japanese fleet was and the nerves of men were on edge in an anticipatory sense.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [SUNDAY, 7 DECEMBER, 8:15 AM, CONTINUED]

We got routed out early this morning for a conference at 7 a.m. and now everyone is getting ready to do something but with no indication of what is up. In any event we shall have a busy day.

We have a most unusual problem to handle. We have a black ball about two feet in diameter in our rigging to indicate that the ship is at anchor.² A swarm

¹ The British battleship HMS *Prince of Wales* and battle cruiser HMS *Repulse*—constituting, along with four destroyers, Force Z—had been sent from their base at Singapore on 8 December to oppose a Japanese assault force en route to Malaya. Sighted by Japanese air reconnaissance on the 9th and having no air support of its own, the force (less one destroyer, detached to refuel) reversed course but was caught in daylight on the 10th by Japanese land-based air. Both heavy ships were sunk, with the loss of 840 lives. The three remaining escorts rescued all survivors and withdrew to the southward; it was these destroyers that HEE would encounter, below.

² A "day shape" required by the international "rules of the nautical road." *Edwards*'s would have been perhaps three feet in diameter and would have been black canvas over a collapsible metal frame.

of bees—great big ones—has taken possession of it and we must lower the ball when we get underway. I don't want to handle [the] ship with several thousand bees around the bridge and the problem is how to get rid of the bees. It is a new one on me and Buzzetti our bee man³ is ashore. I think I shall try to lower the bees and ball into a big bag and close the top—I hope it works.

[Wednesday, 10 December 1941, 6 PM, continued]

High speed on our way to action probably by daylight.⁴

I have said all that was possible to you my darling—and to Skip. I am proud of you and love you. I am proud of my country, my officers, my men and my ship. What else could one want?

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

We got to Singapore on Wednesday morning [10 December] and secured alongside a fuel ship off the naval dockyard in the neighborhood of 10:30 or 11:00 o'clock. We went ashore at once for a conference on the *Whipple*, which was [with] the *Alden* [DD 211, another *Clemson*-class unit] alongside the docks fueling, and very shortly thereafter we got word that [we] were to get underway as soon as we had fueled and proceed up the coast of Malaya to assist in the return of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, which had been bombed and according to reports, seriously damaged.

Captain Creighton,⁵ our Naval Observer, stated that the British were sending everything they possibly could up there to help the ships back and we were ordered to be ready for submarine attack and air attack at dawn. We were promised reconnaissance and fighter protection.

We got underway at about 3:00 o'clock. We were delayed in getting underway because the low pressure on the pumps at Singapore would not permit fueling the *Alden* at any reasonable rate of speed and she got underway with about 60,000 gallons of fuel aboard [as against a capacity of about 123,000 gallons].

³ U.S. Navy ships have obscure "collateral duties," but "Bee Officer" is not one of them. This is an example of how shipboard reputations are made. Sometime in the past the ship will have had a similar infestation, and—because he was junior, but also perhaps because he had a rural background and, even, a suggestive name—the word would have been passed for "Mr. Buzzetti," as he would have been called. He will have saved the day and so inevitably have become *Edwards*'s "bee man" in the eyes of everyone else on board, likely remaining so as long as he was assigned to the ship.

⁴ HEE might well have thought so: Japanese landings would be made in the Philippines (on small islands north of Luzon on 8 December and on Luzon itself on the 10th) and on the Malay Peninsula (see note 12). But as seen in chapter 4, the Asiatic Fleet's surface forces were being withdrawn to the south; the Luzon landings would be opposed solely, and ineffectively, by submarines and aircraft. In the next few months the fleet, in conjunction with British, Dutch, and Australian units, would attempt in a series of actions (including three in which HEE would participate, as detailed below) to delay the southward advance of the Japanese. The attempt would be futile: by the spring, the Japanese would have achieved their near-term objectives, and only nineteen of the Asiatic Fleet's original forty surface vessels would survive, most of those reaching Australian waters.

⁵ Probably Capt. (though listed as a commander in 1941) John M. Creighton, USN, who was the U.S. naval attaché and naval attaché for air at "Peiping" (Beijing).

We had 20 minutes to strip the ship as we went through the minefield and the men "turned to" with a will in getting rid of extraneous gear. I managed to save the loudspeaker of our movie machine just as it was being thrown over the side, because I felt that the use of phonograph records would do much to help the men pass the time later in the war. We made a good many mistakes in stripping the ship so hurriedly, although we had made many preparations for it beforehand. We dumped all our gasoline. We got rid of most of our paint.

On the way up shortly after dusk we sighted several British destroyers returning at high speed. It turned out later that they had all the survivors of the *Prince of* Wales and the Repulse aboard. In one case, the Jupiter I believe had picked up 900 men. It was unfortunate from certain aspects that we did not know they had survivors aboard. However, we merely exchanged calls and proceeded up [the] coast.

The last time we sighted a destroyer we reversed course to continue communications [with it] by flashing light and it was dark when we were through with the signals. We again reversed course and the last ship in the column, the Edsall, missed the turn or fell back and shortly after we made our turn, we sighted the Edsall. It was a rather tense moment because we had thought the Edsall was immediately astern of us[;] instead of that she was opposite course about 1,000 yards on our starboard beam [chapter 3, note 133], and for a moment looked like an enemy ship. However, the voice radio straightened the matter out and we continued.

In the meantime, we'd gotten word that the Repulse and the Prince of Wales were sunk, and [that we] were to continue our search for survivors. At about midnight we knew we were on the scene because we could smell fuel oil. Shortly thereafter, we ran into great quantities of fuel oil on the surface and began to see a good deal of wreckage.

Before leaving Singapore, we had a British liaison officer, a young lieutenant commander, and a group of signalmen and radiomen put aboard together with flags and [signal] books, and most of the time we spent on the trip north was talking with them and ironing out our communication systems. It appeared that there would be very little difficulty in communicating, because all the British officers and men on liaison duty seemed very capable.

It was a moonlit misty night, flat calm, and the wreckage, burnt boats, life jackets, life rafts, things of that sort, gave us our first introduction to war.

⁶ That is, remove items accumulated in peacetime that, however convenient, were not necessary and in combat might become projectiles, interfere with movement or damage control, or, especially, burn.

⁷ Probably spare paint cans stowed in the "paint locker" (at least one wartime seaman recalls his ship, an aircraft carrier, scraping off all interior paint, several weeks' work). The highly volatile gasoline would have been on board for the boat engines; all of it, and the paint, went straight into the water.

⁸ A J-class destroyer (2,370 tons, 357 feet) commissioned in 1939, HMS Jupiter (F85) would be lost in the Java Sea as described below. Of a complement of 183, eighty-three would escape to shore or be rescued by a U.S. submarine.

At about one hour after we reached the scene, we got word that our fighter protection had been cancelled and that we were to clear the area before daylight. [It was a] rather interesting commentary on the lack of coordination that, in the first place, the British did not tell us that all the survivors had been rescued and that our trip north would be useless; in the second place, that our fighter protection was [i.e., had been] cancelled at about 6:00 or 7:00 o'clock in the evening—Captain Creighton heard it by accident about 11:00 o'clock in the evening and it took him about one hour to get the word off to us, [that] we had no fighter protection the next morning; the people who cancelled the fighter protection apparently made no effort to inform the ships who were supposed to get fighter protection.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [THURSDAY, 11 DECEMBER, 2 PM, CONTINUED]

I was up all last night for the fourth night in a row—it seems incredible that so much could happen in so short a time. It looks as if I might get a full night's sleep tonight and we all need it badly. The news is confusing and what we do get is fragmentary and largely unconfirmed. By the time this reaches you enough of it will be clear for you to understand our feelings. Last night did not pan out as expected, but it was far from boring. I can write only a very small fraction of what has been going on and can give you no facts, only small sidelights. The manner in which red tape and peace time procedure vanishes into thin air in war time fully confirms my contempt for it during peace time. To Skip I must again emphasize the necessity for thinking along real lines of action rather than letting one's mind be clogged with trivialities in regard to one's work.

My officers and men are splendid and there is the sort of unity and enthusiasm and courage that is most inspiring. It is a tremendous privilege and responsibility to be their captain and I hope and pray that I shall discharge that responsibility as a real captain should.

I have no idea when I will again hear from you or when you will get this. In as many cases as possible I will mail you four post cards [to ensure that at least one arrives?]. I haven't energy to write very much, but when I have had some sleep I may have the chance to add to this. . . .

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

We formed up [probably 11 December] and headed south at high speed. Shortly after daylight a torpedo was fired at us from the starboard hand. When the torpedo was sighted, I was on the port side of the bridge asleep. I immediately went to the starboard side and saw the wake astern and a moment later saw another torpedo approaching on what appeared to be a collision course. We turned hard left [to parallel its course] and the torpedo missed either close ahead or underneath the bow, [its running depth] possibly having been set for a cruiser target.

The incident highlighted certain aspects of the situation. In the first place, all of us were very tired, having been going continuously since Sunday night, and the lessons we learned then stood us in good stead, for thereafter the executive [officer] and I made sure to get as much sleep as possible, alternating with each other on the bridge during the day and night, excepting certain hours when we stayed up on the bridge together. But it showed the futility of expecting people to keep the proper mental alertness and quick reaction without sleep.

One of the very interesting aspects of our trip back was that about two hours after the submarine attack we sighted a string of sampans being towed by a small tug; the sampans were headed for Singapore and were flying a Japanese flag. I did not open fire on them with our machine guns as we pulled alongside because I did not understand what was going on. The ships were filled with Japanese, the Japanese flag was flying, and the division commander finally ordered the Edsall to drop off and investigate. It turned out later that the British had been collecting the Japanese from outlying areas. They did not have enough transportation themselves so, in the circumstances, they merely ordered the Japanese to pack up and make their own way to Singapore. But it was a great shock to see the Japanese flag flying from the group of sampans filled with men, women, and children. The Edsall brought them in and turned them over to a patrol boat. I would say it was the first capture of enemy personnel at sea by the American navy.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [FRIDAY, 12 DECEMBER, 4:30 PM, CONTINUED]

My Dearest:

This seems to be a breathing spell and we are taking full advantage of it to clarify things, rest and clean up and generally resurvey the situation.

The news reports have been staggering and I know how worried and concerned you must be. I will make every effort to get word to you of my being O.K. before this letter reached you.

Our uniform is now really something to see—no more civilian clothes. We now wear shorts and shirts, and carry pistols, steel helmets and gas masks, whenever we go ashore for protection in case of air raid or parachute troops being dropped.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

When we arrived in Singapore, we found the place in a state of great dejection. The British were stupefied at the terrific loss they had received and some of the most fantastic and wild stories were going around as to the type of attack they had suffered.

One rumor that spread, which is an instance of the wildness of people's imagination, was that the Japanese planes had attacked in a wave of 1,000 planes, dropped their bombs first on one of the ships, then on the other and in each case the ships had simply disintegrated. When we had turned to checking up with the survivors we found that the best estimate as to the number of torpedo planes attacking gave us in the neighborhood of fifty to sixty. The low estimate, I heard one man say he counted 47 and another made an estimate as high as 65. These had been preceded by a bombing attack which had hit one of the ships, but did not seriously damage it.

The sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* is one of the few instances where the Japanese made no attempt to interfere with the rescue of survivors. They did not bomb the destroyers conducting the rescue work, nor did they machine-gun the survivors in the water.

The British destroyer [HMS *Express*] which went alongside the *Prince of Wales* took off some 67 wounded men over a gangway, and took off a great many others, filling up to about 900.

As the *Prince of Wales* turned over before sinking, her bilge keel locked with the bilge keel on the destroyer and for a moment it was thought that the destroyer would be turned over. ¹⁰ However, the destroyer's bilge keel ripped away and the *Prince of Wales* went down without any further damage to the destroyer.

One of the most discouraging things that we noticed when we went into Singapore was the age and obsolete character of many of the naval planes which were at the seaplane base. There were a great many Brewster Buffaloes in the air. We did not see any Spitfires or Hurricanes, 11 nor many British bombing planes in Singapore.

The news was most discouraging. The Japanese had apparently been able to consolidate their landings without much trouble.¹²

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [SATURDAY, 13 DECEMBER, CONTINUED]

I have had to change some of this letter, the return address, etc., to conform to censorship.

⁹ One standard account reports that a total of eighty-eight Japanese aircraft participated at various times and in various ways: thirty-four torpedo bombers, fifty-one level bombers, and three scouts. Four of these were lost to, and twenty-eight damaged by, shipboard antiaircraft fire. British air cover did in fact arrive on the scene, in time to chase (unsuccessfully) a scout aircraft that had lingered to confirm that the two large targets had been sunk.

¹⁰ Bilge keels are in effect narrow fins, extending most of the length of a ship, one on either side, at the "turn of the bilge," the curved plating where the ship's sides curve into the bottom. The bilge keels aid stability and dampen rolling. Here, *Prince of Wales*'s bilge keels—naturally wider, heavier, stronger, and ordinarily deeper than *Express*'s—have caught the latter from beneath and threaten, as the battleship capsizes and sinks, to flip the destroyer over in the opposite direction.

¹¹ The Brewster F2A Buffalo was an American-designed fighter. Though it had entered service only in 1939, it was obsolete even then and was thoroughly outperformed by the Japanese Mitsubishi A6M Zero. In contrast, the Royal Air Force's Hawker Hurricane (1937) and Supermarine Spitfire (1938) were superb aircraft, both of which would distinguish themselves in the Battle of Britain, throughout the war (the Hurricane in several variants), and, in the Spitfire's case, for years after.

¹² On 8 December the Japanese had both landed on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula just south of the Thai border and crossed into Malaya over the Thai border on the west coast. They would in fact have "much trouble," especially in the amphibious landing, but they would reach Singapore by the end of January and overrun Singapore itself by 14 February.

The way the men react to this situation is wonderful. They are the finest on earth and it is thrilling to have them. I am making a practice of having a daily informal talk on the news with the men. That is for the purpose of making sure that facts and rumors are not confused and that facts are not misinterpreted. Also when we go to sea, after leaving port, I tell them as much as possible about what we are to do and what to expect. They appreciate it too. I know that I will have their intelligent cooperation in all ways. They are grand and fully justify every bit of the faith I always have had.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

We spent the next few days perfecting our liaison with the British. We expected to work on convoys with them, bringing reinforcements into Singapore. However, on Sunday morning we got orders to sail immediately for Soerabaja¹³ to rejoin our own forces, and about noon we shoved off and headed at high speed for Soerabaja.

Previous to reaching Balikpapan, I had struck a log in the Makassar Straits and damaged one propeller.¹⁴ Therefore, on reaching Soerabaja I went alongside the Black Hawk immediately and for the next 48 hours we changed propellers.

One interesting aspect while the ship was listed over [i.e., heeled, to lift the affected shaft out of the water] the log room [engineering department office] was flooded with fuel oil from a leaky manhole plate and most of the routine [machinery operating records of the ship were ruined. That did save us a lot of paperwork.

Soerabaja was in a state of uncertainty, there was no really coordinated system set up. It was doubtful if the tenders would stay there.

During the next week or ten days, a great many of the ships came in, drifting in from various parts of the N.E.I. PATWING [Patrol Wing, operating reconnaissance seaplanes] TEN came in and set up headquarters, but no smooth working organization was set up.

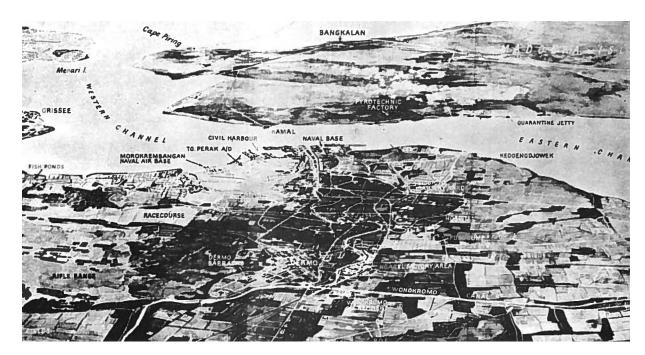
No attacks were made on Soerabaja at the time and things were hot and quiet.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 16 DECEMBER 1941, 1:30 PM My Isy,

We are having a few uncertain days of comparative relaxation which we greatly appreciated. The strain of high-speed night and day work is very great but last night and this morning I was able to get about seven hours sleep as contrasted to two to three hours average recently. You know me and my opinions well enough so that no

¹³ The modern Surabaya (variously spelled in the manuscript of these documents), today the secondlargest city in Indonesia. Located in the northeast corner of the island of Java, on the narrow Madura (as now spelled) Strait between Java and Madura Island, it is now a busy and modern commercial port.

¹⁴ These ships had two nine-foot-diameter propellers, extending so far out on each side of the narrow stern that "guards" were fitted to keep tugs, etc., from approaching close enough to strike them underwater (see photo in chapter 2). The log will have bent or dented a blade of the propeller; that shaft would have to be restricted to a speed slow enough to minimize the resulting vibration, lest the propeller-shaft bearings be "wiped" and the shaft immobilized.



comment from me is necessary as to what has happened. Secretary Knox's report¹⁵ was received today and while I don't know just who has been lost, many of them must be old friends and acquaintances. It is of course tragic, but there can be only one reaction on our part. You know more about the situation in Manila than I do, because our news reports have been fragmentary.

A period view of Soerabaja and its port. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

The first shock is wearing off and we must settle down, as I have always expected, to a long tough war. My thoughts are concentrated on winning the war and nothing else. Thank God you and Skip are where you are and that my allotments have all been squared away so that I need have no concern there. I can trust you both to use good judgment. I probably won't get any mail from you til about February or March. Cigarettes are going to be scarce so please send several cartons of Chesterfields from time to time. Also please buy a commander's cap size 7-1/8—one pair of shoulder marks and two sets of collar insignia (pin-on type)¹⁶ and send [them] to me for I undoubtedly will be promoted before they can reach me and there will

¹⁵ Very soon after the Pearl Harbor attack, the president sent Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox on what would be the first of many official investigations of what had happened and why. The public version of his report, released 16 December, emphasized the heroism of individual defenders. A classified version for Roosevelt estimated losses, assessed that U.S. forces had been taken completely by surprise, and declared that the attack had been "meticulously planned" and delivered with "courage, ability, and resourcefulness." It is not clear which version HEE had received.

¹⁶ The uniform peaked cap of a commander (pay grade O-5) has conspicuous gold, leaf-shaped embroidery ("scrambled eggs") on its visor—thus, a "brass hat"; the visor of HEE's current lieutenant commander's cap is plain black. His current shoulder marks (more recently "shoulder boards") bear, along with a star identifying him as a line officer, two gold stripes and between them a third stripe half as wide; as a commander, he will wear three stripes of full width. The same applies to the sleeves of the coat of the winter Service Dress Blue (black) uniform "blouse" (coat). He now wears on his collar, on each side, gold oak-leaf-shaped pins; a commander's are silver.



Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and Adm. Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief, U.S. Fleet. (U.S. Navy)

be no place out here where I can get them. 17 Once I should have had a feeling of elation but now it makes no difference except a feeling of grimness.

I shan't try to write to anyone but you—ask Skip and Dad to understand. If it were not for censorship necessities I could write a book now—but all that must go into my War Diary¹⁸ of the ship.

Incidentally one old tradition has gone by the board—that of the captain going down with his ship. That is definitely out because we need all the trained officers we can get.

Clipper mail has stopped [apparently not permanently; see below]—so I can't guess the routing of this or other letters.

Please keep a file of *Life* and *Time* of this period. It should be invaluable later!

An amusing story—one of our ships the other day reported a plane flying high over it—all guns were trained on it although the bright flash of its wings was too bright to hit.19 After some period of anxiety, zigzagging and attempts to exchange recognition signals, some bright soul realized that it was the Planet Venus and not the sun on its wings! Venus now is so bright that it can be seen in daylight.

The mail goes out tonight or tomorrow Sweetheart. Till the next one then— My love to all. I love you always. Tell Skip I love his new pictures. I have only one aboard—the others were being framed!

[Wednesday, 17 December 1942 (but headed Tuesday the 16th), continued] Isy Darling:

I feel so much better than I did yesterday. (I just found out this is Wed 17 rather than Tues). I am well rested and have a better perspective. Things have happened as I feared they would—and it is small satisfaction to take credit as a prophet under such tragic circumstances.²⁰ Just as I had faith in my bad omens I have faith in the ultimate outcome, only in the permission [innocence?] of the past I thought that something to avert it might providentially occur. For the future, there is nothing that can occur to block our ultimate victory and destiny. The quality and power of

¹⁷ HEE appended: My address is U.S.S. John D. Edwards, to Care Postmaster San Francisco. Use no other.

¹⁸ Narratives of the daily activities, especially operational, submitted throughout the war by most Navy and Marine units.

¹⁹ Why "too bright to hit" is unclear—perhaps too bright for the operators of the gunfire-control directors (these ships' three-inch / 23 caliber antiaircraft guns were apparently controlled by the Mark 33 gunfire control system, then without radar assistance) to keep in view, and thus track, through a magnifying

²⁰ By this time Japanese advance forces had landed in both northern and southern Luzon and were approaching Manila, between them. On the 22nd and 23rd much larger forces would land, again north and south of Manila but this time much closer, 120-30 miles.

our people is too great. But Darling, certain things can happen to make that road longer and bloodier: these things being lack of faith—belief in rumors both good and bad, disappointment in lack of immediate success, individual selfishness. Courage, a high head and a higher faith, losing ourselves in the destiny of our people—these things we shall have and we shall win. And we can pass on to those who follow us something to which they can look up. From the complacency, incompetence, lack of foresight, and individual and collective policies of selfishness, evasion of issues and expediency, let us learn a lesson and let us pass that on so that it shan't again be forgotten.

The fact that I know so well the quality of our love enables me to forget you completely in the accomplishment of my duty. But the fact that I know you and how you feel and react gives me an inspiration, faith and determination that would be missing had I not you and my thoughts of you upon which to fall back and rely when the momentary concerns of necessity allow. And, Sweetheart, from time to time I am able to concentrate on you and

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

LUZON

Colongapo

Bataan Peninsula

Mariveles

CORREGIDOR

NASUGBU BAY

NASUGBU BAY

try to project my spirit to you. Of such things is love made.

Mail? It will be months before any reaches us—but how welcome it will be! And I know that your courage and faith are strong enough to carry you thru the periods of uncertainty and apprehension and whatever else is in store for us. But Darling—I regret so much that the lovely new picture of you was still being framed when we unexpectedly left port, so please send another!

Much of what I shall write you I mean for Skip, Dad, and Will. I shan't try to write to them because the moments during which I can write with fluency are and will be rare. . . .

Among the minor ironies is the fact that I had reservations in Baguio for Christmas week!

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 18 DECEMBER 1941

Sweetheart:

The other day I mailed a long letter to you parts of which were written under great stress. Today we heard that air mail is leaving tomorrow—I wish I had more time to write.

It has been a fantastic but grimly real ten days, full of hard nerve-wracking work and hazard—high speed steaming day and night, with very little information at hand upon which to gauge the situation. As [is] to be expected, the men have responded splendidly—their spirit is wonderful and I am proud to command them. Some day I will be able to tell a lurid story but censorship prevents that now.

Today was quiet and we were able to catch up on [a] lot of work and also to relax a bit. I am well and expect to so continue—I can take the strain and remain cheerful and my physique can take it too. My basic opinions have not changed. My predictions have come true and also some of my fears. However, I have a clear conscience because when I was in a position to exercise control over certain policies I did an honest and realistic job in preparing for what has happened.

Please keep a file of *Life* and *Times*—they will be invaluable later on. Details of what has happened, you will probably learn before I do because the news we get is irregular and fragmentary. Please mail me a few cartons of Chesterfields from time to time. My address from now on is LtCom H.E.E., U.S.S. John D. Edwards C/O Postmaster San Francisco. Remember Isy—no news is good news. Unfortunately I don't think we shall receive any mail from home till February first at the earliest.

This situation will be doubly difficult because none of us will know what the immediate future holds for us—I shall not know the prospective movements or missions of the ship until just before carrying them out—which is right and proper. I shall try to keep a War Diary to be forwarded to the Navy Department as sections are finished and in that I shall express and tell of many things I can't put into a letter. I will try to send you money by mail order from time to time because I do not anticipate having much use for it myself.

Darling, it is hard to, even for a short time, put aside the speculations of my mind—there are so many things to think about—and they keep running thru my mind making other thoughts—halting. If I could only talk to you about them it would help....

Incidentally My Darling—in case anyone is really worried about attacks on the coast of the U.S.A.—don't give it a thought—hysterical rumors to that effect will be circulated and possibly a few bombings actually take place²¹ but they will be for the sole purpose of diverting our attention from those places where the real war

²¹ HEE might have been grimly satisfied in the last years of the war to have been proved belatedly right, when Japan launched in November 1944 the first of nine thousand "fire balloons," or "balloon bombs," to be carried across the Pacific by the jet stream. At least three hundred reached western states (though one was found as far east as Detroit) and Canada. They carried incendiaries; a plan to use biological agents was overruled by the emperor. Physical results were slight (six killed directly—a pregnant woman and five children by one weapon—and a seventh fighting a secondary forest fire), and the psychological effect was limited by American censorship. But it was the longest-range attack (or "fire," in the term of art) ever conducted until then.

will be fought and won. The Far East and the North Atlantic Ocean—believe or be concerned about nothing unless it comes from a reliable and official source. Rumor and enemy propaganda go hand in hand—both are very dangerous!

I still recommend Sandburg's The War Years!

[Friday, 19 December 1941, continued]

My Darling:

I had a grand sleep last night and awoke fully refreshed. The uncertainty as to our immediate future which has been naturally very bothersome has been clarified and I now have a much clearer understanding of the situation and the conviction that we can carry out our mission effectively. After the first shock, this area seems to know what to expect and I have full confidence in the command which is directing things.

The Russian successes are of inevitable value and even the tremendous power of Germany will require some time to make up for the losses sustained.²²

I have been given additional responsibility²³ which requires plenty of thought and may be important particularly if I exercise it effectively. I thank goodness that in the past I have always sought responsibility for I hate to think of the present mental attitude of those people who in the past have been content to let others do the work. Command in the combat area is tough enough under the best of circumstances and I shall need everything to measure up to what is expected. No matter how much imagination has been exercised in the past, it is impossible to realize what is involved in the transition from peace to war until it actually happens. Decisions must be made instantly—frequently on the basis of inadequate information.

The Japanese attack on Hawaii must have done more to unify opinion at home than anything else possibly could do and I think I can judge the reaction.

However, darling, I hope that it does not alter Alice's and Bud's²⁴ plans for a new baby. We, out here, are not fighting for a country on the down grade but for a living, growing and greater country! This war will take courage all along the line and not the desperate type of fighting purely for self preservation, but the type that comes from faith in the future.

²² On 5 December the Soviets, who had held just in front of Moscow, mounted a counteroffensive comprising several operations in northern and central Russia. The "Winter Campaign," as it is now known, drove back the Germans to various extents all along the line, causing alarm at command levels but not in fact inflicting remarkably large casualties. The counteroffensive culminated in early January, soon after the weather, which had kept the Luftwaffe on the ground, relented. The Soviets followed up (prematurely) with fresh offensives, which failed. Moscow, indeed, was not thereafter directly threatened, but German advances to the south soon resumed.

²³ What that responsibility was is unknown, unless HEE means his upcoming independent assignment to protect the oiler *Trinity* referred to in his 1942 dictation, below.

²⁴ That is, her brother Frank McCord and his wife.

I know you will be busy—Navy Relief²⁵ will need lots of help. We are sending money home for it as soon as a method can be worked out which will enable us to send money without disclosing the location of the ships. The same will apply to personal funds. Money won't mean much to us in these ships.

[9 PM, continued]

In a few minutes I shall turn in. For the last hour five of us have been sitting in the wardroom discussing Manila, Cavite, Olongapo, the ballerinas [?] etc. Buzzeti is most [amusing?] and his yarns provide lots of fun. There came tales of . . . [text cuts off]

[Saturday, 20 December 1941, continued]

One thing occurs to me—supplies of all sorts are going to be very difficult to obtain and we will have shortages of all sorts of odds and ends—cigarettes, razor blades, etc. I have 130 men and 7 other officers and I know what was done along that line during the last war. I know it will take a long time to get things out but we will appreciate anything that can reach us and suggest:

Cigarettes—Camels, Luckies, Chesterfields

Pipe tobacco—Walter Raleigh, Edgeworth, Prince Albert

Razor Blades—Gillette double edge

Soap—Guest Ivory, Lifebuoy, Lux

Shaving cream—assorted

Books—Penguin and other paper covered kinds

Pipe cleaners—hard candies—chewing gum.

Send them in small packages regularly, rather than in big packages—this for ease in handling and so that mail interruptions will not have so much effect. Also send me several packages of chromium phonograph needles. We have a phonograph turn table on our movie [projector] and speaker.

Address them to Commanding Officer, U.S.S. John D. Edwards, C/O Postmaster San Francisco and label them "gifts for crew."

And Darling, I know that they will be greatly appreciated.

What liberty we get is greatly restricted. Most of the time we shall be at sea—too busy for anything but watches and sleep, but from time to time we shall be in port for a few days. We may be in places where golf is playable—1/2 doz. cheap golf balls and some wooden tees would help me out too! Stamps too will be useful. I hope air mail will continue by roundabout means and routes.

²⁵ The Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society, an American nonprofit, was founded in 1904 to offer "financial assistance and education, as well as other programs and services, to members of the United States Navy and Marine Corps, their eligible family members, widows, and survivors" (www.nmcrs.org). It remains today very active and has become quite extensive.

This will be a strange Christmas for us all. I am so glad my gifts reached you in time—with luck you may have heard from me by then. I hope so Darling, for I know the anxiety you must feel.

I remember a year ago how many people in the Navy were complaining because of Admiral Hart's order to send home all the Navy dependents and how the Army resented it because they felt he was forcing them to do the same thing. And how wise was his decision! As events have proven, when people realize that the time to leave has come—there is no way of getting out. I don't know about the trans-Pacific telephone, but possibly Doctor Mary has heard from Caroline Wolff [see chapter 3, note 9].

About a month ago I received a package, probably a book—which I have not yet opened—I'll save it till Christmas so I shall have one thing from my Darling—I would not even attempt to guess where the rest of our Christmas mail is!

[8:15 PM, continued]

I think that mail will go out tomorrow or Monday.

The great lesson of this situation is that you can't do a halfway job nor can you in two or three years make up for the neglect of twenty years. The Hoovers, ²⁶ Borahs, and others who consistently cut the Army and Navy down, the men who would not let us fortify Guam²⁷ when it would have done some good—the politicians who kept us down to a skeleton Army and prevented building up reserve supplies, the short-sighted officers in both the Army and Navy who could not realize that war was inevitable for us—all have an impossible debt to pay. The irony is that we out here must pay it—and many fine men have paid with their lives. The cost to us in men will far exceed the losses of the last war. The situation will get much worse before it gets better. I never thought that Hawaii would be surprised nor that Manila would be caught as flat footed as she was.²⁸ What a price we are paying for our silly tolerance of the Japanese sampans, etc., in Honolulu.²⁹ Now we must guard

²⁶ After leaving the White House in 1933, Herbert Hoover (1874–1964) had become in private life a vocal opponent of President Roosevelt personally, his "New Deal," and preparation for war Hoover was convinced, first, would not come and, when it did, that the nation should stand clear of. His total change of heart after Pearl Harbor and offers of support were ignored by the White House. Senator William Borah (1865-1940, R-ID) would be at his death the dean of the Senate, having served thirtytwo years. Though a political progressive, he was known for opposition to parts of the New Deal and for his isolationist views.

²⁷ A Navy request in 1938 to do so had been denied, in part on the ground that it violated the 1922 Washington Naval Conference—in fact, a battery of six-inch coastal artillery installed in 1909 had just been removed for that reason.

²⁸ By this time senior Philippine and American politicians and commanders had left Manila, which was being bombarded, to shelter in tunnels on Corregidor Island, in Manila Bay. Manila would be declared an open city on the 24th.

²⁹ Presumably a reference both to Japanese trade with Hawaii and to the presence there of ethnic Japanese, who had by 1920 constituted over 40 percent of the Hawaiian Islands' population.

against foolish optimistic propaganda and silly publicity from Washington-five [fine?] pictures of prominent models, movie stars etc. at camps[—]and get down to bloody, grim merciless war without frills and speeches—no—I don't doubt that we shall do it—I never question that we shall win—but I do know that it is going to be a long tough fight and we won't win until we discard all the fancy trappings, get rid of stuffed shirts. For myself, I hope that in the tough parts, my mind and heart will be wise enough and strong enough to enable me to do my duty as it should be done. And that won't be easy.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 21 DECEMBER 1941, 9 PM Sweetheart:

This has been another quiet day—the only real news being the appointment of Ernie King³⁰ as C in C U.S. Fleet. I think it is a splendid shift and I know that we will have a well thought out and aggressive campaign.

In between thoughts of you and home and trying to figure out how to run the war and what I should do under all the circumstances which may arise I have a bit of regret for the phonograph and good records now reposing in Manila—well it was the best thing I could think of at the time and our next collection will be more carefully thought out and so, much better, and I shall get Peter Reed of the American Music Lover [chapter 3, note 81] to give me his suggestions as to the best recordings to buy. I know he will be glad to do it.

I will get the five symphonies31—the best piano and violin concertos and Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn chamber music with a good background of Bach—especially the Brandenburg Concerto and then after that we can have the fun of getting something new each month and really building a fine collection.

One thing is very important and that is that this war must not interfere with Skip's education. Of course I want him to go to the Naval Academy,³² but tell him that he will be of more value to his country by getting a thorough education at Andover and Annapolis than any other way. I have not regretted my similar action during the last war. The country and the Navy will need men of his type thoroughly

³⁰ Ernest J. King (1878-1956, USNA class of 1901) had been since 1940 Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet (see chapter 2, note 78). On 20 December he became Commander in Chief, United States Fleet, with operational control over all U.S. naval forces worldwide. On 18 March 1942 he would be appointed Chief of Naval Operations as well, giving him corresponding nonoperational (notwithstanding the title) authority as well. Extremely intelligent, energetic, and capable, he was also authoritarian and legendarily irascible. His nickname likely was not used in his presence.

³¹ Which ones HEE meant is not known (presumably IME knew), but Beethoven's Third (Eroica, which he mentions hearing) and Fifth (later famous for its "V for Victory" entrance), Tchaikovsky's Sixth (*Pathétique*), Haydn's 103rd or 104th, and Brahms's Second Symphonies would have been to his taste. The work of more recent and contemporary candidates such as Mahler and Shostakovich probably was not.

³² Skip Eccles (b. 1925) would indeed enter the Naval Academy, in 1945, but would remain only two years. Transferring to Princeton University, he would graduate in 1948 with high honors in mechanical engineering (and Phi Beta Kappa). After briefly working for General Electric and marrying, he would return to Phillips Andover, remaining until his retirement (and passing, in 2005) as a mathematics teacher, coach, dormitory housemaster, and dean.

trained in years to come, and there is no point in skimping his training in any way. The same applies to Larry [HEE's nephew]. Those boys will not be shirking or anything of the sort by sticking to the original plans. And no matter what the aftermath of the war may be, they will be needed. Until they have been thoroughly trained I will do the active service for the family! I feel they both have the wisdom to appreciate this but nevertheless please emphasize it to them.

There is no point in trying to avoid recognition of the hazards of war—remember Sweetheart, if I don't come back to you, I would never want you to lead a lonely life. We have shared too much beauty and understood each other too well for you not to know how I feel. And then too, remember that I know how you felt when once you thought that you might not return to me. Nothing that can happen can do aught but increase our love, but you must continue to live. And then too, it would be better for Skip. Of course it is hard to write or read this, but it is too important to be left unsaid. And I want to say it so that it may help Skip to understand.

And now to bed my precious—forgive me all the naughty things I have done to you? I love you.

By the way Isy—some of our own people whom we have just seen [i.e., crews of U.S. ships] are surprised to see us because according to rumor we have been sunk twice. We did miss it once by an eyelash when we were in a very tough spot, 33 but we are still going strong and are cheerful even though my letters are pretty grim. So Sweetheart, believe no rumors!

After waiting for days—the Clipper is again delayed and it will not be until Friday or Saturday that we get our mail. I am too disappointed to write more, but I love you.

[Monday, 22 December 1941, continued]

I wish I could write about the places we have visited in the last two weeks for then I could discuss so many more cheerful and amusing things but local color must be omitted.

[2 PM, continued]

There was a long and interesting conference this morning and I was quite late for lunch. This business of being an active part of important history reacts in various ways on people. One sailor on writing to his girlfriend said "Honey, as you slide down the bannister of life, consider me as just another splinter!"³⁴

[Tuesday, 23 December 1941, continued]

Darling, still quiet and boring and uncertain, all of which makes things extremely difficult. Yet there is nothing that we can do about it.

³³ Presumably a reference to the torpedo attack on about 11 December recalled above in HEE's 1942 dictation.

³⁴ This private letter was presumably read by HEE or one of his officers under the newly imposed national censorship.

I am enclosing a small check which I have had lying around for a long time hoping that the check for the rest of my transportation would come in so that I could reimburse O.N.I.35 However I have given up hope of that. Cash the check at once because otherwise it may be outdated.

In a few minutes I am going ashore for some much needed exercise and relaxation. The mail closes in several hours—and Darling I hope this reaches you soon. So until the next mail—I love you Isy.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Christmas day and the Edwards left to act guard for the [oiler] Trinity, which was anchored in a hideout in Warworada [B]ay [Teluk Waworada, about ten miles long, two miles wide, protected by narrows; see map]. We made a fast trip down and relieved the Paul Jones and Barker³⁶ who were with the Trinity and for the next month we acted as nursemaid to the *Trinity*, keeping steam at the throttles at all times³⁷ ready to leave our anchorage at 5 minutes notice. We saw Australian patrol planes from time to time, but saw no evidence of enemy activity. After about 10 days in Warworada Bay we went to Koepang [Kupang] with the Trinity, picking up the *Black Hawk* on the way, with other escorting vessels.

It was sad commentary on our auxiliary service that our maximum speed in formation was about nine knots. Of course, the Navy had been howling for fast auxiliary ships for years, and one of the great handicaps we had in the campaign was the fact that practically all of our auxiliary ships were very slow.

Our stay in Koepang was uneventful. We had one or two submarine scares, but nothing else came up. We spent most of our time there on anti-submarine work. There were about 1,400 Australian troops and ground forces at the newly built airfield back of Koepang, which was very poorly defended. The men were short of

³⁵ Office of Naval Intelligence. After receiving his original orders to Edwards, dated 20 June 1940, HEE had received instructions to report to ONI, where (as emerges from an oblique reference in a letter sent upon arrival in Manila to the Asiatic Fleet chief of staff) he was given "verbal instructions" by a Captain Carroll, those instructions unspecified in correspondence except that HEE was to take "no notes whatsoever." On 25 June 1940 his orders (signed "C. W. Nimitz") were formally modified by the Bureau of Navigation, which then handled personnel matters, to allow him to "perform such travel as may be necessary to carry out the instructions received from the Chief of Naval Operations." He was advanced \$3,500 to travel on, of which he claimed \$2,030.60 on arrival in October, returning the difference. But his roundabout route from Cape Town to Johannesburg (via the Kruger reserve) had been apparently beyond the scope of his "tasking," and his claim for it as mileage was disapproved (as was an entry of fifty cents for tips!). Apparently some of the travel advance had been from ONI, and the reimbursement was still unsettled by this date, a year later. Henry E. Eccles Papers, Ms. coll. 52, series 2, box 1, folders 13 and 18, NHC.

³⁶ USS Barker (DD 213) was a Clemson-class destroyer, commissioned in 1919. After the present events it would serve on convoy and antisubmarine duty, variously in the southwestern Pacific, Atlantic, and Caribbean, then be decommissioned and stricken in 1945.

³⁷ That is, with the boiler outlet and main steam guarding valves open, so that steam can be admitted instantly to the turbine, saving the time otherwise necessary to warm up (and so remove condensation from) the main steam line. This would not be done in peacetime except for brief periods immediately before getting under way: should the throttle begin to leak over time, as is likely, the shaft could not be stopped except by closing the guarding valve; should it carry away entirely, watch standers could be injured or killed and the engine would be disabled.

food and stores and it didn't look as if they would be able to make any determined defense of that place.³⁸

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [FRIDAY, 26 DECEMBER, CONTINUED]

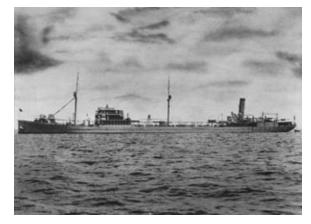
There is no way in the world of telling when this letter will even start on its way to you. The days and nights are full of uncertainty, always, and frequently very dull, at other times full of tension and hard work. So much of what we do is different from what we had expected and we must be constantly adjusting ourselves to new and unexpected situations. The exasperating part of it is that most of us have rather firm ideas in our own minds as to what should be done but none of those in my position have enough information as to what has been done, what is actually going on, or what is planned, to know whereof we think. So we carry out our assigned tasks and hope that we have enough general knowledge of the situation to act wisely if the unexpected happens. Since I expect the unexpected you can be sure I do a lot

The oiler USS Trinity (AO 13). (Australian War Memorial)

of mulling. However I do sleep well when the opportunity offers.

These ships are very hot and uncomfortable in the tropics at any time, and when closed up for war³⁹ they are particularly so. At the same time we are making every effort to conserve material because we know how long it will take to get fresh supplies to us.

Christmas Eve we got orders to be underway early Christmas morning on special duty, so the simple—in fact rather pathetic—preparations for Christmas went by the board. However, after din-



ner I announced I would hold a short Christmas Eve service on the forecastle and about fifty men stood up there in the dark. I made a short talk in which I stated that no matter what the feelings and circumstances were, it did not seem fitting to let Christmas go by without some sort of recognition and that no matter what had been our lives we could not avoid the recognition that the life of Christ was the supreme example of faith and courage. I spoke for possibly two or three minutes then by the light of a carefully shaded flashlight I read from my old and battered prayer book the Gospel for Christmas from the second chapter of St. Luke. Then the phonograph played "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" and we closed with the Lord's Prayer. It was solemn and full of feeling and I believe was appreciated in the spirit I intended.

³⁸ The Japanese would soon occupy Kupang and the rest of Timor, remaining until the end of the war.

³⁹ Warships in or expecting combat set their most rigorous "material condition" to give them the best possible chance of containing and surviving the effects of blast, fire, and flooding. Essentially all internal watertight doors, portholes, and other fittings are shut and secured, and ventilation is shut off.

Yesterday I opened my package and found The House I Knew⁴⁰ from Mary Gibson [a Flushing, NY, neighbor] via you—please thank her for me. The word is that most of our Christmas mail arrived just in time to be burned in the bombing of Cavite—but of course that will not include it all and a good part is probably aboard ships which never reached Manila. So in due time that will probably catch up with

I hope Skip had some fun Christmas. The fact of war should not take away the grand sport of Christmas vacation at his age. I wonder if he has shown any liking for the so called weaker sex? Vacation days sometimes bring it out!

Now, Sweetheart, there are things to do—More later, but for the moment God bless you and Skip.

[Saturday, 27 December 1941, morning, continued]

So far quiet—an interesting commentary is that none of the many things we have done [since hostilities began] is to be found in any of the books and drills and exercises we have labored [through?] during the last twenty years. Thank goodness! I haven't spent too much time on them in the past! Of course the war may soon enter a phase where much of that will come back—but it is hard to tell.

We have to do all our own laundry—the variety of uniforms is astounding tropical helmets, tin hats, white caps, khaki caps—khaki or white shorts, dungarees, and various combinations with various rain capes, ponchos, slickers, etc.—the tropical rains help, because they cool the ship off and also we can catch lots of fresh water to use for scrubbing and cleaning! I have laundry scattered all over the Orient now—it seems that just after a few clothes leave the ship we get orders to get underway for some place else and so far I haven't yet caught up with any of my presumably now clean clothes! And to think that I was once a ship designer!

I hope you are able to hear lots of good music this year—listen for me darling. I shall be reaching out for you—for I love you.

[Sunday, 28 December 1941, morning, continued]

Hot and quiet—The fact that I have had a year or more to get used to the heat is a great help—otherwise I should be limp. As I remember this is Bud's [Isabel's brother Frank McCord's] birthday—and in three days mine comes. It would be nice to be able to take this war in a chipper and casual way, but it just can't be done. Many of the wives of the British officers in Hong Kong⁴¹ are in Manila and a few in Baguio—there the situation is particularly deplorable for they are both separated and both in hot spots.

⁴⁰ The House I Knew: Memories of Youth, by Elisabeth Neilson, released by Houghton Mifflin in 1941, is a reminiscence of childhood in southern Germany. The author's husband William Allan Neilson (1869-1946) was a scholar of, especially, Shakespeare and Robert Burns.

⁴¹ The British crown colony, first attacked on 8 December, had surrendered on the 25th.

We are preoccupied in devising economies, catching rain water and so forth as to make all we have last as long as possible.

[2:30 PM, continued]

I knocked off some time ago to write to Skip. Actually it is almost like writing from the South Pole! I know so little of what has been going on at home.

In any event I must try to guess and in the meantime good luck to you all—more soon—I love you.

[Monday, 29 December 1941, continued]

There is so much repetition in this letter—but that is what our life is now—every so often air alarms—so far no actual attacks—always uncertainty. Hot days and cool evenings. I wish the Russians could get in and bomb Tokyo. 42 Senator Wheeler 43 has the right idea, but he is a little late and in the meantime he and his kind have hurt the country gravely. I should like to have him and a few others aboard ship now. Oh well there is no use taking that line—let's just learn our lesson well and if it is possible, remember it in the future. Patience, costly education to a sense of realities, definite purpose and determination and courage—all are needed, and above all, faith.

It will be interesting to watch the reactions of our people to real war—for the first time in eighty years we are really up to our necks in a big one. In 1918 we were just getting started, when it ended—and this one will make that look small. I have developed a distinct aversion to "statements," "speeches" and resolutions passed unanimously and the reports thereof. We shall want ships, planes, equipment and trained men and will need them in a lot of places at one time. Of course I wonder how the ships on which I worked at Washington are making out—I hope I didn't make too many mistakes—it would be a great satisfaction to know that the *Marlin*⁴⁴ was a good ship and more like her were being built. I'll bet on George Codington [chapter 1, note 20], Quentin Kahns [unidentified], Gordon Lefebvre⁴⁵ to be leading the parade too. You know sweet—I shan't forget my defense of George and his type that night at Alexandria—possibly some of my opponents that evening are looking for the man of action type now regardless of social outlook! We need plenty of tough men in all phases of the work—in fact I'd like to be a bit tougher myself!

⁴² In April 1941, after several years of undeclared border warfare culminating in a severe defeat by Soviet forces under the later-famous Georgy Zhukov at Khalkin Gol in July-August 1939, Tokyo had signed a neutrality pact with Moscow. The Soviets would not attack Japan until declaring war in August 1945.

⁴³ Burton Kendall Wheeler (1882-1975) was a Democratic senator from Montana, 1923-47. A vociferous "America Firster" before war began in Europe and an opponent of Lend-Lease and other aid to Britain in its first two years, he reversed himself after Pearl Harbor: "The only thing now is to do our best to lick hell out of them."

⁴⁴ USS Marlin (SS 205), a Mackerel-class submarine, was commissioned in 1940, used for antisubmarinewarfare training in East Coast waters, and sold for scrap in 1946. Building of the class, an experimental small design meant largely to test mass-production techniques, ceased at two boats.

⁴⁵ Likely the Gordon Lefebvre who since 1941 had been president / vice president of the Cooper-Bessemer Corporation, having been until then with the American Locomotive Company. He would pass away in

To go back to the general situation—again it is emphasized that fundamental principles can not be violated without paying a heavy penalty. We started too late to pay serious attention to building up Philippine defenses. I thought we had caught up further than actually proved to be the case. But the fault was that we couldn't make up our minds whether or not we would try to defend them. Japan did not allow us the time so much of the effort we finally made was actually wasted.

Remember the name of Sir Josiah Crosby? Some day Hugh Grant [chapter 2, note 37] will talk and we may learn of the violations of fundamental principles of singleness of purpose and objective that gave Japan the chance she had been waiting for to consolidate her southern position which is of such value to her now.⁴⁶ It is interesting how destructive a wedge can be—properly handled. Then let us again try to learn. Whose fault is it? No one individual at home—just the habit of softheaded selfish thinking that said "We can stay out of war—this is not our war," etc. Thank God that Roosevelt at least got us started—somewhat ahead of time—but then again a more honest statement of his convictions as to the inevitable course of events might have awakened people sooner even though it would have given his opponents another weapon. No matter who had been in the White House the sequence of events in the major sense would have been the same—the only thing that could have changed was our ability to play our part. But I'm rambling, so no more for a while. I love you.

[Tuesday, 30 December 1941, 8:30 PM, continued]

I have washed out my socks and underwear and played a few games of acey ducey and in a few minutes I shall turn in as usual in my hanging bunk on the bridge⁴—I wonder what a real bed in a temperate climate feels like! I have a standard call for 4:30 every morning because it is beginning to get light then⁴⁸—and last night I had a few calls because of shadows, etc., that the OOD [officer of the deck] was concerned about, so I can use some sleep. Today we got for the first time in a week quite a bit of press news. But when it was digested it really did not say a great deal—and yet it's hard to wait in patience. With all our anxiety we can't speed up the passage of time nor delay it. I talk to groups of the crew each day discussing what little news there is, pointing out the various guesses that people take as fact and what the significance of the acknowledged facts is. They are all anxious for a good crack at the

⁴⁶ Sir Josiah Crosby, KCMG KBE CIE, was the British envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Thailand, 1934-41. See chapter 2 (paragraph 12ff of the "official report") for the secret negotiations in which the Thai foreign minister approached both Britain and the United States for support should Thailand be attacked by Japan, as he expected. He was unable to obtain it from either, and the Japanese duly attacked southern Thailand on 8 December, as a preliminary to attacks on Malaya and Burma. The Thai government had signed an armistice within hours and on 21 December an alliance.

⁴⁷ For emergency cabins see chapter 3, note 79. But HEE seems here to refer instead to a suspended cot or a hammock slung in the pilothouse.

⁴⁸ Warships were especially alert for air and submarine attack (and often routinely went to general quarters) at first and last light of the day, when they could be silhouetted by the rising or setting sun, which would also make it difficult to see a periscope or low-flying aircraft.

Japs. What I want is level-headed, intelligent, and cold determination and a realization of the difficult task ahead. When we roll, it must be with inexorable power. I hope the West Coast has recovered from its jitters 49 and has settled down to work! And so good night darling—I love you so much.

[Wednesday, 31 December 1941, 10 AM, continued]

Forty three years old today!

[4 PM, continued]

I had a doughnut and cup of coffee for my birthday cake and I thought of my darling and how much I love her!

[9 PM, continued]

Just twenty years ago, Dec 31, 1921, at about 10 p.m. I really began to realize what an attractive girl you were when we sat by the window at 5 Bullard Place [see chapter 3, note 43] and talked on for such a long time. I am so glad that fate has been with us, my sweetheart. I love you.

[Thursday, 1 January 1942, continued]

Happy New Year Isy—I hope the next one is far better than this! Today is very hot—I had a good night's sleep and am well relaxed.

[2 PM, continued]

We just had a hard rain—we don't have too big a supply of fresh water⁵⁰ so we have canvas awnings⁵¹ and buckets rigged to augment our supply. So rain helps us as well as cooling the ship.

[10:30 PM, continued]

Just before turning in after another quiet day, good night darling.

[Saturday, 3 January 1942, continued]

Mail may leave tomorrow—the last two days have been dull and tiring—nothing special happening. Good bye till next mail. I.L.Y.

[Monday, 5 January 1942, continued]

I am applying for more insurance from the govt.⁵² An ALNAV [All-Navy] dispatch gives details. I will forward application as soon as possible—you might check with [the Brooklyn?] Navy Yard on possibilities of your making application.

⁴⁹ As manifested most notoriously in the "evacuation" of Japanese Americans to resettlement camps under an executive order of February 1942. See also chapter 6 at note 56.

⁵⁰ The first claimant on the limited fresh water produced from seawater by a shipboard evaporator was the ship itself—the boilers generated steam to drive the engines from fresh water, treated to be as mineral-free as possible.

⁵¹ Light canvas rigged temporarily in port (and possibly over small areas when at sea, in calm weather) to protect the steel decks from the direct radiant heat of the sun—or as here, to collect rainwater.

⁵² The National Service Life Insurance program began operation in October 1940 and wrote its last new policy in 1951. It is still administered today, for surviving policyholders, by the Department of Veterans Affairs.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 6 JANUARY 1942

Darling Isy,

There seems to be a chance of mail starting off tomorrow and reaching you at some indefinite time in the future. With luck you may have received a letter mailed about two weeks ago—I hope so in any event.

Today I became a commander—no insignia of rank save an old brass hat [note 16] that Elmer Helenkamp [chapter 3, note 30] left for me when he went back to the States about three months ago. So it goes, rank seems to mean very little now with so much to be done. Of course I have thought how concerned you must have been with all the true and false reports coming out of this area during the last month—but there hasn't been any possible way that I could get word to you.

The fall of Manila was no particular surprise. It was strange how many people, military, naval and civilian never really visualized such a possibility. I feel very badly about all the people that I know there. I feel quite sure that it is the first American city ever to be captured in our history. Certainly it should be a severe jolt to whatever shards of complacency, self-satisfaction and unconcern that may exist at home. And in totalitarian warfare the capture of a large city has implications that may be very tragic indeed.

Today was quite a promotion day—two other officers on the ship were also promoted and of course hundreds of others thru out the Navy. My blue service uniform with its shiny LtCom stripes [note 16] is carefully put away in my locker. I wore blue LtCom sport [full-dress? service?] uniform twice only—once at the Presidential Reception and once to have my picture taken! Thank goodness I did not waste any more money on dress uniforms!

Sweetheart it is awfully hard to write intelligently—I see a small part of a tremendous war and problems. We have received no mail in more than a month—no papers and very little reliable news—so it is largely guess work with us in so far as judging the whole situation. And of course, I have no idea as to home affairs, how you have been and what you all have been doing.

I hope you and Skip and the others have been well—that's about all I can do. I know you have the faith and courage to do your part—I hope I can do mine as well. Thank goodness I have been well—of course at times I am very tired—at other times concerned but that is natural in war time.

And now goodnight sweetheart. Forgive me all the naughty things I've done to you? I love you.

We have plenty of funny things happening—but unfortunately I can't give you enough background for the humorous side for you to appreciate them.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 8 JANUARY 1942, 11:45 AM My Isy:

Still quiet—so we watch and kill [time?] and wonder when we shall really get tangled with the enemy. This morning's radio brings word of more promotions so now we have one commander, four senior lieut[enant]s—two junior lieuts [lieutenants junior grade] and an ensign aboard—all of which is a lot of rank for a ship of this type. News is meagre and uninteresting, the weather hot, matches, cigarettes, and tobacco are running out and the nice variety of food we have been having has been reduced so that we eat what we have and like it. Incidentally I would appreciate a compact windproof cigarette lighter with a couple of cans of lighter fluid, spare flints and wicks!

There are so many interesting things on which to speculate—I can't see any need for large numbers of troops but a tremendous need for well trained and well equipped special forces.⁵³ Good men for the Navy and good officers and men for the merchant marine. The troops we will need must be top notch in every respect. No one belongs near this war who does not know his job thoroughly. Of course, that has always been the case but I feel that it is particularly true now. Transportation will be a problem and a good man eats no more and requires no more weight and space on a transport than an untrained man who can do only one fourth his work.

A matter of business—our paymaster is not with us and therefore it is not possible at the moment to complete all the forms required for additional insurance under the National Service Insurance [see note 52]. However, the dispatch we received indicated that official application would be considered even though all forms were not strictly complied with. I therefore made out a list of all those on the ship who were applying and sent copies to other ships to forward in case something happens to us. I applied for \$5,000.00 more insurance making a total of \$10,000.00 National Service Insurance (5,000.00 I took out last year). The list was certified by me and sent thru several channels. Therefore if something should happen to the ship, the list should eventually reach the Veterans Administration and protect the interests of the ship's company. The letter is under file number as follows:

> DD216/L13 (008) January 6, 1942 Addressed to Veterans Administration National Service Life Insurance Division.

I don't know what the tax situation will be for the next few years. Being on duty on a foreign station there is some question as to whether any or all my pay is tax exempt. ⁵⁴ In any event it is quite unlikely that I shall have the information on time to

⁵³ That is, specialized units trained for sabotage, scouting behind enemy lines, and other such unconventional warfare—notably, in the next few years, Marine Raiders and Army Rangers.

⁵⁴ In early 1942 enlisted personnel would be exempted from wartime increases in personal income tax; later that year the pay of both enlisted personnel and officers was exempted up to \$1,500 (HEE would have been paid about \$3,900, about \$325 per month). Deadlines for filing were relaxed in combat zones.

make up a proper return—However, we can anticipate the payments of large taxes and you should try to put aside enough from the checks I shall send to you to care for that. I should send you between fifty and one hundred dollars [\$740-\$1,500 in 2016 dollars] a month till July first and thereafter about sixty to seventy dollars additional as my raise in pay [to that of a commander] will become effective then. Don't obligate this in advance because mails will be subject to delays and hazards and any checks lost in the mail will take several years to adjust and repay. My own expenses out here should not exceed fifty to seventy five dollars a month. So Darling that about covers the financial situation.

I am so glad I didn't marry some weak-brained and weak-kneed twit (you know of course that some men make that mistake!). You can't imagine how wonderful it is to have the secure knowledge that your wife can deal with whatever situation is presented. It must be a long distance pat on the back but you know what I mean—at home it is your show—out here I shall try to do my part—I love you.

[Friday, 9 January 1942, continued]

I must keep looking at the calendar to tell even the day of the week—which seems to have no significance in our present life. Today was rather muggy for the first time in some weeks. Nothing happened and now at 8:30 I am turning in: 4:40 each morning is when I am called and I usually try to get a cat nap after sunrise. Of course there are also calls at night too—so darling with nothing to report I shall say good night!

[Sunday, 11 January 1942, continued]

Not much new dope—the other day we saw some people [i.e., a U.S. Navy ship that transferred newspapers, etc.—see letter of 19 January 1942] whom we hadn't seen since we were in Manila, and got a bit more dope. It is interesting to read the Japanese propaganda reports on sinkings and so forth. 55 So many of them I know are false that I doubt now if any of them are true. I thought the Germans were pretty good at that but the Japs are better. I suppose they do it with the hope that by denials, etc., we will disclose the location and activities of our own units.

There are rumors that we shall have some mail (probably very old) in the next few weeks. I hope we do for my last news from home was dated Nov 17th.

Today I was wondering what Harvey⁵⁶ will do now that no more passenger cars will be made! My suggestion of last spring that he get lined up in the Army again wasn't so bad after all!

I got a bit too much sun today and have a headache so I'll turn in early tonight. Forgive me all the naughty things I've done to you! Good night darling.

⁵⁵ Propaganda was received more regularly from Japanese English-language radio broadcasts, famously read by female announcers later known collectively as "Tokyo Rose."

⁵⁶ Not otherwise identified, Isabel's brother-in-law, owner of a Cadillac dealership.

[Tuesday, 13 January 1942, 9:30 AM, continued]

Darling:

This feels like another very hot day. Yesterday an afternoon rain cooled things off a lot but we have very little left of our original awnings and the sun beats down hard. It makes it difficult for all hands but the men remain cheerful.

The press reports are mixed—there is too much propaganda, most of it nonsense. It really is very discouraging to be here where the war actually is and read reports of conferences, reassurances and future plans for astronomical production etc. I would much rather the press contained nothing except official reports giving only facts that are suitable for release. However, I am glad to note that Duff Cooper⁵⁷ has been fired. You will remember that Lady Diana is the dame who thought so much of Paris hats in the Spring of 1940.

The reports of trouble between Hitler and his generals,⁵⁸ if true are very encouraging. But don't put too much faith in them. To return to Duff Cooper—his point of view before the war was sound, but it strikes me that he was one of those likable, pleasant, correct and ineffectual personalities that gripes my soul. I suppose I should have more patience and optimism—I could be patient were it not for the clap-trap statements and conferences.

As for thinking of things other than the war, I wish I could but that does not seem possible.

[Wednesday, 14 January 1942, 11:30 AM, continued]

Still quiet—all morning it has been scorching but now a breeze is cooling off the air—but the decks and sides of the ship are like a stove. I don't believe that after the war I shall ever have any great desire to see the tropics again. My blood must be so thin now that I hate to think of it. Every time the temperature drops below 85 I feel chilly! And darling, the painful part is that I have always wanted to be a hardy New Englander like you!

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

About the middle of January, we went up to Kebola Bay [about 130 steaming miles northwest of Kupang]. There we were joined by the Houston and Boise. 59 Admiral

⁵⁷ Duff Cooper (1890-1954), Conservative politician, author, and later 1st Viscount Norwich, had been resident cabinet member in Singapore but would have no further role until 1943, becoming in 1944 ambassador to France. His wife, the former Lady Diana Manners, was a celebrated beauty and eccentric.

⁵⁸ Failure to achieve the expected quick victory against the Soviet Union had led to disenchantment on Hitler's part with the army leadership. By September his anger had him berating generals as "flabby, indecent, and complete failures."

⁵⁹ USS Boise (CL 47), a Brooklyn-class light cruiser (12,403 tons, 600 feet), had been commissioned in 1938. As HEE notes below, Boise would soon strike an uncharted reef and be detached for shipyard repairs, so avoiding what was soon to befall the Allied force in the area. The ship would survive the war, serving in both the Pacific and Atlantic before being decommissioned in 1946, transferred to Argentine service in 1951, and scrapped in 1978.

Glassford⁶⁰ in the *Boise* was in command of the force and we made plans for attack in the Koluk Straits⁶¹ where the Japanese were coming down. Just as we were [preparing?] the ships to get underway, a signal came through with the fact that the Japanese had withdrawn, so the attack plan was thrown into discard. The Houston, Whipple and Edwards were sent down to [the] Torres Strait⁶² to pick up a convoy and the remaining ships rendezvoused in the Java Sea to await deployment.

We had no charts of the area to which we were going and upon arrival in Torres Strait we got a tracing of Torres from a *Houston* chart, which was our only means of navigation in that area.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 19 JANUARY 1942, 10:30 PM Darling:

The last few days have gone by without my even attempting to keep track of them. I get a few hours' sleep at the night and an hour or so during the day. Fortunately we have had good weather—the days have been hot but the nights cool even then the wardroom never really cools off. I have been sleeping on the bridge for the last three weeks. Still we have no idea when any mail will reach us—we have been out of touch with civilization since Christmas Day. From time to time we get press news from another ship—we haven't the facilities for copying it aboard. So it's best to be busy. The press reports we have had haven't been any too encouraging least of all the alleged speech of Mr. Knox to the effect that the Far East will have to get along more or less by itself till Hitler is cleaned up. 63 That makes it look like a long hard hot winter for us! Talk about a traditional "Thin Red Line of Heroes"!64 I must admit that it is a rather [poor?] situation in which to find oneself!

So on that note of very doubtful cheer, I'll sign off and go back on the bridge. It is very dark tonight and hard to see anything. Good luck to you Iz—and I love you.

⁶⁰ Rear Adm. William A. Glassford (1886-1958, USNA class of 1906), by this time commanding the U.S. naval units in the American-British-Dutch-Australian force (see note 63). Returning to the United States after these events, and decorated by Queen Wilhelmina, he would serve first ashore and then with amphibious forces in the Mediterranean, ultimately retiring as a vice admiral.

⁶¹ Apparently (in light of the coming invasion of Timor) one of the passages through the Indonesian Archipelago north and east of Kupang: Selats Alas, Sape, Roti, or Ombai.

⁶² Navigation in this ninety-three-mile-wide passage between the northernmost extent of Australia and New Guinea to the north was made especially difficult by shallow depth and the presence of hundreds of small islands and coral reefs.

⁶³ The Secretary of the Navy would have been referring to the recently completed First Washington (or Arcadia) Conference, 22 December 1941-14 January 1942, involving Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt, and staffs. There, among other things, a "Europe first" strategy was affirmed, envisioning a strategic defensive against Japan until Germany was defeated. In fact, U.S. allocations to the Pacific would either match or exceed those for Europe until 1944. The conference also established the American-British-Dutch-Australian (ABDA) Command, under Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, to unify near-term resistance to the southward Japanese advance along the "Malay barrier"; it was the first American attempt at coalition warfare in that conflict. Edwards belonged to its naval force, under Rear Admiral Glassford.

⁶⁴ This image in Rudyard Kipling's 1890 poem "Tommy"— O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll . . . originated in a journalist's account of the 1854 battle of Balaclava during the Crimean War.

[Tuesday, 20 January 1942, 5:30 PM, continued]

We saw some new people today and for the first time got some second-hand reports as to what actually happened at Pearl Harbor. It seems unbelievably fantastic that it could have been allowed to happen. The only explanation I can think of is that everyone had been so worn out with unnecessary work and precautions when at sea that they eased up on the wrong things and neglected the important precautions. It must have been ghastly. I still don't know enough about it to draw final conclusions,

The light cruiser USS Boise (CL 47). (U.S. Naval War College Museum Photograph Archive)

but everything points to the ability to interpret reports intelligently and to not being able to see the forest for the trees. Pride cometh before a fall, and how! It literally is sickening. Well it's going to take longer than I thought, a long uphill drag.



[8:30 PM, continued]

I have had a good dinner and a cheerful talk and feel much better—now for sleep—I hope for a full night—then tomorrow more to do. Good night my darling. I love you.

[Thursday, 22 January 1942, 9 PM, continued]

Another long day with nothing of note happening—things seem to happen with a great rush so I suppose something will bust soon. Since we get no news reports now I may be way behind.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

On our way back to Soerabaja we stopped off near Darwin to pick up the Hawaiian Planter⁶⁵ and Pecos [chapter 3, notes 71, 128]. We had picked up the President Polk⁶⁶ at Torres Strait. We had an uneventful trip to Soerabaja.

While we were making the trip, the 59th [Destroyer] Division made its famous attack on the Japanese in the Makassar Strait. 67 When we had reached Soerabaja we

⁶⁵ A 9,119-ton freighter delivered to the Matson Line in 1941; now bound for Java, presumably under charter, it would soon be turned over to the Army. In 1943 it would be commissioned by the Navy as the repair ship USS Briareus (AR 12) and would so continue after the war, in and out of the Reserve Fleet, until scrapped in 1978.

⁶⁶ An 11,760-ton transport built for the American President Line in 1941. At this point operating under charter, in 1943 it would be commissioned as USS President Polk (AP 103) as an attack transport—that is, carrying the troops of the landing force for amphibious assaults. Returned to its original owners in 1946, it operated under various names until scrapped in 1970.

⁶⁷ On the evening of 23 January four U.S. destroyers-John D. Ford (DD 228, commissioned 1920, stricken 1945), Pope (DD 225, commissioned 1920, lost as described below), Paul Jones, and Parrott—

were able to talk things over with the officers who had taken part in that battle[;] I believe that was the first surface engagement for any group of American ships, larger than submarine chasers, since the Spanish War.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 19 JANUARY 1942 [FRIDAY, 23 JANUARY, CONTINUED]

This has been a beautiful day—rain squalls in the morning, just enough for coolness and a good breeze this afternoon. We, as usual, have not nearly enough information to know what really is going on and until something important comes up for us it really is nerve wracking to wonder and speculate. I thought for a moment we had something today but it turned out to be a school of fish rather than a submarine. However as a drill it was excellent.

The days are long but at night when I get the chance I sleep well. It has been a month since I last set foot ashore and I judge that some time will pass before I do again. We are now beginning to wonder about some mail—eventually we should have some. By the way any cigarettes or tobacco you may send out here should be in vacuum tins to avoid mildew.

This afternoon I was wondering about how in peace times such little things worry people—and what real problems of all sorts come up and stay with us during war! And in contrast how wonderful it is to be able to appreciate the great little things of normal life. By the time this comes to you Pussy Willows [i.e., woodland harbingers of spring will probably have come and gone. I had always liked them, but you taught me so much about how they can make you feel and so with many things that bring vitality and joy. Those things must never be neglected or forgotten. They should be cultivated and appreciated always and in so far as is possible passed on to others—not by words, for that is impossible but by constant living association, as you have given joy to me. Good night my darling. I love you.

[Saturday, 24 January 1942, 10 PM, continued]

How much better I feel tonight! News came in of how our outfit cracked the Japs last night—I wish I had been there but I hope all the officers and men get medals. It proves to a rather skeptical world that the Asiatic Fleet knows how to fight—and in the fight only four of our men were hurt!

I can't think of anything else so good night Isy.

attacked a Japanese invasion force off Balikpapan, on the northeast coast of Borneo. The Japanese screen, a cruiser and several destroyers, believing it was being attacked by submarines, drew off to hunt them, leaving the attackers inshore to sink four transports, damage two more, and sink a patrol craft, at the cost of minor damage to Ford. This result, in what was the U.S. Navy's first surface engagement in Asia since the battle of Manila Bay, was an American morale builder, but on the 24th the Japanese would accomplish their objective, the seizure of Balikpapan's oil fields, anyway. This engagement is not to be confused with the one known to history as the battle of the Makassar Strait, which would occur on 4 February.

[Sunday, 25 January 1942, 2 PM, continued]

More reports come in as to our success and we feel tops now—what a contrast all around to the almost continuous bad news of the last seven weeks. As I write I judge that the first reports are reaching home where it is about 1 a.m. Sunday. I know how Skip will feel when he gets the word too! Maybe too, the people at home will think that we need a little real support out here and deserve it also! And I am tickled for Tommy Hart's [Adm. Thomas C. Hart, Commander in Chief, Asiatic Fleet] sake too—now I am going to try to get a nap for we are going to be in dangerous waters tomorrow and I won't have much chance for sleep for some time—I love you.

[Monday, 26 January 1942, continued]

Darling, things are still quiet except for the sea which is rather bumpy. I shan't have a chance to write tomorrow and on Wednesday mail should leave the ship.

We have no particular use for money but it is nice to have a little and we haven't been paid since Dec 15th—simply because we haven't been near a paymaster nor any port in which to spend anything! I wish my allotment to you was bigger—but I'll try to send checks when possible. What we really would like is some mail!

[Tuesday, 27 January 1942, 8:30 PM, continued]

The attack at Makassar Strait [that is, Balikpapan] was a splendid show and indicates what we can do when given half a chance. Next time I hope we can wipe out completely the force we attack. We still haven't got the details but we know that we licked them badly. How grand it was for our morale! Good night darling and goodbye till next mail. I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 29 JANUARY 1942, 10 PM Sweetheart:

This is a bit hasty for I want to get all the sleep possible tonight. I am feeling well—my morale is good and there is lots of hard work to do.

If ever the true story of this Asiatic campaign is written it will be one of unbelievable adventures. Last night I had some long talks with aviators, submariners and others—Max Keith sailed out of Manila in a yacht just before the capture of with a few other officers and chiefs and sailed for 28 days before arriving safely. Six men, one badly wounded, cruised for 200 miles paddling and drifting in a rubber life boat after being shot down in a P.B.Y. [two-engined seaplane]—and finally from island to island got back safely, in bancas and a small boat. Others, after being shot down, have floated and swam for 20 to 30 hours before making the beach and then made their way to safety in native boats. It is wonderful to see what resourcefulness

⁶⁸ An episode not to be confused with the similar, and celebrated, escape of the schooner Lanikai, a former yacht commissioned into the U.S. Navy. For Keith, see chapter 4, note 44.

⁶⁹ Small Philippine fishing boats with double outriggers.

and brains, strength and courage the officers and men have shown—and they have kept their sense of humor, grim as it is—I am very proud of our obsolete old fleet!

I have packed a box of civilian clothes and a few albums of records that I still had and hope that it will reach you by collect freight in a few months. Skip may be able to use some of the clothes. Save my nice light weight Singapore suit for me for it is a beauty.

And now to bed my darlingest—forgive me all the naughty things? I love you.

[Tuesday, 3 February 1942, morning, continued]

Darling Isy, at the moment there is one of those lulls where we don't know what we are going to do or when—so I am trying to keep people busy rather than gaping at bulletin boards where the press news emphasizes that the British now realize the importance of Singapore and Rangoon to the war effort.

It is a most unsatisfactory war from many points of view. Our closest contact with the enemy has been when two torpedoes passed under or close to the ship during the first week of the war. Since then we have been close several times, but more often we have cruised or sat and watched and waited. However the course of events indicates that soon we will be in some sort of real action. It is difficult to be all set for something and then not have it happen. And we [i.e., the ship's officers] must always be watchful of the effect on ourselves and the men.

But darling, it does make it so very difficult to write—naturally I think constantly of you and home but with no mail having been received for two months I haven't any idea as to what has been going on at home. Night before last I dreamt that just as I got home after the war and was greeting you the mail finally arrived.

[8 PM, continued]

The interruptions consisted of a conference, an air raid alarm, two shifts of anchorage and a lot of general milling around. It is always interesting on sighting planes to dope out whether they are enemy or friendly.

However, Isy, I have decided that I am not a very good war time writer—this business of strange ports, foreign allies and general uncertainty is definitely not fun. When we get into port we can't really relax and in most cases we are not anywhere anyway. So you must forgive me for my monotonous letters.

The English always fight a very literary war with much emphasis on the gallantry of the defense, etc. There are many appreciative and encouraging comments.

Well my old comparison about our country being like a group of men in a rowboat in a lake drifting on out of the lake into a raging cataract where they had no longer any choice, was all too true—the only trouble is that I wish that more of the people who could not hear the roar of the water while there was still time to avoid it, were out here with me! So now to try to get a few hours' sleep before getting

underway about midnight to play with a tricky channel. Good night my sweet—I love you.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Much of the fuel oil we were receiving at that time had water in it and we had considerable difficulty with losing suction. In addition to that we had to compensate due to lack of fuel on our trip from Singapore to Soerabaja and some water remained in our fuel system. This was a source of concern to us. However, we got the fuel system cleared out.70

When we reached Soerabaja the Edwards was made part of the striking force and joined up with the Stewart," Barker, and Bulmer under the command of Commander Thomas Binford.73

We went out with the *Marblehead* ⁷⁴ and started to make an attack at Balikpapan. To the meantime, the Boise had been damaged by ground[ing] in Sapon [Sape, or Sapie—see map] Strait and was returning to the United States, leaving only two cruisers. The night for the attack on Balikpapan there was a brilliantly full moon and a perfectly calm sea. We believe that we were under air observation the entire trip up.

⁷⁰ Water is typically present in shipboard fuel; it might even be deliberately introduced, as here, to restore the ship to its designed stability if fuel runs unusually low. Water tends to settle to the bottom of fuel tanks, from where it can be removed by "stripping pumps." If water, however, is pulled into the fuel service lines leading to the boiler, it and air bubbles entrained in it interrupt the flow of fuel, causing burner fires to sputter or go out, or leaving the fuel-oil service pump spinning or stroking ineffectually ("losing suction") until it can be reprimed. In that case the affected boiler must be taken out of service, with resulting constraint on speed, until fires can be relit.

⁷¹ USS Stewart (DD 224), a Clemson-class destroyer commissioned in 1920, would be severely damaged a few days later in the battle of Badoeng Strait. Dry-docked in Surabaya on the 22nd, Stewart would roll off it's blocks (as described in the text) and be abandoned, a demolition charge having been set off and the dock flooded. About a year later the Japanese would raise and repair the hulk (now stricken from the U.S. Navy register and the name reassigned), commissioning it as Patrol Boat No. 102. Later updated at the naval base at Kure, the ship would be trapped in that area by the Allied reconquest of the Philippines. Found laid up near Kure by American forces after the Japanese surrender, it would be recommissioned in the U.S. Navy as DD 214, decommissioned and stricken once again in 1946, and expended as a target.

⁷² USS Bulmer (DD 222) was a Clemson-class destroyer commissioned in 1920. After these events it would serve on convoy and antisubmarine duty in the Átlantic, before being decommissioned and stricken in

⁷³ Thomas Howell Binford (1896-1973, USNA class of 1920) had commanded the Asiatic Fleet's Destroyer Division 58 since 1941. He would lead U.S. naval forces in the battle of Badoeng Strait, for which he would win the Navy Cross; he would earn a Silver Star and a Dutch award during the upcoming Java Sea battle (see appendix B). He would serve in the Pacific for the rest of the war—by 1945 commanding the light cruiser USS Miami (CL 89)—and for several years thereafter, present during the tumultuous ending of the Chinese Civil War and, in 1949, the Yokohama war crimes trials. He would retire as a vice admiral.

⁷⁴ USS Marblehead (CL 12), commissioned in 1924 and named for a historic Massachusetts seaport, was an Omaha-class light cruiser (9,661 tons, 555 feet). After receiving the bomb damage detailed below it would be detached for repairs, reaching the Brooklyn Navy Yard two months later. Marblehead was assigned for the rest of the war in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, decommissioned in 1945, and scrapped in 1946.

⁷⁵ This is the abortive sortie referred to by historians as the battle of Makassar Strait, 4 February 1942.

The initial reconnaissance showed that we would be outnumbered about two to one, but when we got about 100 miles from Balikpapan, about 7:00 o'clock in the evening, the late afternoon reconnaissance reports came in which showed that the Japanese were obviously expecting us and had a very much larger force, consisting of four or five cruisers, ten destroyers, and two mine layers, which were in a disposition which made it obvious that we could not reach the transports without fighting our way through the entire concentration. About a half an hour after receipt of this report Captain Robinson ⁷⁶ very wisely reversed course and we returned to a point south of the Kangean Islands [see map].

The next day we joined up with the Houston and other vessels, Dutch and American, at Gill Raja [Giliraja Island, see map], Madoera [Madura, see note 13] Strait, and there fueled and formed Combined Striking Force under the command of Rear Admiral Doorman⁷⁷ of the Netherlands Navy.

The following morning, while we were attending a conference on the *De Ruyter*, 78 the Japanese bombers, returning from an initial attack on Soerabaja, sighted our concentration. We got underway that night and the following day, February 4th, we were steaming in a large square south of the Kangean Islands waiting for Japanese forces from Balikpapan to commit themselves to an attack either on Bandjarmasin [Banjarmasin—see map] area or Makassar, the plan being to wait until they had committed themselves and then strike them. Our force consisted of the *De Ruyter*, *Tromp*, ⁷⁹ four Dutch destroyers, Houston, Marblehead, Stewart, Edwards, Bulmer, and Barker.

At about 10:30 in the morning the Japanese bombers attacked us. They came over in waves of nine, there being three waves in each attack. They worked us over until about 1:30 or 2:00 o'clock. The first attack came in rather low and we all expected that Houston's AA [antiaircraft] guns would knock down many of the first

⁷⁶ Arthur Granville Robinson (1892-1967, USNA class of 1913) here commanded Marblehead and, as senior officer present, the operation. He would be awarded the Navy Cross for saving the ship in this engagement and bringing it safely home (see note 74). He would serve the rest of the war in the Caribbean and then from 1946 to 1949 as president of the Military Commission on War Crimes in the Pacific Area, retiring as a vice admiral.

⁷⁷ Karel Willem Frederik Marie Doorman (1889-1942, commissioned in the Royal Netherlands Navy 1910) had had extensive experience in the NEI, most recently since 1937 in shipboard and aviation commands. He had been promoted from captain to command this force, flying his flag in the cruiser De Ruyter. Lost at the ensuing Java Sea battle (see chapter 6), he would be remembered in the Dutch naval service for his signal "I am attacking [in some accounts "All ships"], follow me."

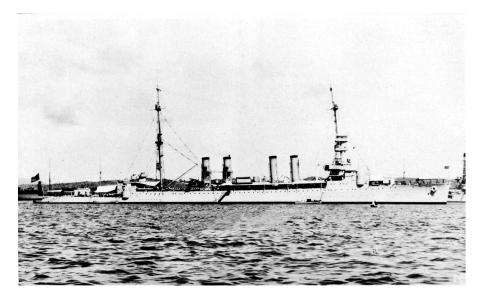
⁷⁸ HNLMS De Ruyter constituted a single-ship light-cruiser class (6,650 tons, 561 feet). Commissioned in 1936, the ship had been designed to cost-cutting standards owing to the Depression and domestic politics. The economies were manifest in inadequate main-battery size, antiaircraft weapons, and armor, shortfalls that could not be entirely made good in a last-minute prewar upgrade. The ship's fate is reported below.

⁷⁹ HNLMS Tromp, lead ship of the Tromp light-cruiser class (3,455 tons, 433 feet), was commissioned in 1938 and sent immediately to the NEI. Following repairs to damage incurred as detailed below, the ship was to operate around Australia and Ceylon, variously attached to the U.S. Seventh Fleet or British Eastern Fleet, mostly escorting convoys but taking part in the reconquest of Balikpapan and in rounding up Japanese garrisons immediately after hostilities ceased. Finally returning to the Netherlands in 1946, *Tromp* would undergo a long refit, serve as a training ship, be decommissioned in 1955, and be scrapped in 1969.

wave which came in in excellent formation, well closed up. However the Houston's anti-aircraft fire was very erratic and no planes were knocked down.

It is hard to remember the exact details of when what happened, but the Marblehead was hit first. The first hit, I believe, was the bomb which landed on her steering engine room that jammed her rudder and did extensive damage. The next bomb that landed [struck] just abaft the bridge and burst, destroying the war[d] room, sick bay and much of the officers' country. 80 The third hit on the Marblehead was a near miss forward which opened up the fuel oil tanks and flooded her badly. At the conclusion of the attack the Marblehead, which normally drew about 16' forward, was drawing 28' forward and steaming at high speed in circles.

The Houston was hit once, her No. 3 turret was wiped out and the ship was saved only by one of the men, before dying, flooding magazines. The Houston left formation, disappeared at high speed with a very bad fire. The Tromp and De Ruyter were objects of the attack after the Houston and Marblehead were hit. The

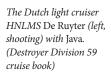


The light cruiser USS Marblehead (CL 12). (U.S. Naval War College Museum Photograph Archive)

Marblehead knocked down one plane which dove into the sea out of control after attempting to land on [i.e., crash into] the Marblehead. I would judge that she hit the water about 500 yards forward of the Marblehead.

After the last attack, we tried to keep some sort of formation and retired toward Soerabaja, heading for the entrance of the Madoera Strait. It was quite obvious that the damaged ships [being so low in the water] could not go through the eastern entrance to Soerabaja because that is where it is shallow, but we steamed on this course for several hours and finally we got word for us to escort the Marblehead south of Java. We reversed course and headed for Lombok Strait [see map]. The Marblehead was listed badly, but was maintaining about 20 to 21 knots. It was quite obvious she was very badly damaged.

^{80 &}quot;Officers country" comprises informally the captain's cabin, officers' staterooms (grouped together in one or more locations), the passageways serving them, and the wardroom itself. As the phrase implies, enlisted personnel are expected to stand clear except on business (as are, by tradition, officers from enlisted berthing spaces).



The entrance to Lombok Strait is five to seven miles wide, but [there] is a very strong current, sometimes running as high as seven knots, in that vicinity. The Marblehead's first pass at the strait, steering with her engines, 81 was inaccurate and she made a big circle before entering. The American destroyers were acting as submarine screen.



It was calm through the strait, but where the swift current met the swells of the Indian Ocean in the southern part of the strait a very bad chop was thrown up and the waves were large. By that time it

had gotten very dark and squally and it was a distinct problem to keep in touch with the Marblehead [all ships being darkened] as she was steering wholly with her engines in long and erratic tacks [i.e., zigzags, as if a square-rigger "tacking" to windward]. When the Indian Ocean rollers first hit us I did not think it would be possible for the Marblehead to get through the strait without sinking. However, she did get through and it was a great relief that when we got into the long easy swells of the south of the strait we were able to pick up the Marblehead astern [of] us. I feel that the feat of Captain Robinson, his officers and men, in bringing the Marblehead through the strait and to Tjilatjap [see map] and finally to the United States is absolutely outstanding and it is impossible to give those officers and men too much credit for that accomplishment.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 29 JANUARY 1942 [FRIDAY, 6 FEBRUARY 1942, 10 PM, CONTINUED]

The last two days would be hard to describe—but I have learned a lot the hard way—However, we are all well and doing nicely. Some things I have been curious about, I have learned and I hope that I profit thereby.

We have added more to our travels and the future is obscure. However darling, my morale is O.K.

Give my love to Skip—and the others. Good night darling. I love you.

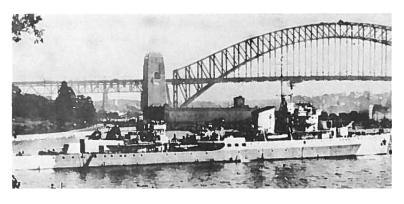
LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 5 FEBRUARY 1942

My Sweetheart:

Your nice long letter mailed 27 Jan came today and has given me much to think about, and much to be happy about. So put your head on my shoulder and I shall put my arm around you and when you are good and comfy I will talk on for a while.

⁸¹ That is, because the rudder had been disabled by a bomb hit in the steering engine room. Absent other forces on the ship, course can be changed by adjusting the relative speed of the propeller shafts (e.g., more power on the starboard shaft to turn the bow to port). The technique is clumsy at best, and, as here, "other forces" can easily overwhelm it.

The fact that it hurts so much to be far apart is not nearly so bad as it is with some people who are living in the same house, the same room, and still can't ever really talk to each other and understand each other. We are strained toward each other with thousands of miles separating our bodies, yearning for the physical presence that brings



The Dutch light cruiser HNLMS Tromp. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

joy and comfort and fun and yet there is nothing that really separates our true selves and so we have happiness in the faith and knowledge of our love and its intimate and enduring quality.

On the other hand they can and probably do bring their bodies together without love, without faith and with the constant knowledge that it is all a tragic shame. Or else in an automatic barnyard manner that never stops to think or care whether it is sham or real. We are cherishing a precious living thing of beauty—they have a handful of dead damp ashes.

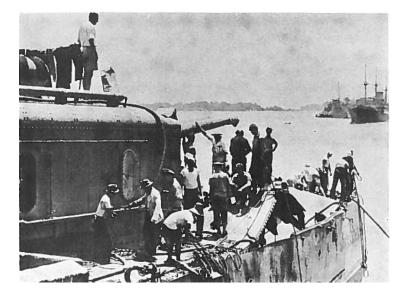
LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 9 FEBRUARY 1942, 9 PM

My Dearest:

Days of uncertainty and nights of quiet have been our routine. The weather has been beautiful—it seems so ironic to contrast the beauties of nature which are so evident here, with the nerve strain and other aspects of war. Possibly I have made a mistake in looking for and enjoying the beautiful things—they give me awful twinges now when I think of the contrasts with the worst of war. Thank God that your beauty has been the thing I have known and loved best.

Marblehead's damage, looking forward. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

I sometimes feel very detached from the immediate present, searching for answers—and they don't come easily. Steadfast faith and devotion to duty are the only answers that are clear and they are the only things that can do me or any of us here or at home any good. The other answers are obscure. You know, of course, that I can't hide any of my feelings from you—words have never and can never take the place of the understanding that we have, nor can they or their omission cloud our



knowledge of the others feelings. I need all the strength and courage and wisdom that I have ever hoped to have, in order to do my duty. And in doing my duty well I am doing and feeling all that I can for my country and for you and Skip. I hope that some day, the truth of this situation will be known and that I have a chance to contribute something to that knowledge.

The other day we had our first encounter with bombs. It is interesting how when the action starts, all feeling concentrates on what is the enemy going to do—what is the best way to counter it. Fear comes before and after, but not in the midst of action. That of course is the value of experience and training. Of course there is always the interesting conjecture as to just where the bombs that you have seen being released are going to fall! And you do get very very mad at him! So the terrible tempered Mr. Bang side may have its advantages. Of course calm coolness is essential too! The situation is indeed "fraught with interest"!

And now good night my sweet. I love you.

[Thursday, 12 February 1942, 11 AM, continued]

Not much dope darling—I hate to guess at things when I really know so little. I need every bit of spirited strength and courage possible. I pray for it and feel a real response. I know you are doing the same. Mail may leave today and I shan't have time to write more. I love you darling.

[7:30 PM, continued]

Darling, I feel blue when not busy—but now I feel fine because I have had something to really occupy my attention—tricky ship handling, etc.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Tjilatjap was a rat trap. It had a long twisting entrance, very narrow, there was no turning room inside the harbor worth mentioning. Many ships were moored in there to buoys and all of us ran aground several times in a mud bank, trying to turn the ships around to make the very small dock near the entrance to the harbor where we lay to provision. The *Pecos* came in and we fueled from her. The current was strong in the harbor. It was squally and it was a very tiring day superimposed on the strain of the previous days. However, we got word that they were expecting a Japanese air attack the next morning.

As soon as it got to be light, we got the last of our "walkie-walkie" beef [presumably slaughtered on the pier] aboard, still warm, and shoved off, heading south after we cleared the channel and mine field.

Our orders were very indefinite, there was poor liaison in Tjilatjap, only one navy officer being ashore there and being completely overloaded; communications were bad. We had no idea what to expect, but by telephone had been given three rendezvous. We knew the *Houston* was alright because she was also in Tjilatjap.

For the next few days we steamed south of Java. Once we ran up at high speed to Prigge Bay⁸² and spent the night fueling from a small Dutch tanker there and finally rendezvoused again with Admiral Doorman's force.

One of the great difficulties which we had was that fact that we had no really good means of communication with the Dutch.

They steamed at high speed during the night, changing course without signal, and our fuel burned up rapidly because of the time we were steaming at from eighteen to twenty knots. It seems strange to us because our sound gear was not effective over fifteen knots⁸³ and we had no immediate objective, but the engineering plants of the De Ruyter and Java⁸⁴ were such that shifts to the cruising combination85 were very difficult.

We finally broke up again. Admiral Doorman went to the west, we went through the Bali Strait into Soerabaja and fueled and left almost immediately to rendezvous with him near Batavia.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [MONDAY, 16 FEBRUARY, 10 PM, CONTINUED]

My Sweetheart, this has been a terrific week, sleep comes only at long intervals and for short periods. The nights are dark and rainy and we have spent most of them dodging rocks in narrow straits or entering dimly lit or wholly dark harbors or else at sea. The days have been full of wondering what would happen next or else concentrating on accomplishing something as quickly as possible. One day was quite different—that was spent dodging bombs, which is a technique all of its own. The interest in the last item does not lag—which is not strange! The Japanese planes seem to be excellent and are very well handled. This definitely is no war for amateurs!

I have a suggestion for Skip—when the war is over, and he has had a chance for some more reading, and the actual history of the war is available he might find it interesting to study the way in which the fundamental principles of war are being applied in this particular campaign. The principles of which I speak are the use of the initiative, interior lines, 86 unity of command, concentration [of] forces, coordination of forces and economy of forces.

⁸² Perhaps Ratai Bay (map), where a tanker is mentioned below as being present.

⁸³ That is, any "pings" reflected from, or sounds produced by, targets would be masked by the noise of the ship's own movement through the water.

⁸⁴ HNLMS Java, commissioned in 1925 as the lead ship of the Java class of light cruisers (8,087 tons, 510 feet), had served continuously in the NEI except for convoy duty in the Spanish Civil War. The ship's fate is reported below.

⁸⁵ That is, aligning propulsion steam to (and only to) a specific sequence of turbines that would allow economical operation at lower shaft speeds.

⁸⁶ By which, owing to geography or dispositions, one force's elements are in closer and more direct mutual touch than those of the opponent, which in contrast has "exterior lines."

The responsibility of command of a ship in war is very great—there is no one else to turn to except for advice and as each situation develops there is constant mental evaluation and speculation as to the decisions that may have to be made. And so far since the war started there has been not a moment of relaxation. True we have had a few hours liberty now and then, but that is not satisfactory.

But we have covered a lot of area. One of my great objections is the names of places—just take an atlas and look over this area and see what a job it is to pronounce the names! And then when they sometimes have to be spelled out in a signal it is worse!

Now we must get underway to shift berth—and it is very dark. Wish me luck darling! I love you.

Incidentally, you might be interested to know that the stress of war has intensified rather than diminished my regard for you.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Before we got to Batavia, we got word that the rendezvous had been changed to Oosthaven⁸⁷ in the south part of Sumatra. By that time the Japanese had captured Singapore and were beginning to land in Sumatra near Palembang [13–15 February]. A new striking force was hurriedly thrown together. Commander Binford had a short conference on the De Ruyter, we did not have time to fuel, Commander Binford did not have time to give us very much dope, we got a hastily written operation order and shoved off. The force consisted of the Dutch cruisers De Ruyter and Java, the British cruisers Exeter and Hobart, 88 six American destroyers, Stewart, Edwards, Bulmer, and Barker, the Pillsbury and Parrott⁸⁹ and four Dutch destroyers. The plan was to go to the Gaspar Strait [map], circle Banka [or Bangka, see map] island, attack the Japanese landing force in the vicinity of Palembang and retire through the Banka Strait [map].

We approached Gaspar Strait several hours before dawn, making about nineteen knots. I was in command of the second section of destroyers occupying position in the column on the port hand of the main body. [In the] first section, Commander

⁸⁷ Today Tanjung Karang, an Indonesian provincial capital and transportation center.

⁸⁸ HMS Exeter, a York-class heavy cruiser (10,660 tons, 575 feet, three twin eight-inch mounts, commissioned 1931) had fought and been heavily damaged by the German pocket battleship Graf Spee in October 1939. It had received search and fire-control radar in the course of subsequent repairs and was the only ABDA ship so fitted. Its fate is recounted in chapter 6. HMAS Hobart (D63) was in fact Australian: though commissioned in the Royal Navy, as HMS Apollo, a Leanderclass light cruiser (7,105 tons, 562 feet), it had been transferred to the Royal Australian Navy in 1938. By this time since the war began in Europe the ship had served in not only the East Indies but the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, and Mediterranean. Unable to participate in the Java Sea disaster because air-raid damage had made it impossible to refuel, Hobart would operate in the Pacific until 1943, when torpedo damage put it out of action until nearly the end of the war. Laid up in 1947, the ship was sold for scrap in 1962, numerous proposals for conversion having been abandoned.

⁸⁹ USS Parrott (DD 218) was a Clemson-class destroyer, commissioned in 1920. In the Asiatic Fleet from 1925, it was specially fitted with sound-detection equipment just before hostilities began. After the Badoeng Strait engagement Parrott would be detached for convoy service, then the Atlantic, where it assisted in one U-boat kill. Severely damaged in 1944 in a collision in Boston Harbor, Parrott would be soon stricken and in 1947 scrapped.

Binford [note 73] occupied a similar position in the Stewart with the Barker and Bulmer on the starboard side.

Shortly before dawn the Dutch destroyer Van Ghent on aground on one of the islands in the narrow part of the Gaspar Strait. The 58th Division had to back down to avoid following him on the rocks. Another Dutch destroyer was left behind to take the men off the *Van Ghent* and destroy her and the remaining ships proceeded north and then to the northwest around Banka Island.

The Edwards did not have any access to any reconnaissance reports to give us any information as to the strength or disposition of the enemy forces.

Shortly before noon, several fast planes dropped bombs from very high altitudes which did no damage. The radar on the Exeter or the Hobart gave us ample notice of approach of Japanese bombers. They came over first about 12:00 o'clock. From 12:00

oclock on we were under almost constant aerial attack. However, the anti-aircraft fire of the *Hobart* and *Exeter* were [sic] accurate and rapid and forced the Japanese to either drop their bombs out of position or come in at a very great height.

One of the awkward aspects of the situation was that the Bulmer's condensers [see chap-



The Dutch light cruiser HNLMS Java. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

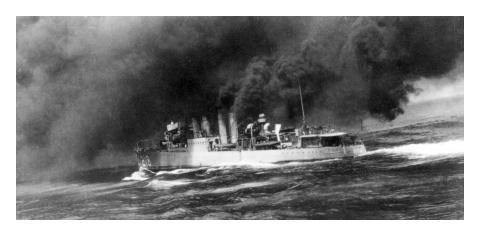
ter 4, note 48] were shot and for a good part of the day she was running on one engine while they repaired leak after leak⁹¹ in the condensers.

The *Barker* had trouble with the oil drain pump from her reduction gear⁹² sump tank and she was running on one engine a good part of the time. At one time a flight of bombers unloaded their bombs on the Barker, straddled her, but did no damage except to give her 27 leaky condenser tubes.

⁹⁰ Commissioned 1926 as De Ruyter as an Admirals-class destroyer (1,666 tons, 322 feet) and renamed in 1934, Van Ghent served its entire career in the NEI.

⁹¹ If condenser tubes develop leaks, usually at the ends and often from shock, salt water contaminates the specially purified ("softened") boiler feed water. Its dissolved minerals bake on to the insides of the water-carrying tubes in the boiler's firebox, leading quickly to loss of boiler efficiency and then catastrophic failure.

⁹² A gearing arrangement between a main engine and its propeller shaft that reduces the high speed at which the turbine spins to the much slower speed at which a propeller can deliver thrust to the water. The "sump" tank beneath the reduction gear collects used oil for purification and reuse; if lubricating oil is not properly circulated the gear will soon "seize" and permanently immobilize the shaft.



The destroyer USS Parrott (DD 218) helping lay a smoke screen. (U.S. Naval War College Museum Photograph Archive)

In the afternoon, probably around 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon, Admiral Doorman retired and we headed back for Gaspar Strait again. It was quite obvious that we would be attacked when we entered that bottleneck and our ex-

pectations were fulfilled. It was quite a rat race at the entrance to the Strait because the problem that faced us was that if we went through the Strait with the cruisers, we made a concentrated target for bombing attack and in the strait we would not have room to dodge because of its narrowness. Most of the destroyers milled around outside waiting for the destroyers [cruisers?] to get through.

The Japanese bombing at that time was not particularly accurate, although they did straddle the *Hobart*. As the spray cleared and the *Hobart* came out of the water and smoke, her big searchlight started blinking and we intercepted the following dispatch [apparently in response to a query from *Exeter*]: "Thank you very much. No damage. Just shaken up a bit." I later had an opportunity in Australia to congratulate the Captain of the *Hobart*, over a drink, on his dispatch.

We all got through the Strait safely, passing the Van Ghent which was on fire and blowing up, as we went through.

That night we changed course three times without signal[;] several near collisions were avoided. We had very little idea what we were going to do but finally we came to anchor off Tanjong Priok, Batavia [the western part of Batavia's harbor], just about dawn. It was quite foggy and we did not know exactly where we were.

We got underway shortly thereafter and returned to Oosthaven, passing many ships bound from Oosthaven to Batavia. Oosthaven had been evacuated and was being destroyed. The town and warehouses were in flames and only a few ships were left there.

We went down to Ratai Bay [see map] in the afternoon and fueled from the last remaining tanker. People were naturally very discouraged. We fueled all night, it was a very slow job. The *Java* had to fuel first and then the American destroyers.

The Barker and Bulmer had been ordered to Tjilatjap for repairs, and left four American destroyers—Stewart, Edwards, Parrott, and Pillsbury[-] with the Dutch. The Dutch cruisers, except for the Tromp, went to Tjilatjap. The Tromp, I believe, had been in Soerabaja all along at this time. The British cruisers disappeared for parts unknown as did the Dutch destroyers. We went to Soerabaja, by way of Soenda [today Sunda, see map] Strait. Incidentally, I slept soundly most of the night as we were passing the Strait—My first decent sleep in a long time.



The British heavy cruiser HMS Exeter. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

Just before coming to the mine field in Soerabaja before daylight, we encountered an American submarine on the surface. Since no recognition signals were exchanged and there was some doubt as to its character, I veered out of column and went to 25 knots to attack, thereupon he gave us the recognition signal.

The situation in Soerabaja was confused. We went alongside Holland Pier, which was a rather difficult maneuver owing to the obstructions which had been placed in the basin to prevent seaplane landings, and we got an operation order to attack the Japanese landing force in Bali, the Japanese having come down and captured the Dutch airfield on the southeast coast.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 3 DECEMBER 1941 [WEDNESDAY, 18 FEBRUARY, CONTINUED]

Last evening I decided I had been worrying about this fool war too much so I "knocked off" as the old Naval Academy saying goes and turned in for the first decent night's sleep in two weeks—which meant that I turned in at 10 and got up at 7:50 with only three interruptions during the night. So today I have felt fine. Cheerful and fit in all respects. However, the ship was barging around at a great rate—pitch black—rain squalls, passing ships and islands—but I was too tired to care.

You can tell from my letters that the strain has been getting me down but I feel sure I shall be better just by trusting to luck and not caring what happens next. The mornings are the worst times because you know where your morale and resistance are in the wee small hours and at dawn!

The last three nights really had been bad and I suppose there are lots more to come. But I do feel better and I want my Isy to know it! I love you.

["Later," continued]

We may get some mail off tomorrow. I wonder how many of my letters have reached you! My last news of you was just three months ago. And during that time all I have been able to do is speculate as to what you are doing.

As for the war—I have acquired some very fixed ideas as to its conduct⁹³ and some very fixed ideas as to the military organization the United States should have. But darling that is all for the future—this is today. Good luck to you.

⁹³ For some of these, see his "General Conclusions," below.



VI "The Hell Licked Out of Us"

19 February-27 March 1942

FROM HR. MS. *TROMP* OPERATIONAL ORDER NO. 1, 19 FEBRUARY 1942

- ... 1. Japanese landing on coast of Bali is probable. A force of Dutch cruisers and destroyers will raid the enemy in the night of 19th or 20th Feb. one or two hours before taskforce *Tromp*.
- 2. With the Task-group proceed through Bali-Strait and hence through Badoeng Strait along east and north-coast Bali, and engage the enemy where he will be found, depending on reconnaissance messages.
- 3. All ships leave Sourabaya at 14.00 Java-time and proceed through eastern entrance to Strait Madoera. Near light vessel eastern entrance at 16.00 Java-time day formation will be formed. U.S. destroyers form anti-submarine screen ahead. Speed 22 knots. The craft will proceed through Madoera-Strait, pass Cape Patjinan at 1 mile distance and further proceed South of Meinderts Reef (Meindert's-rock), through Bali-Strait to a point 3 miles South of Tafelhoek, which point must be reached at February 20—01.00 Java-time sharp. After passing Cape Patjinan at signal night-formation shall be taken. The Dutch destroyer take station ahead for screen at the end of visibility, the U.S. destroyers take position on [the] quarter [of] *Tromp* at about twelve points at safe distance, two destroyers to starboard, two to port. On passing through the narrows of Bali-Strait destroyers will proceed ahead of *Tromp*. After passing point speed will be increased to 25 knots.
- 4. An eventual attack on enemy forces at Pantai Barat depends on reconnaissance-messages of Febr. 19. The general idea is to attack enemy forces on the East and North coast of Bali and further proceed through Madoera Strait to Sourabaya. When meeting the enemy big [by?] night the destroyers attack at once break through the enemy formation and keep clear proceeding again in the general course. *Tromp* will follow the outer line and after passing also proceed again in the general course. . . .

¹ Or Tafel Hoek, as referred to later: Cape Tafel on Bali, marking the southwestern extent of the Badoeng Strait

² That is, forty-five degrees abaft *Tromp*'s beam, on either side. The traditional nautical "point" equals 11.25 degrees.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

The Edwards was the last ship to get out of the basin and we had quite a time catching up with the other ships. Going out the east entrance was a difficult proposition because the water is so shallow, being only twelve to fourteen feet in many cases, and steering is extremely difficult.

(20 Feb. 1942) We had to rendezvous at a point three miles south from Tafel Hoek at 01:30 and were forced to maintain a speed of 28 knots to catch up with the *Tromp*, which was leading the column, and our other destroyers.

The plan was to have a three wave attack, the first attack consisting of the De Ruyter, Java, Piet Hein,³ and the American destroyers Ford and Pope, all under the command of Admiral Doorman, coming up from Tjilatjap and striking the Japanese further south at their landing point which was about opposite the island of Noesa Besar [Nusa Penida] off the southeast coast of Bali.

Our force was the second wave of this attack. We were to go through Madoera Strait, down through Bali Strait, pass through the initial point off Tafel Hoek at 1:30 and then attack through Badoeng Strait, circle Bali, and return to Soerabaja.

Following us, there was supposed to be Dutch motor torpedo boats to make the third attack. We passed them in the strait as we came down the strait.

About seven or eight miles after the narrow part of the Bali Strait we were able to see the flashes of gunfire over the low south part of Bali. That was the Tjilatjap force striking. It was our first glimpse of surface engagement.

We were all fine. I had explained the situation to the officers and had emphasized that they were to be guided by general principles and not to expect any specific orders from the commanding officer. The experience of the 59th Division at Balikpapan had shown that if one officer attempts to run the whole show in a night melee many opportunities to damage the enemy may be lost. I told the officers that unless something very unusual happened, gun fire was not to be opened until the torpedoes had been fired.

We were not sure of the composition of the Japanese forces. We expected to see a large number of transports and I think a group of three or four cruisers and seven [more?] destroyers.4

As we came down the Strait, the intensity of gun fire on the opposite side increased and several ships apparently caught fire. The first of these, we learned later, was the Dutch destroyer, Piet Hein, which had gone into the fight with her guns blazing before she had fired her torpedoes and very promptly got blown out of the water. The engagement continued with considerable intensity for some time and then broke off, and shortly after that we heard over our voice radio CDD

³ Piet Hein, an Admirals-class destroyer commissioned in 1929, operated entirely in the NEI.

⁴ There were four Japanese destroyers and two transports present.

[Commander, Destroyer Division] 59 giving his course and speed to every ship under his command. It indicated that the *Pope* and *Ford* were retiring to the south on course 150. The Dutch cruisers had gone on through.

Sometime after this another engagement broke out, which we could see and there were several fires resulting from that. Checking up on the situation later in Australia, the only conclusion that we could come to was that the Japanese cruisers and destroyers had tangled with each other.⁵ The second engagement lasted for ten to fifteen minutes.

On the way down the Strait we passed a few Dutch motor torpedo boats that were cruising around slowly waiting for us to go through. We interchanged position with the Tromp and she took station about four or five miles east of us. We passed through our initial point south of Tafel Hoek on schedule and headed up Badoeng Strait. From time to time we could see signal lights and searchlights of Japanese forces, the searchlights sweeping the area between Noesa Besar and Bali.

Torpedo firing, Clemsonclass destroyer (inert, recoverable exercise shot). (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)





We went up to the point where we thought the Japanese were landing and, although we could see several fires close to the beach, possibly burning ships, they were of small intensity and did not show us any other

Finally we sighted two ships up on the port bow and the Stewart and Parrott fired torpedoes. The Edwards was the third in the column, I held fire because I could not see the target clearly enough to make accurate shooting possible. Shortly after the two leading ships fired their torpedoes, gun battles started and from the flashes of searchlight beams we were able to distinguish several Japanese ships, apparently light cruisers or heavy destroyers. We fired torpedoes, incidentally having several misfires from our batteries, which, I believe, were due to old primers.⁶

The gun fire was intense. The Japanese ships had searchlights on both the Stewart and Parrott and I was able to see several straddles⁷ on each of those ships. However, most Japanese salvos seemed to be 100 to 200 yards

either over or short. The *Edwards* was under fire but suffered no damage.

⁵ So they had: the two Asashio-class destroyers Asashio and Oshio, no damage done. Both would be sunk in 1943, the former by air attack in the battle of the Bismarck Sea, the latter by the submarine USS Albacore.

⁶ That is, with the warhead exploders, a problem endemic in most navies (the Japanese apparently an exception) at this point. Torpedoes were prone to detonate early or fail to detonate at all.

⁷ Each Japanese ship is, as was done by preference, engaging its target with all or several of its guns (counting each barrel of dual-barrel mounts as a "gun"), firing together in salvos so that their aim can be corrected together, in the hope that despite the inevitable dispersion at least one of the rounds will hit or strike near enough to cause hull damage. The target is "straddled" (or "bracketed") if a salvo's rounds fall all around it—no hits this time, but the firing ship's aim is correct and the target can expect to be struck very soon if it does not maneuver violently (turning toward the closest splash, or "chasing salvos," on the theory that no more shells are likely to land there, the gun's aim point having moved farther down the target's original track).

At this stage of the engagement the *Stewart* was hit in the steering engine room. A large shell passed through cutting the wheel ropes to the after deck house and cutting the steam exhaust, not injuring the steam supply nor the wheel ropes to the bridge, therefore she was able to control her steering. The Parrott got a jammed left rudder [i.e., in a position to the left of the centerline] and steered to port, the Pillsbury steered out to starboard, leaving the Edwards and Stewart. I was badly dazed by the blast from the [No.] 1 gun [that is, mount 1, the four-inch gun on the forecastle] and blinded.

After a few minutes the firing died down as the ships were well on our quarter so we continued on through the Strait. About the time the *Tromp* came astern of us and engaged a Japanese cruiser or heavy destroyer on parallel courses at a range of about 5,000 to 6,000 yards. It was most spectacular to see the tracers from each ship crossing about half way in the trajectory and in the earlier stages of this engagement both ships were shooting high. However they both brought the range down and the Jap started hitting the *Tromp*. At this time we sighted two ships ahead of us on the starboard hand and I was no longer able to observe the action astern, but men in my after deck house reported that the last salvo of the *Tromp* hit the Jap squarely and caused a sheet of flame to ripple the entire length of the ship, then she blacked out. The Tromp had been severely damaged. Her fire control [was] ruined, 10 but her engineering plant unhurt. She took no further part in subsequent engagements.

All through this engagement it was noticeable that the Japanese made very free use of a rather high intensity all-around signal light which had a greenish hue, and we first sighted the ships ahead of us by sighting this light. As we steamed on toward them it developed that there were four ships, and shortly thereafter the Stewart and Edwards engaged. We were in similar situations each of us having a destroyer about four to five thousand yards on our starboard beam and in back of each destroyer at a range of about six to eight thousand yards, possibly 9,000 yards from us[,] there was a cruiser. I fired torpedoes, as did the *Stewart*, and then [a] gun battle started, which was intense, the Japanese firing salvos from the destroyer of five or six guns, using a ripple fire, "quite similar to the British fire. The cruiser was

⁸ The large, single, centerline rudder in the Clemson class was controlled by steam-driven reciprocating machinery in the "steering gear compartment" directly over the rudder in the aftermost part of the narrow stern. The ship was steered by a wheel in the pilothouse or, in emergencies, by another well aft on the deckhouse—both wheels "transmitting" orders by hauling on / paying out wire ropes wound on barrels. The rudder could also be controlled from the steering gear compartment.

⁹ This would have been an exchange between Tromp and Asashio and Oshio. All three sustained damage.

¹⁰ That is, gunfire (not damage) control: manned directors that tracked targets and analog computers that generated "firing solutions" for each mount and controlled their aiming remotely. The guns cannot be effectively aimed from the mount beyond short range and at targets visible to the gun crew.

¹¹ The guns of each salvo are being fired in quick succession rather than simultaneously, presumably in the hope that aim errors will be offset.

shooting apparently nine-gun salvos¹² at us, some officers said that they noticed twelve splashes.

Several minutes after the engagement started, I could see a shell from one of my after guns go out, looking good all the way. It landed amidships on the nearest Jap and started a bright fire on his deck. His intensity of fire slackened. Several minutes after that a torpedo hit him. There was a bright explosion, big pink flame and spray went up and subsided, and when it subsided everything blacked out. There was no way of telling what happened to the ship, but he did not fire anymore.¹³

All during this engagement and in the previous engagement we had made full use of our .50 calibre machine guns. Young Buzzetti [chapter 3, note 5], a Naval Reserve officer of very brief training but having experience aboard ships [since] March of the previous year, had control of the machine gun fire and conducted himself very coolly throughout the action.

The cruiser fire was not particularly accurate and in a short time this second phase of our engagement ceased.

We continued steaming north to northeast and about five or ten minutes after the second engagement a Japanese destroyer illuminated me from a position about 3,500 yards about broad on my starboard quarter. 4 At the same time, two cruisers opened fire, one 6,000 to 8,000 yards on the starboard side beam, and one a smaller distance on the port beam. My #1 gun was trained well aft trying to get the searchlight on the illuminating ship and we opened fire on him with machine guns and 4th battery. About the second salvo from #1 gun, I had gone to the lee [side, as opposed to windward side] of the bridge and was blasted badly and knocked down and dazed. The executive officer was also blinded by this gun fire and for a period of several minutes 2nd Class Quartermaster¹⁵ Woodkey had the con [gave helm and engine orders] and zigzagged the ship most efficiently.

We had increased to maximum speed and as soon as the executive officer realized we were in a cross fire he had started to zig zag chasing salvos. One salvo landed close aboard about abreast on starboard hand on [i.e., even with] #2 stack. We came hard right. The next salvo landed within about thirty seconds just short of the port anchor.

I previously stated that the Pillsbury had fallen out of column in the first engagement. At this time the Pillsbury came up on the disengaged side quarter of

¹² Implying three triple barrel mounts, which some Japanese heavy cruisers possessed but none then in the theater; in any case, as noted, no cruisers were present. But HEE is not exaggerating, simply reporting what he had seen only a few months before; see note 44 below for another example of the effect of naval combat on even so professional and apparently clearheaded a participant as HEE.

¹³ The Asashio-class destroyer Michishio, hit by Edwards, Pillsbury, and Tromp, was taken under tow.

¹⁴ That is, on a bearing halfway between directly astern and on the starboard beam.

¹⁵ A petty officer who assists in navigation.

the destroyer whose searchlight was holding me, drew to . . . between 500 and 800 yards and opened fire at that close range with her 4th battery [the aftmost gun, on top of the deckhouse near the stern and machine guns and blasted the Jap sufficiently so that he no longer troubled us. His searchlight went out and the two cruisers, although they had kept a very heavy fire on us, straddling us several times in addition to the salvos that fell distinctly short of us, finally ceased firing. The ship was not damaged. However, when we got into Soerabaja the next day we found the hull of the ship badly pockmarked from small fragments.

We only had one casualty. Palmer, mess attendant [but in No. 2 or 3 gun's crew at general quarters, apparently as an ammunition passer], was struck by a shell which fell off the galley deck house and his leg was broken.

During our first engagement, two men in #1 gun crew in the confusion lost their heads and were totally ineffective. Rodgers, 1st loader, and Kull, 2nd loader, on #1 then took over the entire ammunition supply of that gun, Kull going back to the door going into the well deck¹⁶ to get the ammunition and bringing it back up to the gun. In doing this, his ears were badly damaged by the blast of the gun, but he and Rodgers worked so efficiently that the gun was able to keep up and even exceed its normal rate of fire.

Our bridge was very badly broken up by the blast of the [No. 1] gun, extensive

minor damage being done. Back on #4 gun, Penner, who was the pointer, had in the past practiced setting his own sights [making fine adjustments to the aim, using a device on the mount known as the sight setter]. The blast from the gun had blinded the gun captain, who ordinarily would spot [observe the fall of each shot and correct the aim accordingly] and he was unable to see. Penner then continued to fire slowly. At each shot he would lean out from behind the gun shield [to protect the crew] and watch his shell, then reach up and make



No. 1 (forecastle) 4 in. / 50

sight setter behind the gun

cal. mount, showing the

(Destroyer Division 59

cruise book)

his sighting correction himself and continue firing. We feel sure that he got at least one shot [hit?] firing this way.

Needless to say, I recommended all four men-Woodkey, Penner, Kull, and Rodgers—for promotion and for the Navy Cross. 17

¹⁶ The open deck space, sheltered at the sides by low bulwarks, between the bridge structure and the galley deckhouse.

¹⁷ None of these names appear in recent listings of World War II recipients of the Navy Cross or (with successively lower precedence) of the Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, Navy Medal, or Bronze

LETTER TO COMMANDER, DESTROYER DIVISION 58, **20 FEBRUARY 1942**

Subject: Report of Engagement of Badoeng Straits

1. From 2130 to 2230 [9:30-10:30 PM] gunfire was observed in Badoeng Strait, this apparently being the attack of the Tjilatjap Force. Steaming as third ship in column



No. 2 (amidships, port side) 4 in. / 50 cal. mount, no gun shield. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

in Destroyer Division Fifty-Eight-Stewart (Com-DesDiv-58), Parrott, John D. Edwards, Pillsbury[—] ahead of Dutch cruiser Tromp, rounded Tafel Hoek at 0110 and steamed up Badoeng Strait in search of enemy. At 0125 [1:25 AM] when on course 020°T [true, as opposed to magnetic], speed 25 knots, the lights of a ship signalling were observed 1 point on the port bow. Course was altered to 020°T and at 0139 the Stewart and Parrott fired torpedoes to port. Since no target could be observed clearly the John D. Edwards' torpedoes were not fired. At 0144

a ship steaming slowly on opposite course was seen bearing 300° relative [thirty degrees forward of the port beam], distant about 4,000 yards. Stewart [was] illuminated by searchlight and [but the?] enemy did not fire until flash of Stewart gunfire was seen. Two torpedoes were fired—the primers on two others failing. . . . [T]he Stewart and Parrott and John D. Edwards opened fire with the 4" battery and shortly after with .50 calibre machine guns. No hits were observed as a result of this fire. The enemy appeared to be a heavy destroyer or light cruiser of the Zyugakan or Zintu class. 18 The enemy fire appeared to be divided [among various targets], many salvos with small range dispersion landing 100-250 yards short of the Stewart and Parrott—similar salvos being about 200 yards short of the Stewart and Parrott similar salvos being about 200 yards over the John D. Edwards. At 0145 ceased firing having expended two torpedoes, 30 rounds 4", and 300 rounds .50 calibre machine gun. No damage to the ship or personnel was sustained by this vessel.

- 2. The Division was forming up again on course 035°T when at 0215 the *Tromp* and a cruiser of 9 guns engaged on parallel courses.
- 3. At 0216 an unidentified destroyer was sighted on the port bow about 5,000 yards and almost immediately two ships turned on their searchlights forward of the starboard beam. Distant about 4000-5000 yards on parallel course. Fire was opened with the 4" battery and .50 calibre machine guns on right hand ship. These ships appeared to be destroyers while one or more cruisers were noted between them at a range of 6,000 to 8,000 yards. During this phase of the engagement a shell from the

¹⁸ What classes HEE had in mind is uncertain; in any case, no Japanese cruisers were present.

John D. Edwards was observed to explode on the enemy's superstructure causing a bright fire. At about the same time, 0217, torpedoes were fired and one appeared to hit with a reddish glowing explosion. Thereafter the fire from that vessel ceased and nothing more could be seen of her. At 0221 a vessel illuminated this ship from about 2,500 yards bearing about 135 relative [forty-five degrees "abaft," toward the stern of, the starboard beam] and heavy fire was opened, which was returned with 4" and .50 calibre machine guns. The fire of the enemy was very accurate; 3 and 4 gun salvos landed 50 to 100 yards short and just over or ahead of the bow. Speed was increased to 28 knots and the ship zigzagged with full rudder and [was] not hit. At 0225 the enemy illumination was stopped and firing was ceased. The Engagement [was] broken off and retirement carried out in accordance with Plan. Expended 62 rounds 4" and 600 rounds .50 calibre.

- 4. The conduct of officers was exemplary; and with the exception of two cases of panic the men fought with enthusiasm and skill.
- 5. The only damage suffered was of a superficial nature caused chiefly by the blast of #1 gun when trained aft.
- 6. There were three (3) torpedo failures due to faulty primers.
- 7. It would have been advantageous to use 3" star shells²⁰ in the second engagement.
- 8. [In the] second engagement because of the zig zag course pursued of necessity at this time, director control was not satisfactory for night work.²¹
- 9. The *Tromp* was too far astern to be of any help to the destroyers in either engagement. Had the *Tromp* led, the destroyers could have better identified torpedo targets and won a position closer [to] the goal.²²
- 10. No transports were sighted.
- 11. Lack of reconnaissance and information as to the composition and plans of other groups of our own forces: the almost complete lack of communication between Dutch and American units in the same group and between the groups places operations of this nature in the category of helter skelter improvisations which can succeed only by the greatest of good luck. It is fantastic to assume that the enemy can, in this war, ever again be surprised as he was at Balikpapan.

¹⁹ By searchlight—an element of the tactics for night combat (without radar) to which the Imperial Japanese Navy had famously given so much emphasis in the interwar years and the U.S. Navy so little. But see the next note.

²⁰ A munition fired like a combat round that, bursting at the top of its arc, produces either a shower of pyrotechnics or a steady pyrotechnic light source suspended from a small parachute—in either case to illuminate a whole area for gunnery. The Clemson class's three-inch weapon was an open antiaircraft gun on the fantail.

²¹ That is, presumably, the rapid and radical changes of course prevented the (primitive) analog fire-control computer, which received continual target inputs from the directors, from generating "solutions" (aiming orders) that would produce hits.

²² What apparently geographical "goal" HEE means seems unclear in terms of the operation order, which envisioned a "drive-by" attack on whatever targets could be found (especially the landing force, for the first attack wave, but Edwards was in the second), followed by a hurried return to the start point.

- 12. It is noted that the battle was fought by twenty-one-year-old destroyers which had been steaming almost constantly at high speed, for two weeks, and in some cases for more than a month without any opportunity for upkeep; and with no tender overhaul for more than two months.
- 13. This engagement again emphasized the importance of indoctrination and the giving of the most complete information possible as to an imminent engagement, to officers in key positions [within each ship] in order that they may carry on effectively in the confusion of such a night melee. The commanding officer [i.e., HEE] gave few orders and was twice dazed and blinded by the blast of #1 gun during critical periods.
- 14. At this time it is appropriate to note that the general character, enthusiasm and competence displayed by Ensign R. J. Buzzetti, D-V(G), 23 U.S. Naval Reserve, since the war broke out and the cool competent way in which he has handled his battle station in two bombing attacks and one severe night engagement at close range against a strong enemy warrants his commissioning as an ensign in the line of the U.S. Navy and this is being so recommended to BuNav.²⁴

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SUNDAY, 22 FEBRUARY 1942

My Darling,

Just a brief note to you and Skip, the other night we had our first real engagement and it was a honey. We came out in fine shape. Destroyer Squadron 29 has already made a record that no outfit ever equalled and I am proud to command a ship in it.

The odds are great but no matter what the outcome we have set an example for the rest of the Navy.

We have had too much love and happiness ever to feel cheated and the spirit can never be denied the ultimate victory. I love you both.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, MONDAY, 23 FEBRUARY 1942

... This is a very peculiar situation and my feelings have been quite confused. ... I still have no particular reason to be cheerful but today has been quiet with only one air raid alarm (that at 0720 this morning).

²³ D-V(G): Officer of Volunteer Reserve, General Service in Deck Duties.

²⁴ Mr. Buzzetti arrives on board in chapter 3 (in which see note 5) and draws mention by HEE in each subsequent chapter. Here in microcosm can be seen the slow progress of the attitude (as a group, at least) of Academy-trained professional officers to the flood of civilians given reserve commissions and a few months' training and sent out to man the Navy's explosively expanding combat forces—from disdain and condescension through grudging acceptance to (again, as a group) esteem. This recommendation to the Bureau of Navigation, which then handled personnel matters, that the young man be formally transferred from the reserves to the "regular" Navy is the highest professional compliment HEE could have paid. In the event, however, the young man would either not be offered a regular commission (that was to happen only rarely in the rapid demobilization of 1945-46) or not accept it. He was to return to Iowa State University, complete his training as a veterinarian, and practice for the rest of his life in Iowa and Arizona.

The after-battle reaction is pretty strong. I am fed up with censorship regulations and the restrictions that have been imposed on my writing by it [sic]. After all they can't do more than court-martial me and that is a small thing in comparison to what else has been done.

Of the major engagements and sorties against the enemy I have missed only one [Balikpapan, on 24 January], and I have sat in on the plans of four or five which never came off. Twice I have been in a formation which, without any protection from the air, has been bombed almost continuously for hours by waves of Japanese planes. I have watched ships hit from the air and planes brought down. The other day one lone plane dropped a couple [of bombs] which landed about two hundred yards from the ship. The plane was so high we couldn't see it.

The Battle of Badoeng Strait—or Bali Strait—was the most spectacular and terrific experience of my life. For almost an hour we fought our way thru vastly superior enemy forces and inflicted much greater damage than we received. Twice I was dazed and blinded by the shock of my own gun firing aft past the bridge and once the quartermaster handled the ship when both the exec[utive officer] and I were unable to see. At that time three ships—probably two cruisers and a destroyer—were firing at us from relatively close range, the tracers on the shells and pompoms²⁵ making brilliant arcs as they came at us and the water splashing high all around us as the salvos landed. I watched one of our shells start toward one ship—and I said to myself, "It looks good"—and then it burst on the enemy in a sheet of flame—a large fire started burning and showed the two stacks of a destroyer or cruiser and in a short time the pink flare of a torpedo explosion (we had fired two or three torpedoes at him shortly before) and all firing ceased from him, his searchlight went out, the flames from our shell hit went out and there was nothing but blackness where he had been.

There was a lull and shortly after a ship much closer than the others put a searchlight beam right on us and two other ships started shooting. I called out to get the ship with the light and we careened around zigzagging at 28 knots to avoid the fire. A shell from somewhere seemed to lift the search light up in the air and it went out. Later one of our destroyer skippers said he had sneaked up on the other side and sunk the ship with the light, for which I was duly grateful. A little later all firing ceased and we sped on. We took stock of the situation, found no serious damage and only one man with a broken leg. I know the Japs suffered heavily. The rest of our outfit came thru O.K. and at dawn we joined up and went on our way.

²⁵ By this time a generic nickname for a class of shipboard weapons growing out of the Royal Navy's Vickers QF (quick-firing) two-pounder, 40 mm antiaircraft gun of the interwar years. Though singlebarrel variants existed, most were twin-barrel or quadruple-barrel mounts, in which the barrels (or pairs, in quadruple designs) fired alternately and rapidly—producing the eponymous "pom-pom" sound. The main Japanese equivalent was the Type 96, here apparently being used in an antiship role.

Actually we were engaged three times and we watched a fourth spectacular duel between a Dutch ship and a Jap cruiser which took place several miles astern and ended as a ripple of flame swept the Jap.

An hour or so before our fight we saw in the distance the flashes as two other forces engaged. In the morning we were far away and I don't have any idea what was left on the coasts of Bali and the bottom of the Straits.

It was spectacular, grim, tough, fighting and only a miracle prevented us from being badly hit and probably sunk, for in that situation a crippled ship on our side had no chance to escape. It all seems distant, hazy and unreal. I remember being fascinated watching shells coming at me, and once I ducked involuntarily for I couldn't see how they could miss. Twice I was dazed by the flash of my guns and once the shock [of *Edwards*'s own gunfire] was so great that I was sure the ship had been hit.

How I would have enjoyed having some of the non-producers and soft-job men on my bridge with me. How wonderful it would have been to have had the men who prevented us from fortifying Guam and properly protecting the Philippines, there to enjoy the thrill of battle!

Our little rattletrap Asiatic Fleet has hit the Japs hard and well and when I think of what some of our new destroyers and cruisers could have done it makes me almost weep. There is only one way to win a war and that is to hit the enemy. It is a strange sensation to be the sacrificial lamb—however, these lambs of ours have proven their ability to fight when given the chance.

We have had practically no overhaul—stores and provisions hard to get. Oil difficult to get. No liberty for officers and men except for a few hours at a time and then in places reeking with venereal disease. From time to time we contact a doctor—we have only a pharmacist mate aboard, fortunately he is good. We last saw our tender on 24 December. Sometimes we get paid. That really doesn't make much difference. We must scrub our own clothes because every time we send laundry [ashore] the ship sails before we can get it back. We get very little encouragement from our seniors. Most of them are far away or safe in the mountains [i.e., at the provisional ABDA headquarters at Bandung] far from the bombing and fighting. The only news we get is in four categories: Japanese propaganda, which is made up of filthy lies; news of desperate last stands or "situation serious" from the British production figures[;] and conference reports from the U.S.[;] and horribly overestimated reports of enemy losses from the Dutch.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

After our last engagement, the action ceased and we were pretty well scattered, but we managed to reform, using voice radio, and dawn found us encircling Bali, heading for Soerabaja. The Parrott had a very narrow escape from running aground with her jammed left rudder, but had recovered steering control and steamed on. The *Tromp* was well astern of us making high speed.

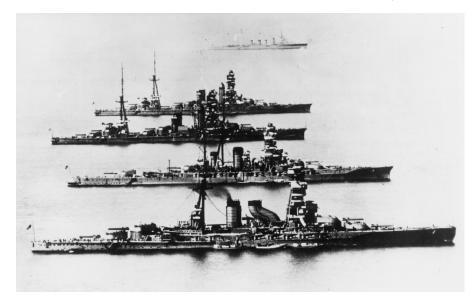
During the early stage of morning twilight we saw what apparently were lights from Japanese ships close to the north shore of Bali.

We had no further information as to what happened to our other ships nor to the Dutch cruisers. It was later developed that the De Ruyter had gone through that whole engagement without firing a shot. She apparently had been designated to fire to starboard and the Java to fire on ships encountered on the port hand. The De Ruyter not having sighted any ships on the starboard hand, did not fire at all and the brunt of that battle had been carried by the Java, Piet Hein, Ford and Pope, a rather strange set up.

Before coming to Soerabaja, just after daylight we sighted 93 Lightship, which is a pagoda-like structure. It was initially reported as Japanese battleship²⁶ and it was

most embarrassing to get that report.

As we started up the eastern channel to Soerabaja, the Japs came over for a bombing raid. Previous to that time we had passed the Dutch destroyer Bankert²⁷ coming in. She was to have been in the battle but had had engineering trouble and was unable to join up. The Bankert started



Japanese battleships (from front, Nagato, Kirishima,

Ise, Hyuga), with "pagoda-

like" superstructures, and Sendai-class light cruiser

in the distance.

(U.S. Navy)

up the channel, but when she saw the Jap planes coming over she turned and lay off.

Commander Binford told us to act at discretion, so all the American ships entered the narrow channel and proceeded up. No bombs were dropped on us. It was a slow trip up the bay and as we entered the channel periscopes of American submarines which were lying on the bottom of the harbor [for concealment] began to show and one or two popped their conning towers out. As I went by one rather battered submarine, I recognized it as the Seadragon and Lieutenant Ward,²⁸ an old friend, stuck his head out the bridge and waved a greeting to us.

²⁶ To provide gunnery-observation platforms as high as possible, Japanese designers gave battleships and heavy cruisers bridge superstructures that were often considered suggestive of pagodas.

²⁷ HNLMS Banckert, an Admirals-class destroyer commissioned in 1930, would, after receiving the bomb damage described below, be salvaged by the Japanese and renamed Patrol Boat No. 106. It would be expended as a target by the Dutch in 1949.

²⁸ Seadragon was in its first wartime patrol, under the command of Lt. John G. Johns, its "battered" appearance the result of hurried repairs after bomb damage received in the first attacks on Cavite on 8



Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands (in exile) decorates surviving senior U.S. naval officers of the Java Sea campaign, 7 August 1942, at the Dutch ambassador's residence in Washington, DC. Receiving medals were, front row, from left: Admiral Hart, the queen, Rear Admiral Glassford; and second row, from left: Commander Binford, HEE, Lt. Cdr. H. P. Smith. Also present were Rear Adm. Monroe Kelly (behind Hart), and, back row, left to right, Rear Admirals G. W. Stoeve and J. E. Meijer Ranneft (both Dutch navy), Maj. Gen. Jay L. Benedict (U.S. Army), and Lt. C. Kredist and Gen. L. H. van Oyen (both Dutch army). The Dutch officer on the balcony is unidentified. See appendix B. (U.S. Navy)

The Stewart was in rather bad shape, not steering any too well and requiring urgent repairs. She had had several killed and the Executive Officer had been injured. She went at once to the Navy Yard and the rest of us went into Holland Basin and started fueling.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 23 FEBRUARY 1942 [CONTINUED]

It is 1010 a.m.—we have had two alarms this morning but I think the bombers will really come inside the next hour. Several miles upstream a large merchant ship is still burning furiously after being hit at the dock near us yesterday. It burned all last night.

It is not a question of our keeping the Japs out it is merely a question of how much damage we can do to them before we are wiped out. Without a doubt, we have delayed them greatly. What the United States Navy is doing to hit the Japs elsewhere, I have no idea but we sincerely feel that we have done our duty and more than our share. We

have received no mail since 1 Dec.

I have been recommended for a citation for the part the ship played in the Battle of Bali (actually Badoeng and Lombok²⁹ Straits). I may get decorated by the Netherlands Queen [see chapter 2, note 15]. Yet those things mean so very little now. Though if they are of a posthumous nature, they will testify to something and mean something. . . . Here comes the raid!

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Naturally, the tension and subsequent let down were great. We had had a week of almost continuous activity and followed it by three engagements in one night. Naturally, the officers and men were exhausted. During the day I tried to sleep but could not relax.

That evening [22 February], Froggy Pound, skipper of the Pillsbury [chapter 4, note 68], came by and stated he had had the same trouble, suggested we go up to the

December; exposed red primer had already drawn the attention of Japanese aircraft. Seadragon had just evacuated American cryptanalysts from Manila Bay and would soon take them to Australia. Norvell Gardiner "Bud" (as referred to below) Ward (1912–2005, USNA class of 1935) would serve later in the Pacific War as executive officer of USS Gato (SS 212) and command USS Guardfish (SS 217); in the Korean War, command the destroyer USS Yarnall (DD 541); in the late 1950s, command Submarine Squadron 18, whose Polaris-armed boats were the first to deploy overseas; and in the Vietnam War, command the Naval Advisory Group and then all naval forces in the theater. He would retire in 1973.

²⁹ Lombok Strait is west of Lombok Island, between it and Bali.

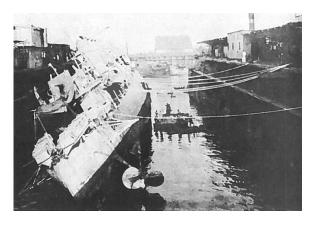
Simpang Club³⁰ in Soerabaja for dinner. Just at that time, Page Smith, skipper of the Stewart, 31 came aboard and told us that his ship had been turned over in drydock. She had been put on keel blocks cockeyed and when the dock was pumped out, she heeled over 54 degrees. It was therefore necessary to destroy her because she could not be repaired except by major overhaul in a fully operating yard.

We came then to a very difficult period. I [i.e., Edwards] was the only one of our destroyers that had more than one torpedo left—I had five. The

Java had been badly damaged, the Tromp had to leave at once for new fire control and she shoved off for Australia. The Edwards was in good shape, had five torpedoes, the De Ruyter was in perfect shape, the Stewart was wrecked, the Pillsbury and Parrott had one torpedo apiece. We had inflicted apparently rather severe damage on the enemy forces, the *Piet Hein* had been lost. Subsequent attacks by submarines and planes further damaged the enemy, but the landing had been made good, and as far as I know, the Japanese thereafter had complete control of the island of Bali.³²

There were some remarkable incidents which happened. A Chief Petty Officer on the galley deck house of the Parrott had been thrown overboard by the heel of the ship when her rudder jammed or at some other time, and was missing, naturally, when the ship got into port. He was reported as missing, but four or five days later, after the *Parrott* left port, he turned up, rather tired, but perfectly well. He [had] floated around during the engagement, but finally managed to get himself ashore on the island of Bali, which was then occupied by the Japanese, he had hid in the jungle for several days and finally made contact with a few isolated Dutch soldiers. They had worked their way towards the western part of Bali and one night got a native to carry them across the Strait to Java and from Banjoewangi, Java, had made their way to Soerabaja.

There was a remarkable story about the *Piet Hein*. She sank very quickly and the Japanese ships opened fire on the survivors with machine guns. However,



USS Stewart (DD 224), rolled off its dry dock keel blocks in Surabaya (note the twin depth-charge rails on the fantail and the extension of the propeller blades beyond the ship's (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

³⁰ The Simpang Club was in the European quarter of the town and catered to Dutch colonials and other Westerners.

³¹ Harold Page Smith (1904-93, USNA class of 1924) would later in the Pacific War command Destroyer Squadron 4. He, with HEE, would be decorated in 1942 by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands (in exile). After the war he would command the battleship USS Missouri (BB 63) twice—in 1949 and 1950, before and after its two-week grounding in Chesapeake Bay. From 1960 to 1963, as a four-star admiral, he would be Commander in Chief, U.S. Naval Forces Europe / Commander in Chief, U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean and from 1963 to 1965 the Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic / Commander in Chief, Atlantic Command / Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. He would retire in 1965. For Stewart, see chapter 5, note 71.

³² There being no substantial Dutch forces on Bali and local militia offering no opposition, Japanese occupation was effectively immediate. Resistance in the NEI as a whole would end on 9 March.

a good many managed to survive. When the Parrott came up the strait, several hours later in the first phase of the engagement, a shell cut the after falls to her whale boat which had been swung out.³³ The crew immediately cut the forward falls and dropped the boat. It landed right side up and floated around. When dawn came thirteen men from the Piet Hein were floating around, spotted the boat and climbed aboard. One of the other destroyers had dropped its gasoline drums before going into action and, as luck would have it, one of these floated by. There was no gas in the boat, but they picked up the gas drum, fueled the boat, picked up about twenty more survivors from the *Piet Hein* and made their way to Java safely. Fact is frequently stranger than the wildest reaches of fiction.

I shall never forget that first night ashore at the Simpang Club. Froggy Pound and I went up, met several old friends: Bud Ward of the Seadragon, Moon Chapell,³⁴ who had just been transferred from an S-boat after a very spectacular and successful career as a commanding officer and was taking over one of the big boats. We sat around and congratulated ourselves on being alive, because we all felt that we could not go through an engagement of that sort against cruisers and destroyers at those close ranges and have any normal expectancy of coming out. The American destroyers had gotten away with murder twice, once at Balikpapan and once in Badoeng and Lombok Straits.

Admiral Doorman was at the Simpang Club and Pounds and I went over and talked to him a while, discussing various aspects of the engagement and comparing notes. We there met Mrs. Doorman.

We went into dinner and about 10:00 o'clock . . . made our usual devious way back to the ship having to wait for about an hour to an hour and a half to get a taxi back.

We had a conference the next day, checking on details and started stripping the Stewart. It was difficult work because by that time the Japanese were beginning to raid Soerabaja heavily each day and we only had two boats to do the hauling. It is obvious to us that the Stewart was of no further value and must be destroyed.

³³ Photographs show that Clemson-class destroyers carried four sets of Welin quadrant davits, two each side. Each set comprised two vertical beams, "arms," one at each end of the boat, the top curved and the bottom mounted on a swivel. The boat hung from the davit arms by ropes known as "falls," which could be heaved on or paid out to raise or lower the boat. To stow a boat for sea, the arms were swiveled toward each other, drawing the boat inboard over the deck where it could be secured, and the reverse to launch. Once in the water the boat was released from the falls by its crew, operating special quickrelease hooks. A naval whaleboat is an open, powered boat used for transport and utility; this one is probably twenty-six feet long with a capacity of twenty-two passengers and crew members.

³⁴ Wreford G. "Moon" Chapple (1908?-91, USNA class of 1930) had commanded S-38 (SS 143), commissioned in 1923 as a member of the small, slow, U.S.-designed S class (219 feet, 1,079 tons submerged, 14.5 knots surfaced); he had just sunk two of the first Japanese ships in the Pacific War. He was about to command USS Permit (SS 178), commissioned in 1936 as a Porpoise-class fleet submarine (300 feet, 2,029 tons submerged, 19 knots surfaced); over the course of the war he would win two Navy Crosses, three Silver Stars, and a Bronze Star, his career inspiring the postwar television series *The Silent* Service. He would retire in 1953 as a rear admiral, having in the Korean War commanded the heavy cruiser Pittsburgh (CA 72).

However, COMSOWESTPAC³⁵ wished to verify that situation and sent an officer down to inspect it. It developed that the Dutch were interested only in saving the dry dock.

At this time, with the Japanese securely landed in Bali and consolidated in the Palembang area, it was quite obvious that the straits to the east and west of Java would soon be closely patrolled by the Japanese.

The fuel situation was difficult. The bombings had damaged the fuel installations. At every sound of the siren, all the native workmen ran into the dugouts, shut[ting] the pumps down. The only time we could fuel was at night. Most of the Navy Yard workmen had gone into the hills and it was extremely difficult to get stores and supplies.

The conference of Tuesday, February 22nd [apparently not the one mentioned above, "the next day"], showed that the situation was very critical. We then got our orders to defend Java to the last. The one destroyer [i.e., either *Parrott* or *Pillsbury*] put a torpedo aboard the Edwards, giving us six, and then both the Parrott and Pillsbury shoved off to go [to] the coast to get more torpedoes. Our organization was very uncertain. Communications with Badoeng [Bandung], the headquarters, were extremely difficult and Commander Binford had a very hard time contacting Admiral Glassford's staff.

A decision was made not to destroy the Stewart, but we did place demolition charges and had a crew of four young men under a young ensign and Chief Electricians Mate Brodie stand by to destroy her on short notice. We got off all ammunition and spares and food we could, storing up with depth charges and antiaircraft shells, particularly. We gave a truck load of food to the crew of a British Army Bofors AA [antiaircraft] gun who were stationed on Holland Pier. They needed it badly for they & a few others were remnants of a battalion badly cut up in a train wreck. The outfit had been evacuated from Singapore—they moved from Holland Pier just before we finally sailed—I don't know what happened to them after that. . . . They seemed like a fine lot, but had come out of Singapore and were pretty badly beaten down. I was moored in the Holland Basin. The day's heavy bombing resulted in considerable damage to the Rotterdam Pier, some damage to the Holland Pier.

In the middle of the week I went outside of the bay, but was recalled as I went out the channel and then on return moored at the end of the Holland Pier, my place

³⁵ HEE uses this acronym (for Commander, U.S. Naval Forces Southwest Pacific) for Rear Admiral Glassford; see chapter 5, note 60. The British used the similar "Commander South West Pacific Command" for what was properly the American-British-Dutch Command. General Wavell would dissolve ABDA (whose headquarters had been moved from Singapore to, apparently, the modern Bandung in western Java) on the 25th, devolving responsibility to local commanders (Adm. Conrad E. L. Helfrich, RNLN [1886-1962], for Allied naval forces) and himself returning to his preexisting post as Commander-in-Chief, India. Gen. Douglas MacArthur would begin forming in Australia a headquarters for a new Southwest Pacific Area command; the SWPA would be formally established on 18 April.

inside the basin being taken by the Dutch destroyer Bankert. The next day during a bombing raid, a stick of bombs fell alongside the *Bankert* and broke her back.³⁶ At the same time, within a few minutes, a similar stick of bombs fell near me, but they were all duds and landed in the water with a big plop, but no damage.

Our anti-aircraft [guns] could not reach more than 10,000 feet. The Japanese were bombing from 12,000 to 15,000 feet and it was futile for us to shoot at them. The shore batteries were not effective. I know of no situation more nerve-wracking than to be a target for bombing and not be able to fight back. We would wait until we heard the bombs whistle and then lie flat on the deck; I dispersed my officers so that if we were hit, all the officers would not be killed by one bomb.

We finally got away from the Holland Pier and went into the stream. The damage to the dock at Soerabaja was extensive and our fueling [situation?] was getting worse.

Finally, the Houston, Paul Jones, Ford, and Alden came from south of Java and joined us. The Java was made seaworthy and we went out and made a sweep to the end of Modoera [Madura] Island and back into port again. On the 26th, we were joined by the Exeter, Perth, and the British destroyers Jupiter, Electra and Encounter.37

There was no time for a real conference, however, the senior Dutch officers, division commander and commanding officers of the cruisers got together for a few minutes before we went out, and a rather rough plan of action was laid out which entailed sweeping toward Madoera, if we found the Japanese we were to encircle them, attack, and return to Soerabaja or continue on into Batavia. When we last left Soerabaja for the battle of the Java Sea, the plan was then to retire to Batavia.

At this time, the *Peary* had been sunk in Darwin by dive bombing,³⁸ and the Langley³⁹ was sunk south of Java by the same group, apparently, which moved to the westward. The Langley was sunk by bringing fighter planes into Tjilatjap on the south coast of Java.

³⁶ The hydrostatic force of a "stick" of bombs (i.e., several dropped nearly together and thus striking fairly close together and almost simultaneously) detonating just under the water's surface near an unarmored, unprotected hull is quite likely to cause catastrophic damage—in this case, snapping the target's keel, breaking the ship in two.

³⁷ HMS Electra (H27) and Encounter (H10), E-class destroyers (1,970 tons, 329 feet), were both completed in 1934 and would be lost in the Java Sea as recounted below.

³⁸ USS Peary (DD 226), a Clemson-class destroyer commissioned in 1920, had been making antisubmarine patrols out of the harbor of Darwin, in Australia's Northern Territory. On 19 February Darwin received the largest attack (242 Japanese aircraft) ever delivered to Australia, and Peary, then in port and struck by five bombs, became the first Asiatic Fleet destroyer lost in the war.

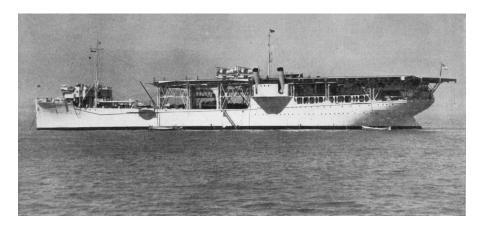
³⁹ Commissioned in 1913 as the U.S. Navy collier USS Jupiter, Langley was taken in hand in 1936 for conversion and in 1920 was renamed and commissioned as the Navy's first aircraft carrier (CV 1). By 1939 it was in the Philippines, now a seaplane tender (AV 1); when hostilities commenced it ferried aircraft from Australia in support of ABDA. On 27 February it was caught with its escort, the destroyers Whipple and Edsall, by Japanese aircraft south of Tjilatjap (modern Cilacap). Too severely damaged to enter port, it was scuttled by the destroyers. For the sequel see chapter 4, note 87.

We went out, made a sweep to the eastward, came back about dawn past Soerabaja and continued on west and northwest, had a light bombing attack, saw no enemy ships, and returned in the afternoon of the 27th to Soerabaja.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 23 FEBRUARY 1942 [CONTINUED]

Next day—I forget what happened on that particular raid—we had one this morn-

ing where no apparent damage was done and last night we went out on a raid ourselves but nothing turned up except that I had no sleep. Existence is the term, not life—at times I feel so exhausted that I think nothing can lift my spirits—but a bit of sleep helps enormously....



The seaplane tender

when lost.

Archive)

(former aircraft carrier,

former collier) USS Langley (AV 1), as it appeared

(U.S. Naval War College

Museum Photograph

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

The fact that our maximum speed by that time had been reduced by wear and tear to about 28 knots and the fleet was maneuvering at from 22 to 26 knots made it extremely difficult for us to regain any kind of position when the fleet maneuvered. I tried to keep station on the disengaged flank close enough to be ready for torpedo attack and not too close to be hit by overs [rounds that passed over their targets]. I kept the splashes from the enemy overs about 500 yards on my starboard hand. . . .

We finally went to attack. We went between the smoke screens and attacked the seven enemy cruisers. They opened fire with their broadside batteries. Owing to the fact that there were only four of us and the fact that we were on a position rather sharp to their bow [almost dead ahead of them], we fired at long range. It was not a good torpedo attack but, under the circumstances I don't think we could have been expected to do much more [w]hile the enemy secondary batteries were close[.] But we suffered no damage. For sometimes we remained between the two battlelines and merely tried to catch up and take position again on the disengaged flank. We are not sure of the result of our torpedo attack—I saw no hits but officers from other ships say that about seven to ten minutes after we fired they saw a Japanese ship hit. Immediately after we fired, I did see a Japanese cruiser badly hit from what appeared to be the *Houston*'s fire.

We tried to catch up with Admiral Doorman and his force, who were going to the northeast. My navigation position at 9:30 checked within two miles of my dead reckoning 40 so that the plot I submitted in my official report of the track of my ship during the engagement was quite accurate. My gunnery officer subsequently made seven sketches [not located] of the situation as he saw it from the foretop—disposition of our own and enemy forces at various stages of the engagement. These sketches are a part of my official report. . . .

Between 9:00 and 9:30 that night we were again near the entrance to Soerabaja, heading in a southwesterly course. For a while we thought Admiral Doorman was going into Soerabaja, we had no information[:] we did not know what had been accomplished nor what the strength and disposition of the enemy forces were. Admiral Doorman had previously told us that when we had expended our torpedoes we were to make the best of our way to the south coast of Java to get more, although, to the best of my knowledge, there were no more torpedoes that would fit our tubes anywhere in the Netherlands East Indies.

We turned and went into Soerabaja. We arrived in Soerabaja about 3:00 o'clock in the morning and moored at our previous position inside the Holland Basin, which at that time was the only place we could get fuel from. We didn't like being in the Holland Basin because we knew it would be attacked in the morning. We made every effort to expedite our fueling and at 8:00 o'clock I ordered the remaining ships to cast off and clear the harbor in preparation for the morning raid. It was not wise as some of them did not have any excess amount of fuel aboard.

LETTER TO COMMANDER U.S. NAVAL FORCES, SOUTHWEST PACIFIC [COMSOWESTPAC], 4 MARCH 1942 Subject: Battle of Bawean Islands [Java Sea]: Report of Action; **Events Prior and Subsequent Thereto**

. . . 1. On the night of 25 February, the Combined Striking Force, consisting of cruisers De Ruyter, Java, Houston, the Dutch destroyers Kortenaer, Witte de With and the American destroyers John D. Edwards (ODD-58),41 Alden, John D. Ford (ODD-59), Pope and Paul Jones sortied from Soerabaja and made a fruitless sweep to the eastern end of Madura Island hoping to intercept an enemy force of cruisers and transports which had been reported that day off the Bawean Islands. We

⁴⁰ The ship's presumed location based on intended courses and speeds since the last reliably established position.

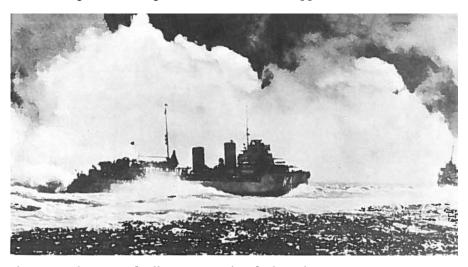
^{41 &}quot;ODD" meant "old," or "second-line," destroyer, under a nomenclature established by the Acting Secretary of the Navy in 1920. At that time Edwards and the many other Clemsons had been "first-line" destroyers; now they were inferior enough in endurance, range, and armament to several classes built after 1932 as to merit differentiation as operationally less capable. (All were soon to be put in the shade by the dramatically more powerful Fletcher class.) Why Edwards here is "ODD 58" and not "ODD 216," Ford "ODD 59" vice "ODD 228," and the other Clemsons not given ODD numbers at all is unclear; apparently a planning convention of Admiral Doorman's staff was involved, since the U.S. Navy did not redesignate these ships.

returned to port early in the morning of February the 26th and under the usual difficulties of air attack and of locating a fuel supply (Holland Pier fuel lines having been broken by bombs) finally fueled from a Dutch tanker and anchored. Several destroyers were unable to take on a full load because the tanker had to fuel cruisers and other destroyers.

2. This same day the Force was augmented by H.M.S. Exeter, H.M.A.S. Perth, H.M.S. Jupiter, Electra, and Encounter. In the early evening of February 26, the entire force less *Pope* again sortied, being delayed by the *De Ruyter* colliding with and sinking a tug and water barge as she stood out the channel. The *Pope*, at about 1845, had been ordered to the Navy Yard to repair a bad leak in the hotwell [see chapter 4, note 48]. After clearing the minefield, the Striking Force made another sweep past Madura and in the early morning of the 27th continued on past Soerabaja and swept to the Westward. During the morning several bombs were dropped

on the *Jupiter* from single high fast planes but no hits were scored and no major air attack was made.

3. During this period communication Commander Combined Striking Force was by flashing light, using plain English, high frequency voice radio (Dutch type) to



The Dutch destroyer HNLMS Kortenaer. (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

Houston with relay to U.S. destroyers by T.B.S. [Talk Between Ships] Ship-Shore frequency of 4235 kcs series and emergency tactical contact frequency on 5634 kcs between all ships using Anglo-French codes. There were no common flag signals nor signal books available nor were there any tactical plans save of a most rudimentary nature.

4. At this time it is well to note that Lieutenant Otto Kolb, U.S. Navy, Communication Officer for Commander Destroyer Squadron Twenty-Nine, was aboard the De Ruyter and it was due to his untiring and intelligent efforts that we had any communication at all. Previous to this communication with Commander Combined Striking Force had been farcical.

5. The general directive had ordered that retirement would be to Tanjeong Priok (Batavia). 42 Admiral Doorman had given previous verbal orders that when the

⁴² Modern Tanjung Priok is the northern, port district of Jakarta.

American destroyers had expended their torpedoes they should retire south of the Barrier [island barrier, the Malay Archipelago] to Tjilatjap for reload. At that time the John D. Edwards had only six torpedoes aboard. The track charts submitted by the John D. Edwards can be considered as accurate but the relative positions and maneuvers of other units allied and enemy are merely approximate. The composition and disposition of enemy forces is only approximate, for during the early stages of the engagement, while visibility was good[,] the range was too great to see clearly. Later on the picture was so complicated by rapid maneuvers, gun fire, smoke screens, and later by twilight and darkness that accuracy becomes impossible. The sketches submitted, therefore, merely represent the consensus of opinion as to various situations as seen from the foretop, [fire-]control platform and bridge of the *John D. Edwards*.

6. At 1311 the Striking Force counter-marched and headed for Soerabaja with the intention of remaining behind the minefield till the situation developed. At 1445 Commander Combined Striking Force countermarched in the minefield channel and signalled, "Am proceeding to intercept enemy unit, follow me, details later." Speed was increased and the approach formation was taken up as soon as possible.

FROM THE LOG OF USS JOHN D. EDWARDS, 27 FEBRUARY 1942

Java Sea

16 to 20 [the 1600-2000, or 4 PM-8 PM, watch]

Steaming on base course 315°T, pgc [per gyrocompass], 316 psc [per steering (i.e., magnetic) compass], in column of task groups to intercept enemy, course reported proceeding south from area near Bawean Islands [map]. Order of ships from van to rear: H.M.S. Electra, Encounter, H.N.M.S. De Ruyter, H.M.S. Exeter, Houston, H.M.A.S. Perth, H.N.M.S. Java, U.S.S. John D. Edwards, Alden, John D. Ford, John [slip for Paul] Jones, and on the left flank attempting to regain their station in the van, H.N.M.S. Witte de With. 1602 Fleet speed changed to 24 knots, all engines ahead flank. 1611 Sighted enemy, one ship on starboard bow bearing 320°T. Went to General Quarters. 1614 changed speed to 26 knots attempting to gain assigned station on disengaged flank toward van. Enemy main body sighted 2 points on starboard bow. Own cruisers commenced firing, Exeter first to shoot followed closely by *Houston*. Enemy main body consisted of two (2) battleships and seven (7) heavy cruisers. 43 A large body of transports were seen flanked by many destroyers and light cruisers. Own cruiser fire was seen to fall among transports, the center of formation. An enemy commenced laying a heavy smoke screen. After an appreciable delay Japanese ships commenced firing and their rate of fire was relatively slow. Large

⁴³ Actually four cruisers, two heavy and two light (but no battleships), as well as fourteen destroyers and ten transports.

splashes from enemy left flank fell near Electra and Encounter which had come hard left. 1622 Fleet course changed to 290°T. 1625 Signal received from De Ruyter not to pass ahead of Dutch destroyers. 1626 All engines ahead full—Dutch destroyers passed ahead. H.M.S. Jupiter stood over from engaged flank and took station about 800 yards on port bow of this vessel. Estimated range to enemy battle line 28,000 yards bearing 325°T. Enemy rate of fire increased perceptively [perceptibly] as their salvos approached the target under one thousand (1,000) yards in range. Both six and eight inch salvos had an approximate pattern [spread] of 1200 yards. Ship engaging *Houston* was definitely one with six inch guns as indicated by size of splashes. 1650 Jupiter altered course radically to starboard crossing our bow and sent us a signal "torpedo." 1652 Fired two (2) three inch shells at enemy observation plane. 1658 Two (2) torpedoes passed close astern between this vessel and John D. Ford. 1700 Huge geysers of water resembling torpedo explosion 1,700 yards on port quarter with debris therein and two (2) large pieces of metal observed falling end over end and believed to be a direct hit on a submarine since there were no surface craft in the vicinity. 44 1711 Hard left rudder to dodge torpedoes ahead. Cruisers had executed ["]ships left [turn] 90°["] dodging torpedoes and Exeter slowed and was making white smoke [because its boilers are damaged] later resuming a speed about twenty knots and laying a heavy smoke screen. 1713 Several torpedoes surfaced in our immediate vicinity. H.N.M.S. Kortenaer, 1000 yards on starboard bow was hit by torpedo. Heavy whiteish explosion flinging debris 100 feet in the air. She heeled way over and yawed 90° to the right. She paused momentarily and then turned turtle and folded like a jackknife so that bow and stern came together. The stern end sank at once and the bow within 1'50" from the original explosion. Men were blown high in the air and several jumped into the water or scrambled up her side as she hung keeled over. No survivors could be seen in the water. 1721 Enemy submarine sighted, distant 1500 yards, hard left rudder. 1723 Sighted bubble over second submarine on port beam, distant 500 yards which fired two (2) torpedoes directly at us. 1725 Torpedo passed to port, distant 50 yards. 1729 Cruisers less Exeter reformed column and came left to an easterly course, received second signal from De Ruyter "follow me, but keep clear." 1731 Sighted Exeter through smoke. Perth proceeded at high speed with Electra and Encounter to lay a smoke screen covering Exeter. Another heavy explosion 2000 yards on starboard bow believed to be second submarine hit by torpedo. Debris shot 150 feet in the air. Exeter turned

⁴⁴ Neither were these submarines attached to either opposing force. Unless HEE and others simply saw things that were not there, here as also below in the account—common enough in combat, especially for men long at the limits of their endurance—there is some mystery here. Both sides had submarines in the Java Sea, controlled by their own "type" commanders accountable to neither Rear Admiral Doorman nor Rear Adm. Takeo Takagi, commanding the Japanese task force. Boats of either side might have drawn so close, however imprudently, but neither side reports submarines lost at that place and time.

right and retired. 1733 Signal from *De Ruyter* "Counter attack" commenced attack. 1745 Under fire from six inch cruisers, own cruisers commenced own anti-aircraft fire. Stick of bombs dropped to port, distant 1000 yards, commenced smoke. Voice radio out of commission. 1750 Stopped [deliberately producing black] smoke [as a screen]. Two sticks of bombs 2 points abaft port beam heading 080°T. Enemy guns splashes were creeping closer. 1753 Six (6) inch salvos straddled close astern. 1755 Torpedo track on port quarter. 1806 Signal from *De Ruyter* "Counter attack." 1809 Commenced smoke, signal from De Ruyter "Cancel counter attack." 1822 Fired three (3) torpedoes to starboard at two (2) ships in enemy battleline. Large explosion as result of gun fire observed on right hand ship just after torpedoes hit the water. Enemy six inch salvos falling about 800 yards short. 1827 Fired three (3) torpedoes to port on course 085°T, stopped smoke. Estimated range to enemy at time of firing 14,000 yards. 1831 Signal from De Ruyter "follow me." 1834 Cruisers ceased firing. 1854 Fleet course changed to 290°T. Attempted to close cruisers at 28 knots speed. 1912 Observed gun fire on port beam. 1930 About eight (8) green aircraft flares dropped over Java, cruisers commenced firing, ceased at 1932. 1941 All engines ahead full[,] on station starboard flank. On various courses attempting to keep station on cruisers which were circling with an ever-narrowing radius in a clockwise direction. 1957 Steadied on course 150°T, all engines ahead flank.

BATTLE OF BAWEAN ISLANDS: REPORT OF ACTION [CONTINUED]

... At 1611 the enemy was sighted and at 1614 opened fire. From then on the action was rapid and confused; contact reports indicated a force of cruisers and destroyers and one battleship reported by a plane.

7. At the start of the engagement the course was changed to 290°T—the enemy bore about 315°T. (Cape Mandalika bore 273° true, distance about 90 miles). Commander Combined Striking Force from time to time turned away thus forcing the destroyers into a series of possible pockets⁴⁵ along the north coast of Java. We had to reconcile two contradictory orders—one, the general directive to take station on the disengaged bow of the cruisers—the other, to remain astern of the Dutch destroyers, which were limited to a speed of 24 knots by . . . engine trouble. It was known that Admiral Doorman's intention was to retire to Tanjeong Priok. It was difficult to estimate the progress of the battle or to guess what the Admiral would do next. At that time the T.B.S. on the Houston went out and we lost our best means of communication [with the force commander—Houston had been relaying]. From then on all communication was by flashing light obscured by gun smoke, smoke screens, and hampered by rapid maneuvers.

8. In order to avoid being pocketed, we made every effort to stay as close to the main body as possible, keeping the splashes of the overs being fired on [i.e., at] the *Houston*

⁴⁵ Presumably meaning embayed, and thus trapped, in one of the indentations of the shore.

and *Java* about 700 to 1000 yards on our starboard bow with the rest of the division in column on line of bearing astern—adjusting position by turn movements. From time to time ricochets passed close, though the ship was not struck. Several large splashes formed on our port bow, apparently from single[-]gun salvos of a battle ship. A torpedo apparently hit a submarine about 1500 yards broad on our port bow for a column of water and debris went up about 100 feet—the *Kortenaer* about 700 yards bearing 80° relative was struck on the starboard quarter by a torpedo, blew up, turned over, and sank at once leaving only a jackknifed bow and stern a few feet above the surface. In quick succession a submarine periscope, two torpedoes and what appeared to be an impulse [cavitation-related] bubble or tank vent bubble were signed in various positions from 500 yards on the beam to 1500 yards on the bow. We continued at 27 knots trying to follow the movements of the Main Body. The *Houston* had been hit and temporarily slowed—the *Exeter* hit and permanently slowed. The main body was turning away, toward us.

9. The crystal ball was our only method of anticipating the intention of Commander Combined Striking Force. Then came the orders "Counter-attack," "Cancel Counter-attack," "Make smoke," "Cover my retirement." It appeared that the Striking Force had suffered heavy damage and that the enemy was pushing home an attack to drive us east. We headed in to make smoke and then saw the enemy advancing at a range of about 15,000 yards—torpedoes were fired at long range to force him to turn away and we withdrew, following Commander Combined Striking Force signal "Follow me." Darkness set in and we followed the main body endeavoring to regain station, and having not the slightest idea as to his plans and still only a vague idea as to what the enemy was doing, we reported the expenditure of torpedoes. Airplane flares indicated that enemy was following our movements closely. We returned to the vicinity of Toeban. During this whole movement we received no instructions nor signals. Commander Combined Striking Force turned west. On orders from Commander Destroyer Division Fifty-Eight, in accordance with the previous instruction to attempt to get more torpedoes, we retired to Soerabaja reaching there at 0300 28 February.

JOHN D. EDWARDS LOG [CONTINUED]

20 to 24 [2000-2400, 8 PM-midnight]

Steaming on course 159°T at flank speed. 2002 Changed course to 165°T, pgc, psc. 2009 Airplane flare on starboard quarter; the *Houston* opened fire. 2011 Changed course to 170°T. 2014 Changed course to 175°T, pgc. 2020 Steaming an average speed 25 knots (313 rpm). 2022 Changed course to 135T, pgc. 2024 Changed course 100°T, pgc. 2107 Changed course 175°T, pgc. 2110 All engines ahead 2/3. Changed course to 060°T, pgc., and left Main Body for Soerabaja, Java, N.E.I. 2115 All engines ahead standard. 2125 All engines ahead full. Changed course to 180°T, pgc. 2240 Secured from General Quarters, set low visibility watch 2 [extra

lookouts]. 2306 Changed course to 315°, pgc. All engines ahead standard. 2313 Changed course 180°T, pgc. 2323 Changed course to 126°T, pgc. 2343 Changed course to 095°T, pgc. 2230 Changed course to 126T, pgc., all engines ahead 2/3....

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Commander Binford had gone at once uptown to try and contact Admiral Glassford. . . .

We held a commanding officers conference, Commander Binford came back and called all the commanding officers aboard.

The Pope had been in port all along, having had to go to the Navy Yard for welding leaks in her hotwell, but she had a full load of torpedoes aboard and was ready for sea. Commander Binford went up town again to see about getting orders. We got word that the Japanese had a concentration of ships in Bali Strait, and we knew that they had forces at Soenda Strait.

It was quite obvious that Java was folding up. There was no coordinated command at that time and the situation was obviously disintegrating. It was quite obvious that if we did not get out that night, we would never get out. The only way to go was through Bali Strait, we had no torpedoes, except for the Pope. Bill Giles, my Exec, suggested that we send up to the *Encounter* and ask if she would accompany us on the run. The *Exeter* could not possibly get out the eastern entrance because of her draft [increased by damage] and we figured that she was lost.

Commander Binford went up town to get further orders and we waited. He came back about 4:30, the same time that we got a radio to the effect that the Pope should join up with the Encounter to go out with the Exeter, which would have to make a run for it to the north, and we were told to make the best of our way to Exmouth Gulf in Australia

BATTLE OF BAWEAN ISLANDS: REPORT OF ACTION [CONTINUED]

As we came through the minefield [entering Surabaya] we noticed motor-torpedo boats going out, probably to attack. We went alongside Holland Pier in order to fuel before the morning bombing and cleared the docks at 0930 just as the second air alarm sounded. During this time only the John D. Edwards had been able to fill up with fuel. The Exeter preceded and Encounter followed us into port—the Pope was still in port having had insufficient information to join up with us the night before as she was ready so to do.

10. Very little information was available in Soerabaja but we learned that at 0100 the De Ruyter and Java had suffered heavy explosions and were seriously damaged in the vicinity of Bawean Islands, and that the Jupiter had been sunk and 214 survivors were on the beach at Toeban, the Encounter had rescued 113 survivors of the Kortenaer—the Electra had been lost in the night engagement off Bawean—the Exeter had been hit in one boiler room and lost 14 dead and her speed was reduced to 15 knots. So much hot water [from the ruptured boiler tubes] was in her boiler

room that it was impossible to estimate time for repair. The Witte de With was not accounted for. The Houston and Perth had retired toward Batavia. The manner in which U.S.S. Houston and H.M.S. Exeter and H.M.A.S. Perth were handled and fought was credit to the best traditions of the naval services of the United States and Great Britain. They maintained a high and accurate rate of fire against the enemy at long range which alone made this encounter a battle, the *Houston* hitting an enemy cruiser heavily at a critical time. The conduct of the *Exeter* after receiving severe damage, in holding her course at best speed across the track of enemy torpedoes so as to lay a smoke screen to cover the other cruisers was gallant. Equally gallant and conspicuous was the manner in which H.M.A.S. Perth, as soon as possible reversed her course and covered the crippled *Exeter* by covering her by smoke from a distance of about 800 yards on the engaged side, exposing herself to concentrated enemy fire, then enabling *Exeter* to withdraw. The British destroyers were handled with decision, excellent judgment and courage. It was obvious that they were commanded by cool, competent and aggressive officers.

11. The manner in which the *Houston*, which entered the engagement with turret three completely disabled by the air attack of February 4, was fought, the aggressive way in which she at all times carried the battle to the enemy, with steady accurate fire, will long remain an inspiration to all who saw her.

12. The Dutch fought with unfaltering courage and dogged determination[,] Admiral Doorman in *De Ruyter* returning to the attack time after time in a literal obedience to the signal from ABDA Fleet on 26 February "You must continue attacks till enemy is destroyed." However, they had little else with which to fight[.] Java, though badly outranged and with her speed reduced by old boilers, endeavored to maintain her position throughout, firing steadily whenever her guns would range. The battle itself was a tragic commentary on the futility of attempting to oppose a powerful, determined, well equipped and organized enemy by the make shift improvisations that were used. It was evident that the Dutch had little tactical experience, their knowledge of communications was rudimentary and they went on the assumption that a hastily organized, uncoordinated force of ships from three navies could be assembled and taken into a major action after a one-hour conference. It is impossible for anyone who did not go to sea in the Striking Force to comprehend the utter lack, in the Dutch, of any knowledge of tactical organization and employment of a force as a unit. They were individual-ship men and went to their deaths with grim foreknowledge. The Allied force was little more than a column of strange task groups which entered the battle with a vague general directive and no specific missions.

13. At 1510, February 28, two waves of unopposed bombers dropped heavy bombs on the harbor airfield. Orders were received from Commander Southwest Pacific [i.e., Rear Admiral Glassford] to retire to Exmouth Gulf and for the *Pope* to report to H.M.S. Exeter for duty. At 1630 we got underway, proceeded out the east channel and headed for Bali Strait at 22 knots. Reconnaissance and contact reports indicated that one cruiser and from three to five destroyers were in Bali Strait. As we formed up at the lightship, report was received that a merchant ship had been sunk in Bali Strait by cruiser and destroyer gun fire that afternoon. At about 0115 we passed through the narrows [between Java and Bali] and increased speed to 25 knots skirting close to the eastern shore of Java. The moon was full but clouds from time to time obscured it. At 0210 we sighted an enemy ship bearing 340° relative [twenty degrees left of dead ahead, distant about 8000 yards on a parallel course obviously patrolling the southern entrance to Bali Strait. She kept away from us as we increased speed to 27 knots and headed as close as possible to Tanjong Slokah [Tanjung Slokah, see map]. At 0230 she was joined by two destroyers. At 0233 the enemy opened fire which was returned. We came to 28 knots, skirted the coast, rounding point Karanginto, 46 passing close to the reef—came to course 240° and then back to 210° to avoid the reefs which were close aboard. The expected cruiser did not appear, the fire on both sides was ineffective and at 0237 as we were out of range the enemy ceased firing. We reduced speed to 27 knots and continued on course 210°. At this time one of our ships started to make smoke. 47 Under the conditions this was unwise because it made a target of the division for any heavier ships which might be taking up the pursuit from the eastern part of Bali. From then on our trip to Fremantle⁴⁸ was uneventful.

14. Lieutenant W. J. Giles, Jr., U.S. Navy, did an outstanding piece of navigation in taking the division through Bali Strait under the conditions we encountered—it was obvious that the night of February 28-March 1 would be our last chance to clear the Barrier. We had no torpedoes, the officers and men were worn down by the fighting, bombing, and continuous work of the past three days. Our only possible base lay far to the South. A damaged ship was a lost ship. We could not afford to close the range and allow other enemy forces to close in from the Eastward. Three previous passages of Bali Strait gave Lieutenant Giles the confidence to skirt the reefs close aboard and bring the division through safely, but close navigation under fire requires cool nerve and skill and for that reason and because of the cool expert ship handling he displayed in the Battle of Badoeng Strait on 20 February, I recommend Lieutenant W. J. Giles, Jr., U.S. Navy for promotion to the grade of Lieutenant Commander and the award of the Navy Cross.49

⁴⁶ The identity of this point is uncertain—apparently, as provisionally marked on the map, the modern Cape Bantenan. The name as given may simply be a corruption of the Indonesian karang ini, "this reef."

⁴⁷ Likely the ship's boilers are in such worn condition that smoke cannot be minimized by adjusting combustion for maximum efficiency, as would ordinarily be routine.

⁴⁸ Fremantle, Western Australia—today that state's largest and busiest general cargo and containerport became a major Allied submarine base in World War II. In the weeks after the loss of the NEI it would be crowded with escaping ships—in late March 1942, 103 of them.

⁴⁹ Giles, who would duly be promoted to lieutenant commander, would be awarded a single Silver Star for his actions on this occasion and earlier in the Badoeng Strait. See appendix B.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

Late in the afternoon [28 February] we shoved off, Commander Binford having shifted his flag several days before from the Stewart to the Edwards. 50 We left word with the demolition party [left behind to destroy the wreck of *Stewart*] to take their orders from Commander Murphy, our Navy Liaison Officer in Soerabaja.

We did not have time to make any attempt to pick up the sick and wounded which were in the local Dutch hospital. Transportation was almost impossible from Soerabaja to the docks and our own boat transportation was limited. As we cleared the lightship, we got word that a Dutch merchant ship had been sunk that day in Bali Strait by cruiser and destroyer gunfire.

It was a bright, clear night with a full moon. We ran down the coast of Java, close to the beach at 20 to 22 knots and headed through Bali Strait.

It was rather nerve-wracking work entering that narrow one-mile-wide strait, as we expected the Japanese would be in it. We didn't know whether they were guarding the north entrance or the south entrance. I would have thought that they would have been around the north entrance. It turned out they were down to the south in the wider part of the Strait. Our previous passages through the Bali Strait had given us confidence in our ability to navigate it at high speed and the visibility was good enough so that we could see the beach clearly. We went through the narrows at 22 knots and as soon as we cleared them we jumped up to 25, hugged the coast of Java and headed towards the southern entrance to the Strait. . . .

[After sighting and engaging distant Japanese ships] I came to the right, God only knows how close we came to the beach; Giles, who was plotting [the ship's position and track at the pilothouse chart table], called out to give a full left rudder. Commander Binford heard him and gave the order to the wheel, we came hard left, headed for the enemy, and the plot [indicated] that we were already on the reef, or how close to it there was no telling.

We expected at any time to see a Japanese cruiser. Commander Binford and I decided we would make a feint toward Tjilatjap [to the west] before turning to the south. As we rounded the point to head for Tjilatjap the lookout reported two ships ahead and we thought we had sighted our cruisers; however, they were not ships, they were merely waves breaking over the rocks dead ahead of us. We came a little to the left and passed on and gunfire ceased shortly after that, and the Japanese made no effort to pursue us.

We came around [to] the southard [archaic, pron. "suthard," > southward] and continued at 27 knots for several hours then dropped to 25, to 22 and finally down

⁵⁰ That is, his person, any staff assistants, and files, making Edwards the flagship of Destroyer Division 58, distinguished as such by a "burgee"—a red-and-white, swallow-tailed pennant bearing the number 58—flown in place of the ship's own commissioning pennant.

to 20 shortly after daylight and continued heading south. Shortly thereafter we got word to proceed to Fremantle and then we started studying the various contact reports that were being made for the purpose of determining what enemy forces were in our vicinity. There was a carrier striking group, 51 consisting of a carrier, two cruisers, and four destroyers operating between Tjilatjap and Christmas Island and I believe the *Pecos* went down there. . . .

We don't know very much about what happened to the other ships. The Edsall, I believe, was sunk by cruiser gunfire [chapter 4, note 87]. The Asheville was sunk [chapter 4, note 33]. The Pillsbury, who had saved me at Badoeng Strait, was sunk [chapter 4, note 68]. The Parrott had got through [chapter 5, note 89]. A couple of minesweepers got out. The Isabel⁵² got away, the Bulmer [chapter 5, note 72] and Barker [chapter 5, note 36] left with the Black Hawk and they got clear. A good many of the merchant ships were sunk by the striking force and one by one we struggled into Fremantle, where we began to size up the situation.

We had gotten the hell licked out of us.

LETTER TO COMMANDER U.S. NAVAL FORCES, **SOUTHWEST PACIFIC PATROL, 4 MARCH 1942** Subject: General Conclusions and Recommendations Based on War Operations to Date

1. After three months intensive operation of a 21 year old destroyer in the war zone, having operated out of Singapore with the British, and out of Soerabaja with the Dutch and later with the Dutch and British, where liaison was imperfect; where communications with the Commander Combined Striking Force, of which we were an active part, were utterly inadequate; where operations were conducted with very poor reconnaissance (whose meager reports were often obsolete and deceiving when finally received); where overhaul was inadequate, a tender not available, and replacement torpedoes impossible; where operation orders for battle were received only at the last instant and then contained obvious contradictions and vital omissions; where our only base was for the last two weeks bombed almost every day by unopposed waves of enemy planes; having commanded the ship in two major air attacks on the striking force at sea—those of Madura Strait and Gaspar Strait[—] and two major surface engagements—those of Badoeng Strait and Bawean Islands

⁵¹ Actually, all four carriers of the First Air Fleet's 1st and 2nd Carrier Divisions—Akagi, Kaga, Soryu, and Hiryu—were present, supporting the broad Japanese advance. The combined force would bomb Tjilatjap on 5 March and Christmas Island on the 7th. Soryu aircraft had sunk Pecos on the 1st.

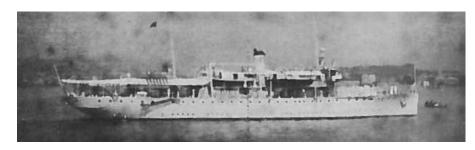
⁵² The patrol yacht Isabel (PY 10)—built privately in 1917, sold to the Navy during World War I, and in the twenties flagship of the Yangtze Patrol—had been escorting ships, rescuing survivors, and engaging aircraft and submarines since the Japanese attack on Cavite. One of the last Asiatic Fleet units to leave Java, it spent the rest of the war in Australia on training and escort duty. It returned to San Francisco at war's end so worn out that it was scrapped within a month.

[Java Sea][—] and having finally brought the ship out of the Soerabaja rat-trap and fought through the enemy patrols in Bali Strait to the Indian Ocean, I feel qualified to draw conclusions and submit positive recommendations.

2. These conclusions are:

- (A) Communications and liaison and doctrine must be firmly established before combined operations commence.
- (B) It is impossible to operate ships successfully from a base which is subjected to unopposed bombing.
- (C) The material condition of these ships is such that they can give good service in their proper sphere if allowed to [undergo] overhaul—otherwise they will become merely targets.
- (D) During battle it is essential that all possible information be transmitted to the Destroyer Commander in order that he may act intelligently to further the plan of action. This was not done at Bawean [Java Sea] and resulted in great confusion.
- (E) The morale of these destroyer officers and men is extremely high, for they know that they can face the enemy gun fire and outfight him. They have had the

invaluable experience of fighting both day and night engagements, and are experienced in dodging bombs. They have fought superior forces, inflicted serious damage on the enemy



The patrol yacht USS Isabel (PY 10). (Destroyer Division 59 cruise book)

and escaped only through a combination of fast shooting and good luck. They know that it is not reasonable to expect that these ships can continue to be straddled by salvoes of six to nine guns, as they were in the cross-fire at Badoeng Strait, indefinitely. They also know their High Command has realized that it is impossible to continue to fight cruisers and 5" gunned destroyers with the armament available and that having come to a realization of this will most certainly relegate them to the type of duty to which they are ideally suited and for which they were retained in commission, namely, anti-submarine work outside of intense air activity. The ships themselves are in urgent need of thorough overhaul. The officers and men realize that this is going to be a long tough war—they are fed up with the inactivity of other U.S. Naval Forces and the continuous stream of propaganda and production reports from the United States as to the numbers and characteristics of the ships being built for our Navy. They have earned the right to face the enemy in modern ships; they have had more fighting experience than any group in the history of the United States Navy since the Civil War; they are proud of their record and are eager to fight.

3. It is recommended:

(A) That the ships of the squadron should be used for submarine patrol in South Australian waters, officered by some of the present junior and replacement officers, and manned by the replacement personnel which undoubtedly has [sic] been pouring into Australia since the war started.

(B) It is finally recommended that nucleus crews picked from the best men of this squadron be returned to the United States at once to fit out new destroyers and destroyer leaders⁵³ under the leadership of the officers they have fought under and as a unit return to the combat zone as soon as possible. The more experienced present executive officers should be fleeted up [see chapter 3, note 144] to command new destroyers—the present commanding officers should command destroyer divisions or destroyer leaders. This is of extreme urgency. Were time available, it would be desirable to send these ships back to the United States manned by their present personnel to inspire those who have yet to fight. The[ir] combat experience and intimate knowledge of the geometry of the combat zone has [sic] been obtained at great cost, it is of inestimable value and should be utilized at once. But time is not available. Therefore, immediate despatch [i.e., rapid] action should be taken.

1942 DICTATION [CONTINUED]

About ten days later [about 13 March] we realized that no more surface ships were coming down from Java. The *Houston* and *Perth* had been sunk off Soenda Strait, St. Nicholas Point. The Exeter, Pope, and Encounter had been lost north of Java. Very little information on that except the dispatch from the *Pope* requesting Bandoeng to get some fighter planes to chase the bombers away. In the war we had lost five out of thirteen destroyers.

We reorganized into two divisions. The senior division commander and the four senior skippers were sent back. The skippers were relieved by their Executive Officers, and came on home to the United States. Giles relieved me on the *Edwards*, and the destroyers settled down to getting a little overhaul and doing convoy duty for which they were fitted rather than first line combat work which they'd been doing.

I spent the 2½ weeks in Melbourne waiting transportation after flying across from Fremantle and finally left Melbourne, I believe, the 6th of April and reached San Francisco on the West Point [chapter 3, note 70] on the 24th of April.

⁵³ A conceptual type, more fully realized during the interwar and war years in European and the Japanese navies than in the U.S. Navy, intermediate between destroyers and cruisers: combining the screening functions of destroyers, armament and endurance approaching those of cruisers, and perhaps facilities for a unit commander and his staff. HEE is apparently assuming that the U.S. wartime building program will soon produce such ships (which in fact it would not, formally, until after the war, and then only briefly).

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, 23 FEBRUARY 1942 [CONCLUDED]

... I don't want a General Court Martial just yet. What I want is a chance to fight with adequate weapons. So keep this letter to yourself.

And now to bed for I don't know how long the opportunity to sleep will remain. Good night Sweetheart. I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, THURSDAY, 5 MARCH 1942

... The climate is cool and we are wearing blues [winter navy-blue uniforms]....

The last ten days have been fantastic. Officially I am a hero—having been awarded the Navy Cross [see appendix B]—actually I am a very tired man with no illusions as to my bravery or heroic qualities. I am glad however to have won the Cross because I have some very decided opinions and have a much better chance of putting my ideas over if I can back them by showing my record in action. Since February 19th I have fought three surface engagements—one of them the biggest naval battle

since Jutland⁵⁴ and one a mere skirmish as we escaped from a blockade of Japanese ships trying to trap us when we were in a hopeless position. In addition I have sat in port and watched wave after wave of Japanese bombers come over in



leisurely fashion and without opposition drop bombs on targets that were uncomfortably near us. Several times one morning the ship was literally lifted by the force of the explosions—and in one case a Dutch destroyer was practically wrecked by a near miss while she was at the same dock.

Morale is high—we know that given modern ships we can face and lick the Japs anywhere we find them in anything like equal numbers, providing we have some air protection. It is literal hell to have to fight against air power without it. The men want new ships and a chance to fight.

It is an interesting fact that the officers and men of this ship together with a few other destroyers have already had more experience in sea fighting than anyone in the United States Navy since the Civil War. We therefore feel qualified to speak knowingly of war and fighting. One stretch of sixty hours I got in about three hours

USS Fletcher (DD 445), commissioned June 1942 as name ship of the 175-hull class that would epitomize the modern destroyers HEE hoped for in the Java Sea. (U.S. Naval War College Museum Photograph Archive)

⁵⁴ Referring presumably to the Java Sea action. That distinction more likely belongs to the battle of Cape Matapan, 27–29 March 1941, in the Mediterranean.

sleep—fought a major engagement and a minor one—yet I think that fundamentally my health is good and that I will recuperate quickly.

Many things gripe me about this war. Among them the fact that most of the shells fired at us and bombs dropped on us and the ships that fire them are built from materials supplied by the United States. The lubricating oil that keeps their ships and planes running came from the U.S. Most of the fuel was ours. Many of the airplane engines are copies of the ones we sold them and others were bought directly from us.

But most griping of all is the fact that the ideas on strategy and naval tactics that are being used by the Japanese were the ones which until recently were ours. 55 And they are good[,] too. But we have thrown them to the winds and have borrowed others from God knows where—and they are not so hot.

A senior officer remarked to me today that if I did things a certain way (it was a matter of routing of correspondence) I might get into trouble! Jumping Jehosophat—what does he call what we have been thru the last month! The supremacy of the Fat Head is ghastly to watch! How a man can let his mind orient itself that way in times like these is beyond comprehension! And yet it is a fact.

Well, we deserve it—we rewarded routine minds—we built up a front—advertising and publicity—and our news reports drip with complacency, self-satisfaction and tommy rot! With a liberal mixture of just plain hysteria thrown in. I felt like vomiting when I read the press reports from Batavia and London as to the situation in Java. I know, for I fought there. It has been that way all along—terrific dear old public won't be alarmed. Well they had better by a damned sight be alarmed—get rid of the smoothies and routine boys, dig in and fight.

The way our men laugh bitterly at the reports of production and conferences and strange planes over Los Angeles! The irony of it sometimes is best appreciated by a rereading of the Mikado:56 and what a subtle touch that makes with all the Pooh Bahs and their retinues. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth will make you Free!"57 What grand words.

Who is to blame? I don't know—it may not make any difference. Probably a national Hollywood complex.

⁵⁵ A major exception, as many historians have noted, would be Japanese nighttime surface tactics, a major factor in the Solomons campaign.

⁵⁶ The comic opera The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu, music by Arthur Sullivan and libretto by W. S. Gilbert, opened on 14 March 1885 in London and is still widely performed today, especially in amateur productions. It uses an exotic Japanese setting as a vehicle to satirize contemporary British society. The character "Pooh-Bah" is a haughty and ridiculous nobleman.

⁵⁷ John 8:32.

My hat is off to the British Navy—the way their officers and men fight is beautiful to behold. I have fought with them and know. And our men fight the same way. But hasty improvisation will never stop the Japanese.

... I am living on borrowed time—for how long I don't know—but at least we got out of the "rat trap." We did it on our own too, by forcing the issue and then fighting our way out. But I feel very sorry for those fine men whom we left behind who had no choice but to obey orders and who died in futility. One day I sat in on a conference as the death sentence was read in silence. It was interesting to watch the faces. It was read for me too but the grace of God gave me a reprieve or a commutation. The execution has taken place—they were fine men and deserved better.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, SATURDAY, 7 MARCH 1942

My Darling Isy,

It looks as if there is a chance to get a quick note off to you so this must be hasty. Last Sunday I estimated that I had about a 10% to 20% chance of getting out of the N.E.I. alive—well Sweetheart—here I am thru the Grace of God—we probably don't deserve it, but here we are safe and sound, and better still I have had 24 hours of complete relaxation to take the tension off.

From 4 February to 1 March I was in two major air attacks on the front, six to eight attacks on the base from which we were trying to operate, one major night surface engagement, one major day and night surface engagement and one minor night surface engagement—all of which amounts to the fact that of all the surface fighting that has gone on I have missed only one fight and the ship has had more engagements with the enemy than any other ship of the Navy and that we in that one period have seen more fighting than any outfit in the Navy since the Civil War. So I am rather proud of my ship—actually it has been very wearing—of course I have lost weight and am tired, but my morale is high and I am not worried. I have been awarded the Navy Cross. I don't think I deserve it for many times I have been much too scared. Sometime in the future you may receive a bunch of blue letters written when I was very sunk—ignore them except as they are indicative of the state of mind of a man in a very tough spot. What the future holds I would not attempt to guess—the past is an unreal image—sometimes it is hard for me to believe that I am the one who experienced those fantastic and impossible things—but this war is full of the fantastic and impossible and when the truth is finally told people won't believe it. Maybe I won't myself!

Submarines, aircraft, destroyers and [illegible] all have the same thing—utter fantasy.

I have had no mail since 17 November but I feel confident that you and Skip are well. There is a rumor that some mail will reach us this week—but very probably it will be very old.

Darling don't worry about me. I have a hunch there is a guardian angel and I have faith—and it is very real—how much your Hank has changed I can't

estimate—but you know that he loves you and you alone and always will—give my love to Skip—tell him that officially his old man is a hero—but he still thinks that there is very little difference between a hero and a bum.

Who is Mrs. Mackenzie—by any chance is it Muriel Davies⁵⁸? If so I had a message from her sending regards to you all thru a fast plane trip by a member of the staff—oh Darling, what a mixed up world when I am half across the world I meet a man who says he just saw a very close friend of my wife—and I haven't seen my wife for nearly two years! . . .

[Sunday, 8 March 1942, noon, continued]

... I still feel tired but my mental attitude has improved with rest and relaxation and I have a much better perspective about the whole situation. That perspective is easy to lose when you are in the midst of the very personal difficulties that from time to time confront us.

I think General McArthur's despatch when he heard about the air alarms in Los Angeles is the classic remark of the war and I hope it sank in at home: "Hold out for thirty days and I will send you reinforcements!"59

What a grand fight he has put up! There are some wonderful men in this outfit. When the whole story is told it will be received skeptically because things "can't happen" that way, but they are true and more will follow.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, TUESDAY, 10 MARCH 1942 Australia

My Darling:

Day before yesterday we finally got some mail and I received your letters from 30 Dec to 18 January leaving a vacancy from 17 Nov to 30 Dec. Of course it is a bit early to expect any February mail but at least I know that all was well two months ago.

I don't know just when you last heard from me or what is missing—but just to fill in a few gaps. The grand photographs of you and Skip were ashore in Manila being framed when we hurriedly sailed so I wish you would send me new ones of the best of the lot.

I feel very badly about the people that were so fine to me in Manila. I have heard rumors of a few getting out in time but there is nothing to confirm the rumor. I have talked to some of our people who were there to the end and they know nothing.

⁵⁸ It was—the former Muriel Emily Vipond Davies (1902-92) had grown up in Flushing, where the Eccleses would have known her by her maiden name. A designer of textiles and wallpapers, in 1930(?) she married Malcolm MacKenzie (1894-1967), then a real-estate salesman with a reserve naval commission. By 1941, as a lieutenant commander, he was assistant naval attaché (by one newspaper account, the attaché) to Australia, accompanied by Mrs. MacKenzie and residing in Melbourne. By 1948 Malcolm MacKenzie would be a captain.

⁵⁹ As widely reported at the time, in various forms and probably apocryphally.

There are some strange tales to tell. In the middle of November I met an English girl with the Agnews [chapter 3, note 21]—Cecily Dalmaine 60—Barbara [Agnew] advised me to cultivate her because of her real quality and understanding of what was what. Dave Hunt [or Hart? unidentified] was giving her quite a rush and it ended in Manila by my having her, with Dave and the Agnews, to dinner at the Army-Navy Club, where we spent a very quiet and pleasant evening. At midnight we saw her to her ship, the *President Van Beuren*, 61 which was sailing for Singapore in the morning. From there she was going on to Batavia to marry a vice consul in the British Legation. She was very interesting—having a fine mind and attractive personality but was worn and fed up with the war after having driven an ambulance in London for almost two years and having been in the thick of the air raids. The Far



Gen. Douglas MacArthur. (U.S. Navy)

East, particularly Manila, she regarded as a haven of peace. She bought a new car in Manila so as to be sure to have one she liked in Java.

The other evening in the lobby of a hotel I was talking to Kraut Detterman, ⁶² I looked around and saw her wave—and then I heard a tale of a three-day honeymoon cut short by war—refugees from Singapore pouring in—a final wild dash over strange dark mountain roads to the south Java port of Tjilatjap arriving late at night in blackout struggling to find the docks—finally getting some kind of a boat—leaving the new car on the dock—finally finding the ship and her husband arguing with a stubborn Dutchman far above him as boarding was refused as the ship got underway to find themselves among a thousand other refugees on a ship built to hold two hundred—short of food and far to go. Now they are roosting here temporarily, helping others and wondering where they will finally end.

⁶⁰ Cicely Edith Dalmaine, née Webber (b. 1908?-?), traveling with diplomatic status as the fiancée of Harold Braham (1907-95), would marry him on 5 December. In 1943 they would be in India (where a daughter would be born) and the next year in Ceylon (a son). After the war Harold would be consul in Baltimore, Maryland, and later commercial counselor and consul general, variously, in the Soviet Union, Indonesia, Barcelona, and Paris.

⁶¹ Referring to a 13,100-ton passenger/cargo liner completed in 1920 for the United States Mail Steamship Company as SS Old North State. Owned by a succession of lines, it was named President Van Buren only in 1922-24; at the time of which HEE speaks it was operated by American President Lines and named President Fillmore. In 1942 its armed guard detachment would claim a Japanese bomber and two fighters at Dutch Harbor. In 1943 it would be taken up by the Army as a hospital ship, USAHS Marigold. Laid up in 1946 (as President Fillmore), it would be scrapped in 1948.

⁶² Possibly Frank Carl Lewis Dettman (1897-1986, USNA class of 1920), who would retire in 1950 as a rear admiral.

That is a civilian escape. Other tales by men who were sunk twice on the way out—burning ships, air attacks, brief calls for help over the radio then silence. Everyone asks have you seen so and so? What happened to you—when did you get clear? etc., comparing notes and then as each day passes the change from anxiety to certainty as some don't turn up at all.

The newspaper comments and the statements of various officials are as full of guff as ever. Reassurances as to situations which are obviously critical seem to be published just before the collapse. The truth when bitter is sugar coated to the point of nausea and the reaction in the long run is the same. One very obvious fault with the allied situation in the N.E.I., Malaya, Burma and other places has been the fact that the native populations have not really cared who wins the war because they know that they are subject peoples and will so remain, exploiting this to the utmost.

People are going to get what they deserve if they are soft; they will be defeated. If they are tough and resolute and have the resources and intelligent aggressive leadership, they will survive and win. But they must be willing to sacrifice themselves. The nation must not waste energy trying to defend things, for today there is no such thing as successful defense. That is one of the great troubles with the American point of view: for years "defense" has been drummed into people's ears and minds—they had best forget "defense" and realize that in offense lies their only hope. Of course certain strategic points must be strong in order to secure communications, others must be strong to protect supplies and others to furnish bases from which to launch an offense. It is perfect nonsense to talk production figures the significant figures lie only in how many trained units using that production can be launched against the enemy.

These old four-pipers ⁶³ have acquired several nicknames—"The Suicide Squadron" is one. The Dutch sailors called us "Devil Tempters" but they are a proud lot and have fooled a good many people. One had started a rumor that the U.S.A. had stopped building new destroyers and was going to build old ones instead!

And now to bed Sweetheart—rest may again be scarce before long—good night Dear. I love you.

LETTER TO MRS. ECCLES, WEDNESDAY, 25 MARCH 1942

Two weeks without writing is too long but things have been quite uncertain. I have been detached and am now waiting for transportation which may or may not take some time—I am not sure what the mail situation will be but if I get an address

⁶³ Destroyers with four smokestacks, one per boiler; by 1942 the term referred to the still-ubiquitous Clemson class and survivors of the earlier Wickes class (of which none are mentioned in these materials). In later designs, boiler exhaust uptakes were "trunked" together into two smokestacks or even one, to free up topside deck space and reduce vulnerability (damage to uptakes severely reduces boiler efficiency).

soon I will cable you. So far I haven't taken too well to rest and relaxation—it is pretty hard to unwind after months of strain and I shan't be able to do it well until I know more of my prospects. I have high hopes.

I have seen Muriel Davies several times and enjoyed it thoroughly. It was fun to get some personal contact with Louie. Sunday night I had supper there with several other officers and we all enjoyed it. Muriel is fine. Malcolm is well and doing an excellent job. It is fortunate that we built up a good naval reserve.

The Christmas letters finally arrived today! It is wonderful to have so many people write—I wish I could reply to each. As you know, darling, the situation does make it hard to write and I shan't try to do it.

What I shall do, is uncertain; there are many readjustments now being made so four of the more senior skippers have turned over to their execs and are now waiting. I hope to get a new and better command—I have a good record, lots of very valuable combat experience and am going to make every effort to commission a new ship. That of course would involve very interesting possibilities—I might even renew some old acquaintances! So—Darling—don't be surprised at anything.

My head is so stuffed with experiences and stories that I haven't tried to write them down. It may be that I shall have the chance to put them into orderly form; if I do, it will make interesting reading later on. The papers have published what purport to be the details of the Battle of Java Sea but they don't seem to be very accurate. When one remembers that it took almost twenty years to find out what actually happened at Jutland, it is not reasonable to expect all the answers on Java to be clear so early.

As is to be expected in a war of this intensity, I have lost some very good friends. The *Pillsbury* and *Edsall* have been announced as missing by the Navy Department—how many, if any, were rescued is impossible to say, but I don't believe many got away. However such amazing escapes have been made that it is not unlikely that some got out. As I said once before, our outfit saw more real fighting than the whole Navy saw in 1917– 18—I don't want to be away from it too long because so many things are fresh in my mind that will be very valuable in future fighting.

Last night I saw my first decent movie in four months and tonight I am taking Muriel and Mac to dinner and another show. I have gained about eight pounds back—how much I have changed in other ways during the last two years I don't know. I am more restless than before and will be, till the war is over—at the moment I am tired of being idle.

Incidentally, Darling, I don't pay any income tax this year because I was in the Philippines for more than half the year 1941—my return does not have to be in for three months so just skip it till I get more dope. Don't send any mail till I give you a new address.



HEE in later years, as a retired rear admiral, at the Naval War College, in Newport, RI. (U.S. Navy)

This afternoon I expect to play golf—it will be good for me. I have met some extremely interesting people and I wish that my mind were orderly enough to comment on them—but I'll try to remember. Don't forget to keep some cash on hand and don't get involved in too much important work. Have you been to see Betty, or Heavy and Mary? Later on in the spring they would enjoy a visit from you, I am sure, and it would help get your mind off the problems of the house and Tink [Tinker Lodge? see chapter 4], etc.

Now I must close—give my love to all the family. Tell Skip that I was very pleased with his December report.

Forgive me all the naughty things I've done to you? I love you.

[Friday, 27 March 1942, 6 PM, continued]

A fine golf game. All relaxed—morale high. Good luck!

APPENDIX A: MEMORANDUM ON JAVA SEA CAMPAIGN (JUNE 1960)

Even after the lapse of eighteen years, the memory of certain features of the Java Sea campaign is still strong. The first thing that to me is significant is that Admiral Hart [chapter 2, note 69] had taken all precautions well in advance of the Japanese attack on December 7, 1941. His destroyers and submarines had been sent to their war stations. We were dispersed and all the commanding officers had a sense of imminence of hostilities. Insofar as the actual fighting in the Battle of the Java Sea is concerned, one critical feature was the American destroyers' torpedo attack, which was totally ineffective. Admiral Hart apparently considered that his chief weapon in the defense of the Philippines would be his submarines. The Submarine Forces, Asiatic Fleet, had been greatly strengthened by the arrival of modern submarines. There was a large supply of torpedoes on hand and the submarine commanding officers and second officers had been undergoing extensive torpedo attack training. As an old submariner I knew most of these commanding officers, and the division commanders were close friends. For the previous year the training of the destroyers in destroyer tactics had been sacrificed in order that we might run as targets for the submarines. In retrospect, this seems very wise because the destroyers' torpedoes were old, slow and had a small bursting charge. The course of events proved, however, that Admiral Hart's wisdom in this matter did not pay off because the submarine torpedoes were very largely defective. When at great risk competent submarine captains put their ships in firing position and fired accurately, they got no explosions and the effort was wasted. This, of course, has been extensively detailed within the writings of Admiral Lockwood¹ and others relative to the Bureau of Ordnance and the Torpedo Station, Newport, Rhode Island.²

The next feature of the torpedo situation was the differences in concepts of torpedo attack which apparently existed among destroyer division commanders. During the previous year, much of which had been under the leadership of Commander William Lalor [chapter 3, note 6], in DesDiv 57, I and all of my officers had become convinced that the use of "curved fire ahead" as opposed to "broadside fire"

was almost mandatory, if one expected to press home [a] destroyer torpedo attack to effective close range. DesDiv 57 always used "curved fire ahead" for daylight attacks and frequently used it for night attacks. Note: If torpedoes were set for curved fire ahead one could use broadside fire—but if set for broadside one could not fire ahead. We had practiced on occasion with "broadside fire" but found that it was cumbersome. On the other hand some divisions fired "broadside fire" regularly.

Commander Crouch [chapter 4, note 24] had relieved Commander Lalor shortly before the opening of the war, and apparently he concurred with these ideas. As an old submariner I had plenty of experience with torpedoes, but relatively little experience with destroyer tactics and therefore I welcomed every opportunity for exercises at destroyer tactics. I feel sure that if we had had more time for destroyer exercises, I would have had this experience. In all destroyer attacks I had been the No. 2 ship and had not been concerned with issuing the order for the attack or the instructions on torpedo settings. I always took it for granted that torpedoes would normally be set for "curved fire ahead."

In the Battle of the Java Sea, we were faced with a new situation. . . .

At the beginning of the campaign, I made it a point to keep my crew fully informed as to the status of the war, both in our ABDA [chapter 5, note 63] forces and in the overall world situation.

As disaster after disaster overcame our own forces, it became more difficult for me to tell my people exactly what had happened. Morale began to be seriously affected by the Japanese successes in Malaya and the impunity with which Japanese air was operating over us. A severe blow was suffered when the Secretary of the Navy announced that Germany was the prime enemy and the Japanese were secondary [chapter 5, note 63]. I noticed a group of men around the bulletin board one morning looking very unhappy and I dropped down to look at the board and there was the morning press posted with the Secretary's statement. At that time we were under very heavy Japanese pressure. It was a difficult problem for a commanding officer to deal with.

This situation was further complicated by the fact that our officers and men were well-trained in fleet tactics and maneuvers and they knew the capabilities of our ships. The handling of our ships at sea by the Dutch commander indicated to them that he did not have the tactical preparation and competence to which they had been accustomed. For example, as anti-submarine screens, we were forced to cruise at 18–22 knots, speeds at which our sonar gear was totally ineffective due to noise interference, but not fast enough to be free from submarine threat. This lack of confidence was further accentuated when Admiral Hart was relieved of command about the middle of February.

NOTES 1 Vice Adm. Charles A. Lockwood (1890-1967, USNA class of 1912) was at the time of these events chief of staff to Commander, Submarine Force, U.S. Fleet, until 1 February 1941; then naval attaché to London, until May 1942; then, as a rear admiral, Commander, Submarines, Southwest Pacific, with headquarters at Perth, Western Australia. In February 1943 he would become Commander, Submarines Pacific Fleet (and in October a vice admiral). In that position, he famously oversaw the tests confirming the defects of torpedoes that were being widely reported by the fleet, and he pressed for and ultimately secured their correction. After retirement in 1947 he published several best-selling books and served as technical adviser to a John Wayne submarine film, Operation Pacific (1951), and the 1959 classic On the Beach. By prior mutual arrangement, his grave at the Golden Gate National Cemetery lies alongside not only that of his wife but those of Admirals Chester Nimitz, Raymond Spruance, and Richmond Kelly Turner.

2 The Bureau of Ordnance, founded in 1862, was responsible for naval weapons; it was disestablished in 1959, reorganized into what eventually was known as the Naval Sea Systems Command. The U.S. Naval Torpedo Station was established in 1869 on Goat Island, in the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, previously occupied by a fort and before that by the eponymous pastured goats. It developed the weapon in question—the Mark 14 torpedo with the Mark 6 magnetic influence fuze—in the 1920s, but the testing that should have revealed the weapon's deficiencies and then series production were both limited, perhaps because of the effects of the Depression. Only in June 1943 did the Torpedo Station fully acknowledge the defects in depth settings and the fuze—defects that had produced a 70 percent dud rate in combat. The Torpedo Station was closed in 1951, its functions moved to the naval station proper on Aquidneck Island, under what ultimately became the Naval Undersea Warfare Center Division Newport. Goat Island is now connected to the city of Newport by a bridge and is the site of a large hotel, a marina, a restaurant, and an event facility.

APPENDIX B: MEDALS AND ORDERS

As HEE informed his wife from Australia, the U.S. Navy quickly conferred decorations on both him and his former executive officer. W. J. Giles, whom HEE had recommended for medals for each of the two acts of heroism described in his letters and reports, received one for both:

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Silver Star to Commander William Jefferson Giles, Jr. (NSN: 0-70120), United States Navy, for especially meritorious service as Executive Officer and Navigator of the U.S.S. *John D. Edwards* (DD-216), in the battles of Badoeng Strait on 19–20 February, and the Java Sea on 27 February 1942, and in the engagement in Bali Straits on 1 March 1942. In the Battle of Badoeng Strait he conned the ship with exceptional skill and coolness through narrow waters under heavy enemy cross fire and chased salvoes so successfully that the ship escaped damage. During the night engagement in Bali Strait on 1 March 1942, he displayed consummate skill and courage in navigating the ships of Destroyer Division Fifty-Eight at high speed through the narrow and treacherous waters of Bali Strait, skirting dangerous reefs in the midst of a sharp engagement with three enemy warships. His steady nerve, sound judgment and courage following an exhausting week of almost constant action against overwhelming enemy forces were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

HEE too received the Silver Star, specifically for his service in the Java Sea battle:

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Silver Star to Commander Henry Effingham Eccles, United States Navy, for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as Commanding Officer of the destroyer U.S.S. *John D. Edwards* (DD-216), during the Battle of the Java Sea, 27 February 1942, and in offensive daylight action against the Japanese Battle Line of heavy and light cruisers. Courageous and aggressive in the face of severe enemy fire, Commander Eccles fought his ship boldly throughout this hazardous engagement, going in unsupported, as a unit of a Destroyer Division, to deliver a successful torpedo attack in two stages against the Japanese cruisers, forcing them to break off the attack and enabling the Allied ships to regain their battle formation. Commander Eccles' inspiring leadership and the valiant fighting spirit of the officers and men under his command reflect great credit upon the United States Naval Service.

Eccles also received, as he mentioned to his wife, the Navy Cross—a superior decoration, second only to the Medal of Honor—for his actions in the Badoeng Strait:

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Commander Henry Effingham Eccles, United States Navy, for extraordinary heroism and distinguished service in the line of his profession as Commanding Officer of the destroyer U.S.S.

John D. Edwards (DD-216), in action against enemy Japanese naval forces at Badoeng Straits off the island of Bali, Netherlands East Indies, on the night of 19-20 February 1942. Commander Eccles delivered a well-directed and gallant attack by gun and torpedo fire against a vastly superior force of enemy vessels. Although the ship he commanded was illuminated by the enemy and under heavy fire, its fire scored several hits which damaged the enemy ships and silenced their fire. Commander Eccles' inspiring leadership and the valiant devotion to duty of his command contributed in large measure to the outstanding success of this vital mission and reflect great credit upon the United States Naval Service.

Most remarkably, HEE was one of ten U.S. naval officers who received—three of them posthumously, two in absentia or on another occasion—orders and medals from Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands (in exile). The queen conferred these decorations personally, on 7 August 1942 at the residence of the Dutch ambassador, A. Loudon, in Washington, DC, expressing her gratitude for their distinguished services in the defense of the Netherlands East Indies (and, according to local press coverage, toasting them in orange juice).

Adm. Thomas C. Hart, former commander in chief of the Asiatic Fleet (by now retired), and Rear Adm. William A. Glassford, who had commanded the ABDA naval forces, received the Order of Orange-Nassau (Orde van Oranje-Nassau) with Swords, a civil-military order created in 1892 to recognize service to the Netherlands by foreigners and Dutch citizens.

Cdr. Thomas Binford, who had commanded Destroyer Division 58, and Lt. Cdr. Edward N. Parker, who had commanded USS Parrott at Balikpapan and Destroyer Division 59 in the Badoeng Strait action, were awarded the highest and oldest Dutch honor for bravery, military or civilian—the Military Order of William, or Militaire Willems-Orde, 4th Class. (Parker had won a Navy Cross at Balikpapan and a gold star in lieu of a second, for the Badoeng Strait; he would win a third as a destroyer division commander at the November 1942 battle of Savo Island.)

The Bronze Cross with Honorable Citation (Bronzen Kruis met Ervolle) was conferred on Lt. Cdr. Harold Page Smith, who had commanded the lost USS Stewart, and on HEE. It was awarded in absentia to Lt. John N. Hughes (1909–89, USNA class of 1931, retired as a rear admiral), commanding officer of Parrott (having relieved Lieutenant Commander Parker soon before the Badoeng Strait engagement). It also was conferred posthumously on the commanding officers of the destroyers Pillsbury, John D. Ford, and Pope.

Eccles's citation, as read by the queen:

It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have just signed a decree conferring decorations upon members of the United States Navy. These decorations have been bestowed in recognition of valorous deeds and most distinguished services in the Battles for the Indies. You, Commander Eccles, as Commander of the Destroyer "Edwards," have shown especially meritorious conduct in action with the enemy during a night engagement on February 19-20, 1942, with a greatly superior Japanese Naval Force in Lombok Strait. Although under heavy fire from the enemy, you pressed home the attack which resulted in severe damage to the enemy, while receiving no damage to your ship. In recognition of your high efficiency in combat you have been granted: "The Bronze Lion" [the authorizing decree, dated 5 August, gives "Bronze Cross"].

On 15 January 1945, Eccles, now a captain, received a letter from the Dutch naval attaché (who addressed him as "Commander") enclosing the Order of the Bronze Lion (Bronzen Leeuw), which had been created the year before to replace the Bronze Cross with Honorable Citation. The letter requested HEE to return the original medal, which Mrs. Eccles duly did. See Henry E. Eccles Papers, Ms. Coll. 52, Correspondence, series 5, box 88, folder 3, NHC.

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Pelham G. Boyer, currently a volunteer research assistant to the Naval War College's Hattendorf Historical Center, was managing editor of the Naval War College Press from 1991 to 2015, receiving upon his retirement a letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy. Commissioned in 1972 by the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps Unit at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, where he earned a BA in American history, he became a surface warfare officer, serving at sea in a destroyer escort (later frigate), destroyer, destroyer squadron staff, and an oiler and on exchange duty as Refit Project Officer for the overhauls of two Canadian destroyers at Ship Repair Unit Atlantic, Halifax, Nova Scotia. He holds an MA (1983) in national security affairs (intelligence) from the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, California.

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